

Collier's

JUNE 14, 1941

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IMPREGNABLE PEARL H
By Walter Davenport

JUNE 14, 1941

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Here's how



SAM SNEAD PLAYS A BRASSIE

Sam Snead, one of the country's best-known and most successful golf professionals.



1. He places his foot so that the left heel is on a line with the ball; heels are about a shoulder width apart, toes turned slightly outward. 2. Club (held in overlapping grip) travels back; his weight moving to right leg, hips turning, left heel rising. 3. At the top of his backswing—notice how weight is on the right heel, left arm straight, left shoulder under his chin.



4. In the downswing, his left heel sets firmly on the ground—his hands leading the club from the inside. 5. Left side turns to clear path for hitting effort of arms and hands. 6. Impact! Left foot is firmly set; left arm is straight, right arm applies the power.

7. Clubhead follows through on intended line of flight, his left arm keeping the clubhead in its proper groove. 8. Head remains in a fixed position, eyes looking over right shoulder. 9. His head has now come up, and his body has made a full turn.

Sam Snead Advises: Always aim your shots by lining up the club face *square* to the imaginary line of flight... and adjust your stance accordingly. Make sure your follow through is full and free. And—play an occasional round with your pro for a thorough check-up.

AND

Here's how

TO SWING OVER TO SMOOTHER DRINKS

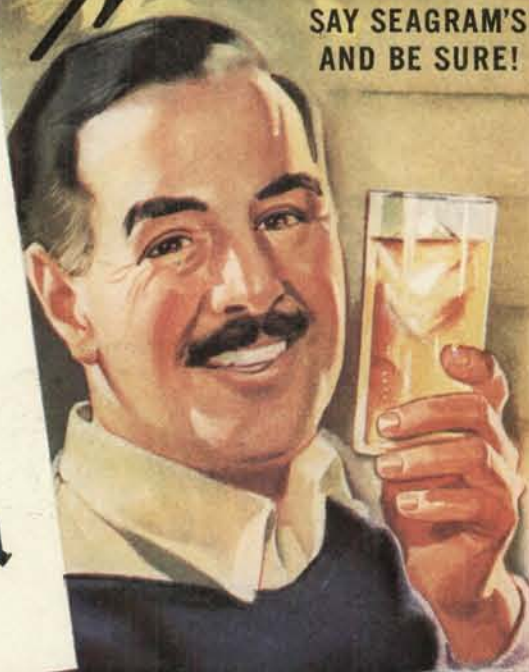
- 1 Ask for Seagram's 5 Crown—this brand carries the Greatest Name in Whiskey.
- 2 It's master-blended to achieve mellow flavor—smoother, finer taste.
- 3 Combining lightness with full-body, you'll find it hearty but never heavy.
- 4 Over 150 million bottles (all sizes) sold since 1934—it must give real satisfaction.
- 5 Yet its price is reasonable—by the drink or by the bottle. Enjoy this whiskey today!

Seagram's 5 Crown

Biggest-Selling Brand of the Greatest Name in Whiskey!

Here's how...

SAY SEAGRAM'S
AND BE SURE!



Blended Whiskey. 90 Proof. 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copyright 1941. Seagram-Distillers Corp., New York

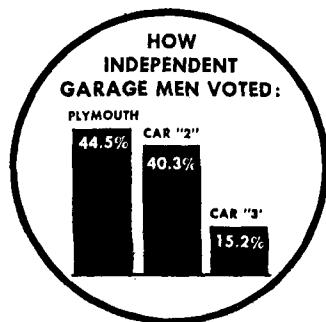
"I've Taken 'All 3' Apart...There's no Doubt

Plymouth's the Buy!"

Plymouth's Engineering is the Choice of
America's Independent Garage Mechanics
in a Recent Coast-to-Coast Survey

PLYMOUTH is best-engineered of "All 3" low-priced cars.
In a nation-wide poll of independent garage men, Plymouth got more votes than either of the "other 2."

For Plymouth gives you more fine features...more comfort, safety, economy! With the greatest power per pound of weight of "All 3," Plymouth gives you new mastery of the road.



And Plymouth's big 117-inch wheelbase—longest of "All 3"—gives you a much smoother ride!

Prices subject to change without notice. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

Tune in Major Bowes, Thursdays, C. B. S.
See Plymouth's Commercial Cars!



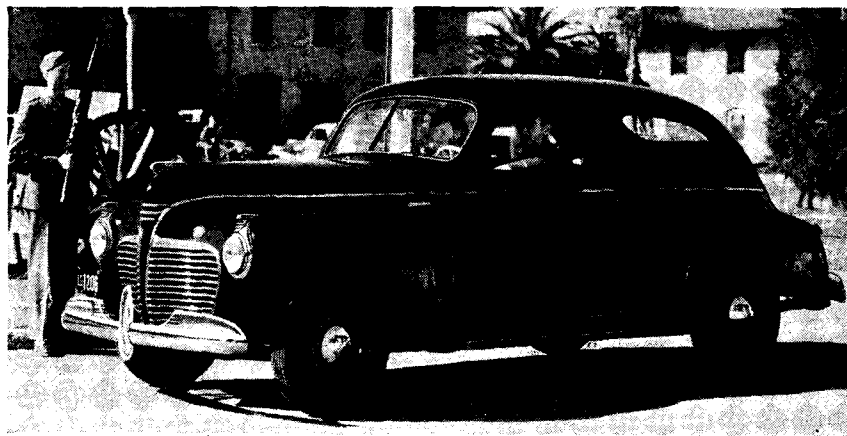
INDEPENDENT GARAGE MEN SAY:

BEST-ENGINEERED OF "ALL 3"

NO WONDER THERE'S A BIG SWING TO PLYMOUTH

- Longest Wheelbase of "All 3" ➤ Widest Rear Seat of "All 3" ➤ Greatest Power Per Pound of "All 3" ➤ Biggest Safety Advance of "All 3" ➤ Most High-Priced Car Features of "All 3" ➤ Lowest Prices of "All 3" on Many Models!

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COVER

WILLIAM WILLS

ANY WEEK

ALL we were doing was minding our own business, which this time was meandering about the Pacific Ocean trying to find out what disaster this slug-nutty world might wish upon herself next. Our first adventure consisted in getting ourselves deeply involved with the Army Intelligence, the Navy Intelligence and the F.B.I. As far as we know they're still a little suspicious of us although they've been assuring us for a week that they're convinced that we are not a subversive activity. It all started when a rather brawls-carred fellow wearing badly slept-in linens came to us offering a series of hot tips on what hirings of the Axis were about to do to our Pacific island defenses. We made careful note of what he said and bought him a drink. The following morning the Navy Intelligence called on us. They asked us how long we'd known Lieutenant So-and-So, an officer in the United States Navy. Our answers seemed to be all right until we said that we'd never heard of the lieutenant. Giving us what we now recognize as a significant and searching look, the Navy Intelligence departed. An hour later a trim agent of the F.B.I. caught up with us asking us, among other things, whether we didn't think that Lieutenant So-and-So was drinking a bit too much and how long we'd known him. We hated to do it, but we had to tell the G-man that we'd never heard of the lieutenant before the Navy Intelligence had mentioned his name. "So," said he triumphantly, "you do know him." And before we could deny it he was gone, dripping suspicion. The Army Intelligence didn't find us until



that evening while we were admiring a creamy Siamese girl dancing something called the Tsui Moana. Or maybe we have the name wrong. It doesn't matter. The War Department sleuth was most courteous but, inevitably, he got around to Lieutenant So-and-So. "How long have you been friends?" asked he. "Is it true that you and he met here by appointment?" Frankly, we were getting a little bored with the whole thing—the lieutenant included. "Look here," we said, "we never heard of this lieutenant until today and if you guys don't mind we'd rather hear no more about him." But after that we always attacked first when the Intelligence and the F.B.I. approached: "Never heard of your

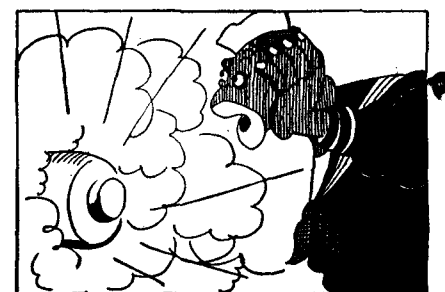
lieutenant! Don't want to hear about him. What's he done and where do I come in? If you don't stop bothering me about him I'm going to call a cop." So they filled us in. The beaten-looking fellow who offered to expose the Axis skulduggeries for us was suspected of being a Navy lieutenant sporting an alias. They suspected him of a number of punishable things including the violation of military secrecy. We admitted that we were interested but asked them to name what we could do about it. They said they didn't know. And that's where the matter rests at this moment—except that, every now and then, mysterious-looking gentlemen hang around looking at us. All we do is look back. It all makes us feel very international.

HOWEVER, we found time to discuss the outlook with a dignified gentleman named Henrick Fujamini, who told us that he was half Dutch and half Japanese and that he lived in Manila. After some pretty weighty talk he said that the best summation of his views on the Pacific situation had been written by his nine-year-old nephew, who was a pupil in an American school on the island of Maui. That afternoon he sent us the lad's essay. Here it is: "Today the vegetables suffer from the lack of sunshine. The vegetables like to have some sunshine. Last week when I wanted to work in my garden the rains came. I am fond of carrots. There are more enemy creatures in my garden. As soon as I see these creatures which would delay my plans I kill them pleasantly."

WE REGRET that we were unable to wangle an invitation to the organization meeting of The Little Women of America, the founder, Mrs. Dottie Yellowwell of Los Angeles, California, informing us gently that no men would be let in until sometime later when, she said, we would be invited to the society's first Big Boy Night. Therefore, we can't tell you much about the Little Women except that it will be a "100 per cent patriotic association of the wives of American he-men who are prepared to give their all for American ideals and the American way of life." We are quoting Mrs. Yellowwell, of course. However, if we are able to attend the first Little Women's Big Boy Night we shall make notes and report without reservation. Mrs. Yellowwell says that Big Boy Night will be something like Ladies' Day at baseball games except, said she, with as fetching a smile as we've caught in some weeks, there won't be any baseball. So please be patient.

NATURALLY we've been giving a certain amount of thoughtful attention to our Pacific Fleet, talking at some length to admirals, captains, gunner's mates, fliers and black boys who are mess attendants. Among the latter

we struck up quite a friendship with a citizen of Charleston, South Carolina, who has what we regard as a name that shouldn't be permitted to lack for publicity—Rubenstein Burgess Primus. As a mess boy, Mr. Primus was doing nicely and admitted that the sea agreed with him. But there were factors that made it difficult for him to extract the maximum of benefit from his enlistment. In the modern Navy, no member of the crew is idle when the ship goes into action. For example, Mr. Primus' battle station is in the immediate vicinity of a five-inch gun which may be used either to ruin enemy airplanes or to hammer at small surface craft. For a relatively small gun it has a skull-cracking voice and it is this feature that Mr. Primus doesn't love. He was standing beside one of these guns when it went off two years ago and, he told us, he's had a pain in the back of his head ever since. He added that he'd prefer to work with torpedoes because they made practically no noise whatever until they arrived at their destination. But the Navy insists that Mr. Primus serve a five-inch gun between meals, and this, he said, makes it difficult for him to digest the meal he has just eaten, to say nothing of "destroyin' my interest in meals which may be fo' thcomin'."



WE WERE present at a movie given on a liner crammed to her bridge with American citizens bound for California. The situation in the Pacific islands was becoming a bit too tense for comfort, they said. They were chiefly women and children. And it was immediately behind six of these children at the ship movies that we sat seeing John Barrymore in The Great Profile. When the picture was over, one of the kids—a girl about ten—said to her pal, whose age we'd guess at as twelve: "That clown's all washed up." Her friend shrugged her small shoulders. "Ever since Elaine Barrie, the poor old thing," she sighed.

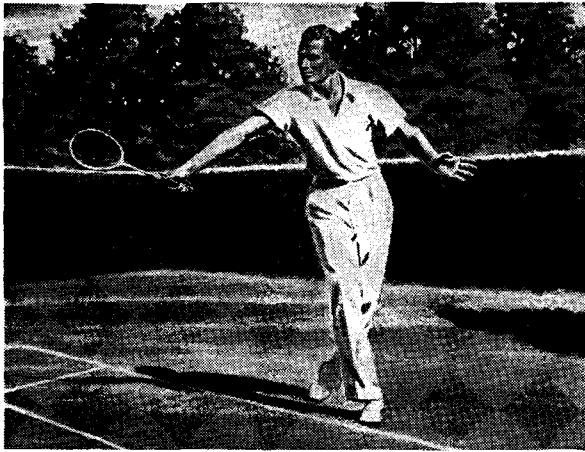
SO WE went topside to the lifeboat drill to be told by a bored ship's officer what to do in an emergency. Beside us was a lady who, when he asked for questions, asked: "If we do take to the lifeboats how long will it be before we are picked up by the rescue ship and where is it now?"

PROBABLY a spy. . .

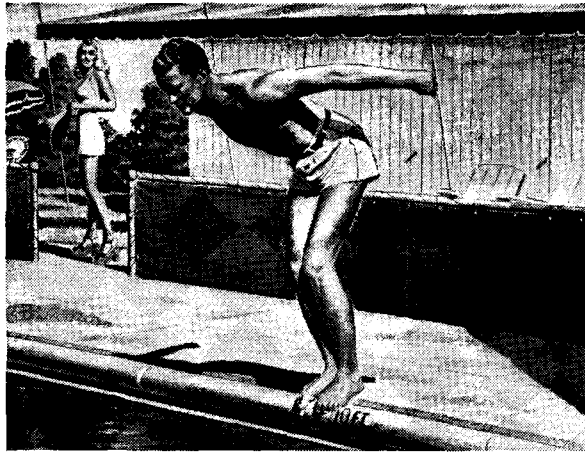
W. D.

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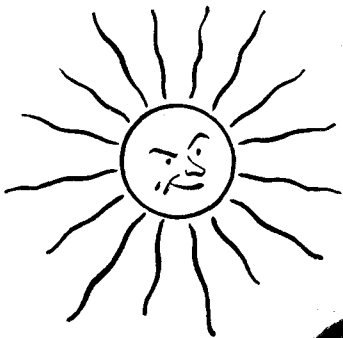
SUN—Rushing up to the net, making "high shots"—yes, badminton is a game for fun and health. But every minute you're outdoors, the blazing summer sun does more damage to your hair—leaves it dull, brittle and lustreless, wild and unkempt as a rope-end.



WATER—A swift plunge and a freshening swim and—*another drubbing for your hair!* Soaking waters wash away the last trace of its natural oils—wreck its looks completely! So, play safe—guard daily against the damaging effects of Summer sun and water.



PROTECTION—Enjoy your summer sports—build up your reserve and energy for the winter ahead. But protect the looks of your hair with Vitalis. Keep it handsome—a social and business asset. Follow the good example of thousands of men.



Guard your Hair—Keep it Handsome despite Blazing Sun and Soaking Water

Use **VITALIS** and the "60-Second Workout"

50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation of the scalp quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance.

2 10 Seconds to Comb and Brush—Hair has a lustre—but no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

RUB VITALIS onto your scalp vigorously. That stimulating "tingle" means circulation is quickening in your tight, baked scalp. And the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis are supplementing natural oils, helping your hair to a natural, healthy-looking lustre.

Loose dandruff is routed and the brisk massage helps prevent excessive falling hair. Your hair combs neatly into place—and stays that way with no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look. Get Vitalis from your druggist today. End the summer with hair that's healthier-looking and handsomer.

USE THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

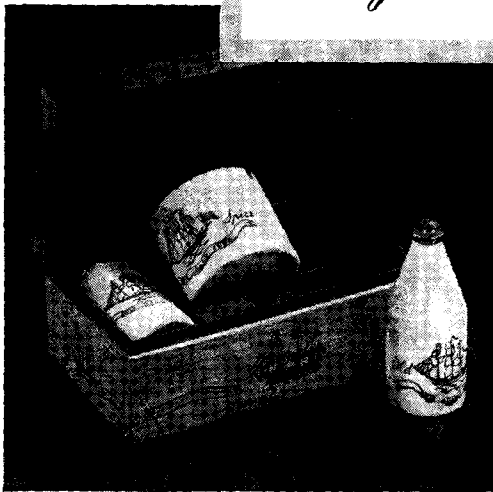


Old Spice
Shave Soap in
pottery mug.
Free lathering
and long-
lasting . . \$1

For the
FATHERS
OF OUR COUNTRY

on June 15th

Old Spice
Shave Set—
Shave Soap in
mug and After-
Shaving . . \$2
Lotion . .



Old Spice Shave Set—Shave Soap in pottery
mug, After-Shaving Lotion
and Talcum \$2.75

Old Spice After-Shaving Lotion.
Convenient sprinkler
top. 8 oz. \$1.75. 4 oz. \$1.00

Mark this historic day in Father's year with gifts of special significance—Old Spice Toiletries—outstanding in quality, American in tradition. The pottery containers and the wood-veneered chests, decorated with historic trading ships, add to the gift appeal of these fine men's products. Available singly, or in combination sets from \$1.75 to \$5.00.

*A new Shaving Cream in either brushless or
lather type, in a large tube... 50¢*



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LEAVITT

WING TALK

GFE means Government Furnished Equipment—motors, props, etc., delay of which means unfinished planes, stored and waiting

SUPPOSE you decided to go into the airplane-manufacturing business and decided on a six-engined, 80-passenger airliner. Your chief design engineer can call up the government's National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics which, for more than a quarter of a century, has been tackling the scientific problems of flight, and obtain a choice of wings—high-lift, low-drag, high-speed; sound advice on how to enclose and arrange the engines and the best research material in the world on how to make the airplane clean.

But suppose you wanted to build an airplane engine that would deliver, say, 4,000 horsepower. Your chief engineer cannot, today, get the necessary fundamental facts. But he can next year.

Two months before the second World War began, the NACA appointed a special committee to inquire into the aircraft engine research facilities in this country. On October 19, 1939, this committee reported: "... American facilities for research on aircraft power plants are inadequate and cannot be compared with the facilities and research in other major fields in aviation." This report was signed by Major General Henry H. Arnold, chief of the Army Air Corps; Rear Admiral John H. Towers, chief of the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics; Robert H. Hinckley, chairman of the C.A.A., and Charles A. Lindbergh, chairman.

The NACA went into action and a \$10,000,000 aircraft engine research laboratory now is being constructed just off the Cleveland Airport. It will concentrate on the many aircraft power-plant problems which remain unsolved or need improvement. Chief among these are fuels and lubricants; super-charger efficiency; carburetor and fuel-injection systems and the recovery and harnessing of the waste heat.

A tremendous engine research tunnel, unlike anything anywhere, is being created to learn how aircraft engines of three and four thousand horsepower can be developed. It will have a density equivalent to 30,000 feet altitude and the wind will blow at 490 miles per hour. Comes then the gargantuan problem of moving the air at that speed at a temperature of at least 48 degrees below zero.

It's always cold on that air battlefield or commercial airway, six miles up.

REMEMBER our story of the persevering young R.A.F. bomber pilot who flew all over Germany one stormy

night and ended up by blasting the day-lights out of a British military airdrome because he thought it was German?

That airdrome belonged to the fighter command. Now the fighter command has evened up the score against the bombers, according to an R.A.F. officer just over.

You've heard of the new device the British are bringing out to detect night bombers in the air. It's so secret we can't talk about it.

An R.A.F. bomber was returning to his base in England from a night raid on Berlin. The pilot had given his signals of the day and otherwise identified himself. Out of the night appeared a fighter plane. The fighter pilot, equally young and equally as persevering as the bomber boy we've been talking about, had been following certain readings on an instrument before him. At the critical moment, he pressed the button on the control stick. The bomber started to smoke. The crew bailed out and the British concluded the detection device worked very well indeed.

THE abbreviation—GFE—more and more is becoming a part of our daily vocabulary as public interest continues to dig deeper into the problems of the air-defense program. In use for many years, the term has been confined entirely to the aircraft industry. It stands for Government Furnished Equipment.

A military-airplane manufacturer is awarded a contract to build so many planes. As far as the public is concerned, he builds just about everything. Actually he builds only the wings, fuselage and tail surfaces, what the British call the "air frame." The government furnishes the rest.

The Army and Navy go out into the industry and contract directly for such items as engines, propellers, instruments, radio, landing gear, tires, wheels, brakes, flares and armament; such GFE to be delivered to the air-frame manufacturer at specified times. If the manufacturer of one vital piece of GFE gets behind, then the air-frame builder is unable in many cases to complete final assembly or he has to store the unfinished airplane.

In some instances, such as armament, the aircraft can go out into service, and the Army and Navy make the installations later. But the manufacturer cannot deliver an airplane intended to take its place in an active tactical squadron without most of the GFE. See? F.R.N.



"Yes, MY DARLING DAUGHTER..."

AS in the familiar jingle, there are strings attached to Mother's "yes".

Millions of youngsters, with nickels burning holes in their pockets, head for the sweet shop for a treat. And mother, like as not, suggests an Ice Cream Dixie! Why?

In the first place she knows that ice cream is good for youngsters. And when she says

"Dixie" she knows that it is *good* ice cream—for only top quality ice cream is ever packed in Dixies. Perhaps most important, is that it reaches her child clean—in its original health-protecting Dixie Cup.

Other types of Dixie Cups bring this same health protection to Dad at the office or in the shop; to the whole family at the soda fountain—in fact everywhere they drink in public.

DIXIE CUPS

PRODUCT OF DIXIE-VORTEX COMPANY, EASTON, PA., CHICAGO, ILL., TORONTO, CAN.

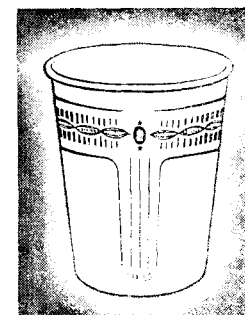
In offices and factories, Dixies protect the health of workers from mouth-to-mouth contagion when drinking water.

At soda fountains, restaurants and milk bars they assure you of protection against careless glass washing.

For parties, at home or outdoors, they are the convenient way of serving hot and cold drinks, salads, etc.

For meals in your office or on the job, leading restaurants and fountains use Dixies for all their "carry-out" orders.

Food manufacturers use them for packing ice cream, cottage cheese, butter, and many other food products.



DIXIE CUPS are safeguards of health at all times... everywhere. In the office, in the shop, in public places, at soda fountains, on trains and airplanes, the common drinking vessel is a thing of the past. The expanding uses of Dixie Cups are but an indication of the trend of the times.



MARRYING MY JIM!
what's she got that
I haven't got?



THE answer was easy. The "other woman" had a bright, captivating smile and a breath that was fresh, sweet, and full of allure, while she herself had "Double O" (offensive breath and offensive teeth).

Too many women are careless about this condition and, therefore, may lose out in romance and popularity.

Don't take unnecessary chances. It's often so easy to be more glamorous, so easy to combat the "Double O" with the delightful double precaution that so many smart, popular people follow every night and morning.

For the breath, Listerine of course—it quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis.

And to make teeth more brilliant and flashing, to add to the allure of your smile, the new Listerine Tooth Paste. Changed in formula and action—and especially created to attack cloudy, loose deposits; dull film; unpleasant surface stains and discoloration that make teeth unattractive. For 8 years skilled experts labored to perfect this lustre-giving formula. Many say they can see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time.

If you want others to like you . . . want to put your best foot forward, start using the new Listerine Tooth Paste for a more alluring smile and Listerine for a more appealing breath; your common sense tells you it pays.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

the double precaution

against double *Offensive* *Offensive* *Breath* *looking Teeth*

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

and LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

One of the highest prices ever paid for an orchid plant was the \$10,000 given for a two-flower hybrid moth variety at the New York Orchid Show in 1928. The breeder had devoted forty-two years to developing the plant.

The world's records for running and ice skating one hundred yards, both made many years ago, are identical to the split second—9.4.—
By John Randolph, Bronx, New York.

A number of years before the Wright brothers made their first successful airplane flight in 1903, several Americans had been flying about in gliders, the most famous being Octave Chanute who, in the 1890's, made two thousand flights without an accident.

An analysis of 270,000 life insurance policies issued by one company over a period of seventeen years shows that there is a direct relation between the average amount of insurance per policy and the height and weight of the insured. The shortest and thinnest men buy the smallest policies, while the tallest and fattest men buy the largest policies.—By B. Franklin Blair, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The most coveted social positions held by women in England are those in the households of Queen Elizabeth and the Dowager Queen Mary. Today, these positions are occupied by twenty-five women, ranked in five classes: Mistresses of the Robes, Ladies of the Bedchamber, Extra Ladies of the Bedchamber, Women of the Bedchamber and Extra Women of the Bedchamber.

A thymus gland extract, tested on several successive generations of white rats, so stimulated their growth that some of them, in the seventh generation, weighed three times as much as untreated rats eight days after birth.

The phrase "In the clink" originated more than two hundred years ago among those who served sentences for debt in the old Clink Prison in the Southwark section of London.

The best-selling "art" picture in American history was September Morn, a painting of a nude woman bathing at sunrise, produced by Paul Chabas in 1912. After Anthony Comstock, head of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, had denounced it as infamous, four million copies were sold within six months.

British bombers have found that the rarefied air over Africa, with its decreased resistance, tends to make them overshoot their targets, while the dense air over Norway, with its increased resistance, tends to make them undershoot their targets.

In recent years there has been a great increase in the amount of installment loans made by personal-finance companies. In 1933, they amounted to \$304,200,000. In 1940, they had increased to \$926,600,000.—By Paul Armstrong, Athens, Ohio.

The largest number of horses ever to start in a race were the sixty-six that got off in the Grand National Steeplechase in Liverpool, England, in 1929. Ten finished, on this course which is so difficult that the odds are five-to-one against any horse's completing a race, the winner being Gregalach, a 100-to-1 shot.

Several years ago in the New York Zoological Park an anaconda snake, eighteen feet in length, ten inches in diameter and 175 pounds in weight, produced a litter of seventy-two live snakes, each three feet long and two inches thick.

Sister ships, built from the same plans and designs and with their keels laid at the same angle, sometimes behave in a radically different manner. A case in point concerns our two heavy cruisers, the U.S.S. Portland and the U.S.S. Indianapolis, the former being a bad roller while the latter is not.—By William Berriman, New Rochelle, New York.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.

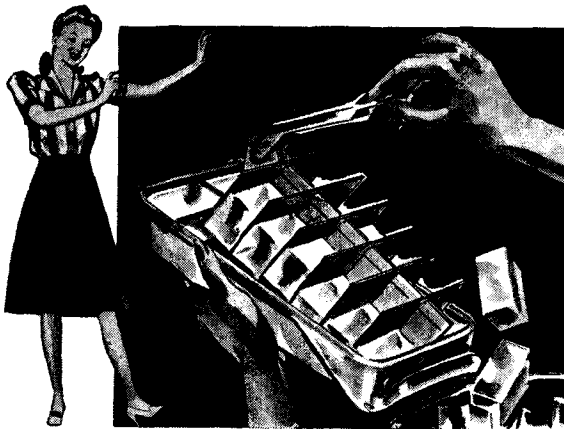
"I fell in love with Frigidaire!"

"It's beautiful, **INSIDE AND OUT**...and I found Frigidaire had loads of features I couldn't get in any other refrigerator at any price!



"IT WAS FUN LOOKING—that nice Frigidaire salesman took a lot of time to show me how Frigidaire is the best buy in every way. I didn't realize until he told me, that Frigidaire is made by General Motors—the same people who make those grand motor cars, like Cadillac, Buick, Oldsmobile, Pontiac and Chevrolet.

"YOU SHOULD SEE the exciting Cold-Wall models! Chilling coils within the walls keep food fresher longer, and preserve precious vitamins. *All* the models were so chock-full of exciting features that I got the feeling General Motors was just as proud of *creating* Frigidaire as I would be of *owning* one. For instance . . .



"FLIP A FINGER, AND ZING—there are your ice cubes. You don't need a crowbar to get Frigidaire's exclusive Quickube Tray out of the refrigerator, or the ice cubes out of the Tray. You get ice easily, instantly—*always!*



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"YOU'LL SAVE PLENTY with Frigidaire's famous Meter-Miser. Thanks to General Motors' superb engineering, it has 22% more freezing power than last year, yet uses less current. You've just got to see these new Frigidaires *today!*"

CAUTION: Unless a refrigerator bears the Frigidaire nameplate, it is not a genuine Frigidaire, made **ONLY** by General Motors, world's largest builders of automobiles, motors and refrigerators.

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Daikoku and the two little thieves

DAIKOKU is one of the seven Oriental Gods of Happiness.

At his feet can be seen the rice-bale, which symbolizes agricultural wealth. The mallet or miner's tool in his left hand indicates mineral resources. And over his shoulders is commonly shown a bag or basket such as was used to carry fish, a symbol of food and plenty.

But look closely and you will see two thievish little rats half-hidden behind Daikoku. They are to remind the beholder that wealth once accumulated must be guarded constantly lest it dwindle away.

Today our wealth, at least here in America, is not in sacks of rice or bags of dried fish. Think

over what you own and you'll find that your wealth is in your home, your furniture, your car, your savings and your ability to earn money. But today, as Daikoku reminded the Orientals centuries ago, you must still be on guard against the things that would eat your wealth away.

Fire may do it; it is estimated that there were 262,800 fires in America last year.

An auto accident may involve you in a damage suit that will cost you thousands of dollars; figures indicate there were more than one million people hurt in automobile mishaps last year.

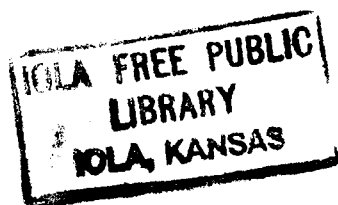
An injury may put you in a hospital and at the same time in debt; one out of ten people were seriously injured last year. Or a dozen and one

other things can happen that will use up your savings and eat into your earnings for years.

That is why it is so wise to give your possessions the protection of insurance. Insurance such as fire, automobile, burglary, liability and accident stands constant guard over the things you hold precious.

A Travelers agent or your own insurance broker can help you select the right kinds and amounts of insurance. He can give you sound counsel and prompt service. He can protect you so that you need not worry.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.



Impregnable Pearl Harbor

By Walter Davenport

"How about sending a first-rate reporter out with the fleet in the Pacific?" asked the Navy. "So we can get at least one true story printed." Accordingly, Walter Davenport, than whom no reporter is more first rate, sailed from a port on the West Coast of North America, aboard a battleship (U. S.) bound for a place which we shall call the Sandwich Islands because they haven't been called that for a long time. He talked with three admirals, boatloads of bosuns and their mates, saw seamanly preparation for whatever may befall, went ashore to see what sailors do when they are not sailing and came home with nothing worse than a slight tendency to roar when spoken to. Here is his article and a very pleasant one indeed

WE'RE sitting in Lousy Lui's on the two-bit end of the beach at Waikiki. We're drinking beer and talking Jap. Everybody in Honolulu talks Jap from the moment he opens his eyes upon Hawaii's jasmined morning until he turns in beneath the huge gloom of the semitropic night. Out here, sitting among these Pacific volcanoes, there are only two nations, the United States and Japan. England, Germany, the Mediterranean, the Middle East—that's another war.

The Hawaiian band is twanging Ua Like No a Like (Oah Leekie No a Leekie) and trying to swing it like Artie Shaw. It's like swinging an extra-dismal dirge. But no matter. Everything they play sounds like Aloha Oe, the most famous of all the Hawaiian moans, and after you've had several beers you want to cry. We're with Big Swede Nelson, the chief petty officer; Dazzy Monch, the gunner's mate; Boo Boo Wallace, the turret captain; Kack Kacinski, the chief aviation machinist's mate, and Mister Dooley, the warrant officer.

Off and on, we're more than that. It's Saturday night. Hula girls sit in for a beer, drink it and leave us cold. They're all bat-nose beauties, some of them Polynesian brown, some of them on the yellow side. But they always leave us after a beer, giving us a sad, melting *aoie hiki* smile and saying, "Yesss-noooo, yess-noooo, sooooreee aloha." Or other guys from Pearl Harbor stop by to buy one and talk Jap. *Aoie hiki* means No Can Do.

Lousy Lui's is owned by a Jap. He's a toothy, half-pint bow-bow mystery, smooth as cream, tightly buttoned, neat as a dove egg, soaped, burnished, pomaded. He was born in the islands, is therefore an American citizen. But his parents were born in Japan which, under Japanese law, makes him a Japanese citizen, too. Japan can sentence him to death as a traitor if he puts America first. They say he's a major in the Jap military intelligence. But you're a sap if you believe everything they tell you in the islands. He seldom shows up on Saturday nights when the going is apt to get rough and the lads from Pearl Harbor and Schofield Barracks become suckers for rumors.

The place is jam-packed. They've closed the doors. Bum Tishii, a Jap who talks English like a New York Bowery boy—foist, thoid, boid and earl for oil—stands guard against crashers. Two Honolulu cops and a dusky Amazon called Maui May stand by to lend the Bum the assistance he may need. Maui May is there to look at and after the women. Sailors sit with their mates and soldiers with soldiers.

But neither soldier nor sailor has much truck with the civilian. Every civilian is suspect. He may be a spy, a stool, an intelligence officer, an espionage agent or counterespionage. Honolulu is acrawl with them—and that's no rumor. They're the Navy Intelligence, the Army Intelligence, the F.B.I. The enlisted men lump them all together and call them the Gestapo. Honolulu's

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY PAN-PACIFIC PRESS



Schofield Barracks, about thirty miles from Honolulu, is the main U. S. Army base in Hawaii. Here, machine-gun units for mobile defense, mounted in light, speedy trucks, are on review. Below, gobs from Pearl Harbor, the Navy base, besiege Hollywood's Dorothy Lamour on the beach at Waikiki, get photos that, viewed back home, help recruiting



shushed and shadowed numb. They're black, yellow, brown and haole (white). They're Navy wives, hula dancers, prostitutes, telephone girls. They're doormen, barkeeps, beachcombers, waiters, taxi drivers, bellhops and barbers. They're Limeys from Singapore, Dutchmen from Borneo, Frogs from Hainan, Chinks from Shanghai and Dodgers from Brooklyn. Everybody from Brooklyn's a Dodger no matter what he's doing. The beautiful new heavy cruiser Brooklyn is called the Dodger.

The Gestapo works for the Army, the Navy, the F.B.I. They work for Britain, Japan, China, Russia, Germany. They know one another, spy on one another, swap information. They're as obvious as Diamond Head, the deadly rock that stands sentinel at Pearl Harbor's narrow mouth, but not as reliable. Within an

hour after you, the freshly arrived civilian, get in, they've got a tail on you. You don't have to look for them. Stand still a few minutes and several of them will be in the near offing measuring you. You can't miss them. They stand out like a full-dress Kluxer at Father Divine's. Usually they speak pidgin—think pidgin, too.

"You're maybe Washington, maybe San Francisco. Hah? You like Honolulu. Hah? You maybe lookeeround. Hah? You maybe lookee friend and have drink. Hah? Beeeeauuuutiful day."

Some Practice Against M-Day

We were going fine in Lousy Lui's when it happened. The first inkling we got was that small, shrill wail from a table near the door. Otherwise no siren sounded. The shore patrol (the Navy

cops), six of them swinging their billies but not using them, shoved Bum Tishi, the Honolulu law and Maui May aside and came in. They worked swiftly. They didn't raise their voices. They were calm, almost bored. They didn't argue, didn't explain, didn't repeat. They strode through the joint as if there wasn't a table in it, and they didn't knock any over either, as slick as Vought-Sikorskys flipping off the quarterdeck catapults—woosh, in the front door and out the back. Our chin was on our chest. The sailors took it like aloha.

"All out. All out. Report to your posts. Report to your ships. All out. All out."

As the shore went out the back, the military police came in, headed for the front.

"All out. All out. Report to your companies. Scram, soldier, scram."

What happened was efficiency. There was no excitement, no hesitation, no confusion.

We didn't clock it, but in incredibly short time Honolulu, from its water front to its lovely heights, from the red lights of Hotel Street to the no lights of Waikiki, was sailorless and soldierless. They grabbed at everything on wheels. In the streets had gone the word that M-day was dawning. Nobody knew for sure; nobody would know. In Hawaii there's a censorship unknown on the mainland. So maybe IT had come. Wherever they may have been bound, busses, trucks, private cars turned their noses toward Pearl Harbor, twelve miles away, Schofield Barracks, thirty miles inland, toward Diamond Head that would make Big Brother Gibraltar ashamed of itself, toward the dozen forts and airports that stud the mighty isle of Oahu and all were flat on their axes with soldiers and sailors wondering what the hell.

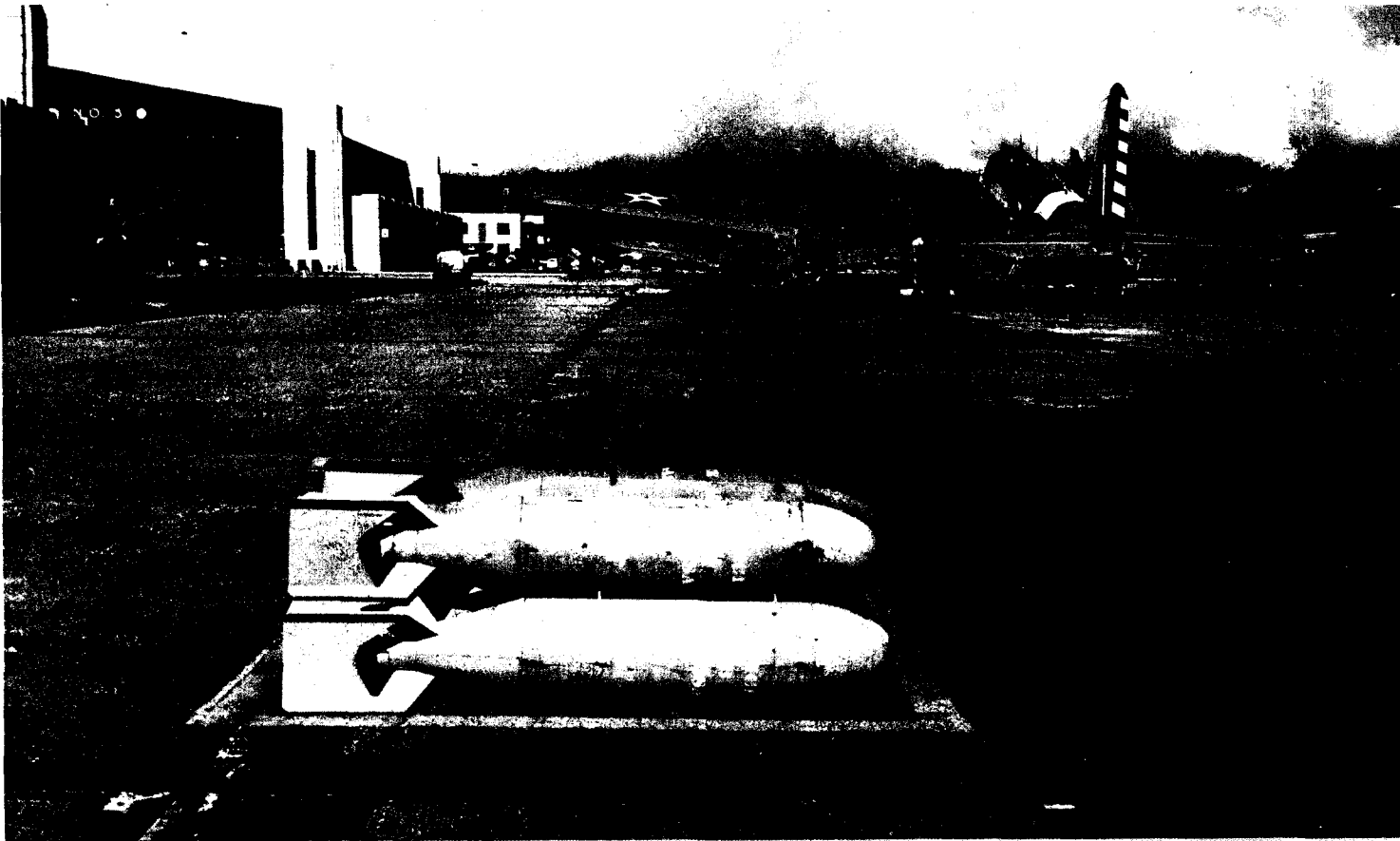
Honolulu lights went out—by blocks, hillsides, clusters, one by one. And presently the town was blotted out as if the vast clouds that bank the Koolau Range along the northeast coast of Oahu and the Waianae that make the southwest coast a precipice had folded in upon her. In the darkness half a hundred patrol bombers soared from Ford Island, the Navy's airfield in Pearl Harbor. From Hickam Field, the Army's best, rose the fighters and pursuit ships. The marines were soon in the air, zooming from their own field beyond. And out of the most modern of them all, the Kaneohe base, in the folds of the forbidding Koolaupoko Mountains, ten air miles from Pearl Harbor, came more Navy patrol bombers. Two airplane carriers, had speeded out of Pearl Harbor into the Pacific. From their decks soared forty planes to add to the roar that filled the skies—with more to come. Each ship carries seventy-six planes.

No Place for Sissies

You've got to be pretty pessimistic to visualize any invader establishing himself on the island of Oahu, the fortress of the Hawaiian Archipelago. Singly and in concert they'd come to swift grief where the Koolaus and the Waianae rise starkly from the ocean. And they'd have to sink our fleet and smash our last plane to land on the southern shores. From Diamond Head, an extinct volcano, along the beach of Waikiki, and on to Barber Point, lay the hidden forts of Kamehameha, Shafter, De Russey and so on, blazing everything from five-inch antiaircraft guns to nine-, twelve- and sixteen-inch rifles. Big and little, they're mounted on wheels. They're hidden in the sugar-cane plantations, in the pineapple groves, among the hybrid vegetation of the back country—vegetation that looks as if nonirrigated Texas and Oklahoma had got together with southern California and Florida, with cactus and palm offspring fighting it out.

If an enemy's going to take Oahu and thus the Hawaiian Islands, chasing us out of the Pacific, he's got to land on the strand of the northwest or not at all. When the military police cleared Honolulu of soldiers that Saturday night, the defenses of that one open coast line went into action. At the west end of this open shore stand the upper heights of the Waianae Mountains. On the east end rises the end of the Koolauloa. On both, sweeping the beach between, they've mounted the American version of the famous French seventy-fives, .50-caliber machine guns, howitzers. The only roads, tunnels, placements and wide places in the heights have been made by the Army. And they weren't created to make tourists happy. The Waianae and the Koolaus can be solid precipices

(Continued on page 75)



The Army bases its aircraft at Hickam Field, its biggest and best Hawaiian air base. Flying fortresses, above, are loading practice bombs. Below, the Japanese sampan fishing fleet at Kewalo Basin. Movements of sampans are sternly restricted; they are not allowed to enter Pearl Harbor and must stay well away from fortified Diamond Head



Dr. Big-Mouth

By Edward L. McKenna

A SHORT STORY
COMPLETED ON THIS PAGE

I NEVER began to understand Garner until the other day; I had merely disliked him, before. We met on the street. I saw him first—you could see Garner a block away, with his big, hulking body, his big red hands, the solid sandy-haired head aggressively thrust forward—and I crossed over to avoid him but he spotted me. You could hear Garner a block away, too. "Hey, Doctor!" he yelled at me, and came stamping over with that flat, heavy tread of his.

He looked bigger than ever, which is to say more uncouth. He grinned and hit me on the shoulder.

"How you doin'? Say, it's a couple years since I've seen that old sour puss of yours, you know that? Ellen was asking the other day what I heard of you."

"Thanks," I said. "I'm well. How is Ellen? How is the family?"

He pulled out a snapshot. "That's Francis, Jr., that's Mickey, and that's the baby—six months, she is. I tell you, Cumnock, never have kids. It's a dog's life. Get settled for a little sleep—wah, wah, wah, there they go. You're lucky, Cumnock. Still a bachelor, aren't you?"

"Yes," I said.

IT HAD been impossible to believe Ellen when she told me she was in love with Dr. Francis Garner. He and I had been in medical school together and we'd interned together. Offensive was the politest word for him. He was crassly cynical; his small talk was heavily biological and his rough jokes were just that.

I won't say he wasn't capable. In the hospital, his manner in the charity wards was brusque to brutality, and his bearing in the private rooms scarcely more polite, but he knew his business. That didn't keep any of us from hating him.

He had one favorite line of talk during the years of his internship. "Grab off a rich dame," his loud heckler's voice would say, "then you got a chance. General practice? Yeah! Getting pulled out of the hay at three o'clock because some nitwit thinks her brat has the pip. Not me. I'm specializing, and sleeping nights. I'll find some dame with a wad and let the hams do the general practice."

Ellen Staines was twenty-six when, somehow, somewhere, she met Francis Garner. I had known her for years and known her parents before they died, leaving her a good deal of money and, of course, the fine house on East Sixty-third. I thought she'd brush Garner off pretty quickly; she was an attractive girl, as nicely bred as they come, and she'd had plenty of suitors. But instead of this, I learned that Garner was calling on her a couple of times a week and taking her out.

I'd proposed to Ellen long ago and been turned down, but it wasn't that. It was just that I couldn't stand the thought of her being taken in by Garner. I spoke to her—frankly.

She smiled at me. "I know, Charles. Well, maybe it's my fate to be married for my money."

"Ellen," I said, "you're not—"

"Yes," she said. "I'm in love with him." She laughed a little at the look on my face. "Oh, perhaps I'm making a mistake, but I don't think so. He has such a colossal belief in himself—"

"That's well said. I'd endorse that."

"He's specializing in children's diseases, you know. He says he's going to show up every doctor who ever lived. Yes, he does sound terribly blatant!"

She was beyond me. I said stiffly, "In any event I hope you'll let me be the first to offer my congratulations."

She was still smiling. "Thank you Charles."

I went to the wedding, of course, and saw her two or three times afterward; then I stopped. Garner's roaring voice, his conceit, his manner were too much for me. It was more than four years since I had last seen him when we met this day on the street.

He stood looking down at me in that old challenging, half-contemptuous way. "Sure, Doc, I'm telling



GEORGE HOWE

you," he said, "professional men ought never get married. Never get a moment to yourself. Kids yelling at you: 'Pop, read me a story! Hey, pop, read me a story! Wah-wah-wah!'"

He never could learn to keep his voice down.

"Say, Cumnock," he said, "you never been around since I built the clinic, have you?"

"No," I said.

"You ought to come on up. Boy, that's a clinic that is a clinic!"

"It sounds wonderful."

"Wonderful? Hell, it's marvelous. But still, Doc, I'm telling you, it's a damn-fool business. Cost so much dough, all that equipment, I'll never break even. It's lucky Ellen had plenty of jack to begin with, or boy, we'd be in the streets with a tin cup. . . . And say, that's what I wanted to tell you about—about Ellen, I mean. How about your coming around and seeing her once in a while, give her a little company, you know—"

"Why?" I asked. "Are you too busy?"

"Well, see, I'm going to be away for a time. Just like a damn' fool, I got myself in this thing up to my neck. That's the trouble with specializing in kids—gives you a name, people start pestering you. So they want some kids' specialists over in London, you

She smiled at me. "I know, Charles," she said. "Well, maybe it's my fate to be married for my money. I'm in love with him." She laughed at the look on my face

know how it is over there, and—and, well, I said I'd go. You'd think I'd know better, huh? Boy, what a dope!"

I looked up at Dr. Francis Garner. His big face was red and he looked as aggressive and quarrelsome as I'd ever seen him. He looked as if he were just waiting for me to contradict him so he could shout me down. It occurred to me suddenly, for the first time, that he must have had quite a story as a kid himself; it occurred to me that he must have been battered around and belittled a good deal, for him to build up that shield of arrogance and cynicism to hide what was really inside him.

As for Ellen, her eyes were better than mine. She had seen through it.

"Well," I said, "it's—it's something to heal babies."

"That boloney," said Dr. Garner.

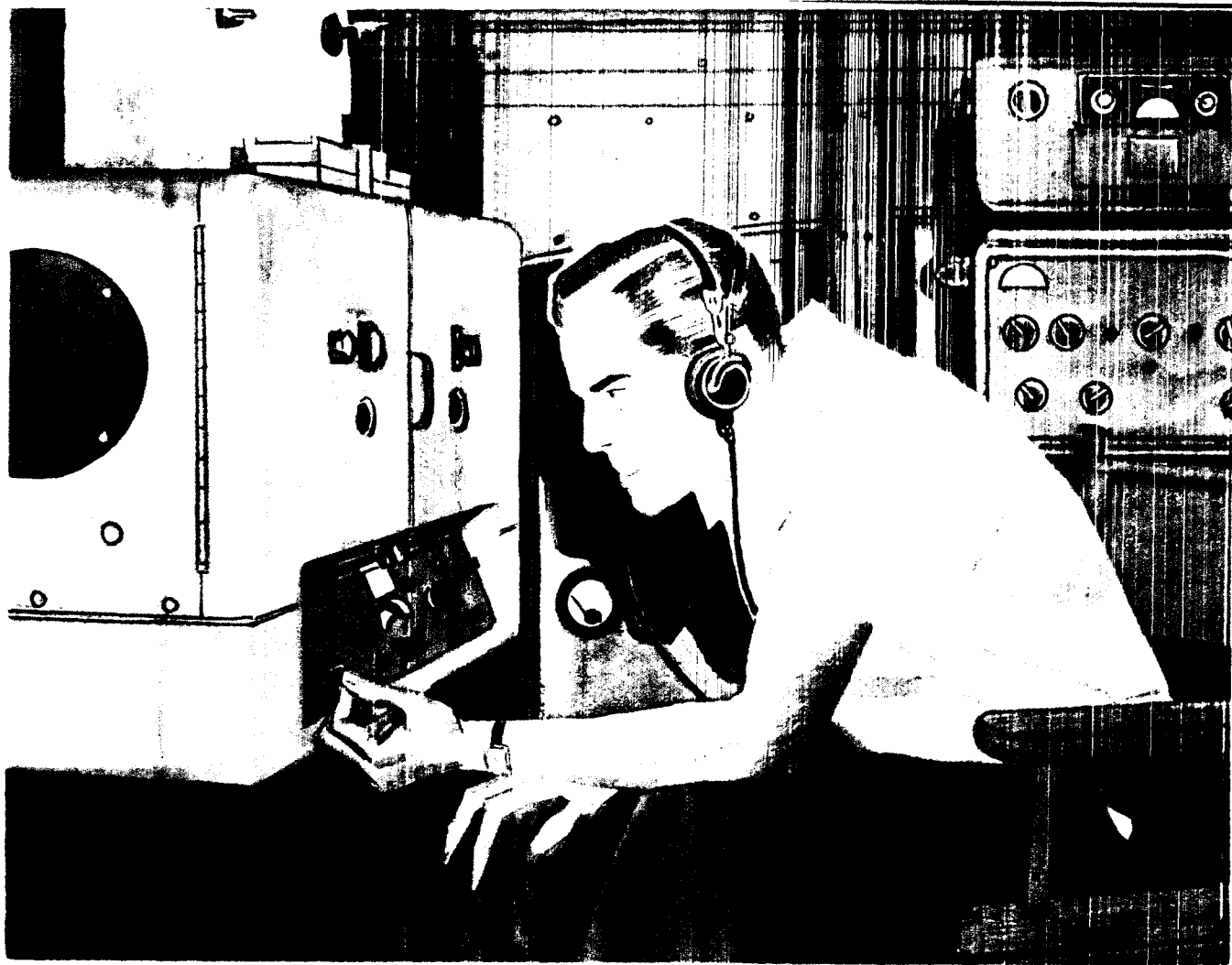
Okay for Sound

By William and Milarde Brent

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

William Brent was a Hollywood sound-effects man for years. The professional lingo in this story isn't mere double talk. Sound men really talk that way

I listened intently to Linda reading her lines and could tell she was ready to crack



WE WAVED at Slim, the cop on the gate, as we left the studio and turned toward the beach. In a little while we hit the coast highway and parked just above Topanga Canyon.

A yellow moon hung low over the Pacific, and the lights of Santa Monica Bay, curving in the distance, twinkled merrily. We weren't thinking about the beauties of the night, however. We were too preoccupied with our own thoughts.

Linda turned toward me and laid her hand on my arm. "Come on, Bill," she said. "Don't be like that. Just think what it would mean if I only got in stock—at sixty a week!"

"I am thinking about it," I said.

"But it would be a swell break for us, Bill. We could have our place in the valley that much sooner, and..." She made a funny little gesture, as though it explained everything.

"I'm afraid, my sweet, if you get into pictures, the valley is out."

"Out?"

"Yeah. You see, honey, it's like this: It isn't the money I'm thinking about. It's swell of you to want to help out and all like that, but once you get in stock even, you're going to attract the attention of a lot of men in the studio, because you're the best-looking girl on the lot and those shorts they'll put you in for leg-art pictures—"

"I still don't see—"

"Wait a minute. Like I say, people are going to notice you, because even in stock—well, you're technically, at least, an actress. All right. They'll want to take you to La Maze and Chasen's and Ciro's—places like that to show you off—and whether you want to go or not, you can't very well refuse."

"I don't see why not. After all—"

"It's just that you don't understand the business, darling," I said. "That would be a part of your build-up. Stock girls are expected to do those things. It gets publicity for you and the studio, and the whole picture setup is built on that. Besides, as the build-up goes on, it wouldn't do your career any good to be seen running around with a seventy-nine-dollar-and-eighty-six-cents-a-week assistant sound engineer. You're stepping up in class. See what I mean?"

"But I don't want a career, Bill," she insisted. "In the first place I don't think I can act. The only thing I'm interested in is the money—the things it will buy.

It seems foolish to turn down a chance to make it."

"All right—you don't want a career, you say. That's what you think, now. But wait'll you see yourself on the screen. After that you wouldn't want to come back down to being plain Mrs. Bill Slade, with a little place in the valley. It just isn't human nature, honey. Don't you see?"

"Then you don't want me to make the test, Bill?"

I turned to her: "Look, darling—don't get me wrong. It's just that I'm afraid it's going to mess up things between us—that's all."

LINDA made light of all my fears. She had no illusions about becoming a star. We loved each other and I was foolish to say it would make any difference. But I still wasn't convinced.

"Here's another thing," I said. "You're not dumb. How do you figure this guy Barth in on the deal? If he gets you this test and you grab a contract—well—"

"Of course, Bill, I'd be very grateful and appreciative, but that's all. If I thought there were any strings attached to it, why, naturally, I'd turn it down cold. You believe that, don't you?"

"Sure. But you don't know that guy like I do."

"You're silly, darling," she said, laughing. She pulled my face down and kissed me.

I'd met Linda at a Studio Club dance. Jack Turner, from the film lab, and I had gone stag. We were sitting at the bar, when Carl Faulk, from sound engineering, came up. He'd just finished dancing with Hedy Lamarr.

"Let me touch you," I said.

He grinned. "It'll cost you two bits."

"Wait'll you see who I'm going to dance with next time," Jack said. "You can give me your quarter."

"Yeah? Who?" I asked.

"I don't think you know her," he said. "I might introduce you, if you let me have a fin till payday."

"Oh, something special, huh?"

He held up his hand and made a circle of his thumb and forefinger, the old studio okay signal. The music began and Jack left to claim his dance.

I went on down and found a table and forgot about it, until I happened to look up on the stage and saw them dancing. I'd never seen her before, but even at

that distance I could see that Jack hadn't exaggerated. When they came down, he introduced me to her—Linda Whitney.

She was tall, with thick blond hair, which she wore in a long bob. She had velvety skin and a shape like Alice Faye's. She had everything else, too—personality and a mouth full of even, white teeth and when she smiled—well... I asked her for the next dance.

She came above my shoulder, and she was a good dancer.

"In pictures?" I asked.

"No—and don't give me that line—that I ought to be."

"Why not?" I said. "You should—on the level."

She gave me one of those tongue-in-cheek looks.

"I haven't seen you around. You don't work on the lot, do you?"

She said she did. She hadn't been there long. "Script department," she said. "I'm down in the writers' building."

Before the evening ended, I'd found out quite a lot about her. She'd recently graduated from U.C.L.A. and got her job through one of the secretaries. She was from Montana. I also found out her address and telephone number and asked her for a date. She lived with a girl in Hollywood. We agreed, later, that it was love at first sight.

She liked the same things I did—football, hunting, fishing, horseback riding, and it was no time until we were engaged. I started saving my money. We planned to buy an acre out in the San Fernando Valley, let FHA finance the rest and build a little California ranch house.

Right from the jump, though, I knew it wasn't going to be smooth sailing, especially with her working on the lot. She was too good-looking. Even in a big studio, like ours, where swell-looking babes were a dime a dozen, Linda stood out like a sore thumb.

She always said she didn't have a yen to get in front of a camera, but I took that with the usual two grains of salt, hoping she meant it, but doubting it, because I knew, sooner or later, some big shot was going to spot her and I worried about how it would affect her—and me. It was inevitable. It had to happen, and it did.

John Barth saw her alone in the commissary at lunch one day and asked

who she was. When he found out she was a steno in the script department, he went over to her table, introduced himself and sat down. She knew who he was, of course, and it gave her a thrill, just as it would any other girl. Barth was a big-shot actor, under long-term contract—and rated.

He was thirty-five, maybe, tall and handsome, and he played character leads at twenty-seven-fifty a week. He'd come from the New York stage and, like a lot of legit actors, he considered pictures a low form of histrionic art. On top of this he was a heel of the first water. Nobody liked him—not even the front office. A couple of years back he got into a nasty jam with an extra girl, but his agent got the whole thing hushed up by paying off quietly. He was that kind of guy.

Barth gave Linda the usual business: She was too beautiful to be pounding a typewriter; she ought to be in pictures. He'd be only too glad to arrange it. All she had to do was say the word and he'd speak to Dave Gorman, the casting director, and arrange a screen test. He'd see she didn't get the usual run-of-the-mill test either; he'd insist on a good cameraman and a regular A director. Linda, naturally, told me all about it.

"Look, Bill," she said, now. "We're both acting like two-year-olds. Let's not fight about something that hasn't happened yet."

"Okay," I said. "You're right. . . . How about stopping at Las Flores Inn for some fried shrimp?"

She said that would be fine. She slipped her hand into mine and I held it. We didn't say any more about the test.

IT WAS just my luck to draw the assignment. I sat in the sound wagon, parked outside and hooked up to the test stage. I had on the receivers, listening to the rehearsal inside on the set. I listened intently, because what was going on concerned me a lot. My whole future, maybe.

I could hear Linda reading her lines and she wasn't getting any better, and I could tell she was about ready to crack up. This had been going on since nine o'clock and it was then almost one. George Ellis, the director, was trying to be patient, but even though he was holding his voice down, when he explained to her what she was doing

wrong, I could feel through the "cans" that he'd about reached the limit of his patience. So had the stock actor that Linda was making the test with.

I could hear Linda saying, "Yes, Mr. Ellis," while he talked to her real low, to keep the crew from hearing his criticism. He was a nice guy, and a good director.

Just then I heard another voice come in and I recognized it as John Barth's. The mere sound of it did things to me, although all the critics said it was the best voice in pictures. I hated that guy. I stepped up the gain, or volume, on the main amplifier two points to hear them better, and hoped the mixer, inside, didn't have his receivers on, because after you once set up the channel for recording, they don't like you to change your settings, and they worry like hell at the least little deviation in the system and start calling you on the phone.

On our lot, we used the two-man truck channels: the mixer inside on the set, who is responsible for the proper recording as to quality and volume, and the assistant, or recorder, who stays in the truck outside and operates and keeps check on the equipment. Sure, I was eavesdropping, but that didn't worry me any right then.

"Look, Ellis," Barth said, in that affected theatrical manner of his, "I think if Linda could pitch her voice a degree or so lower—"

"Now, wait a minute, Barth," Ellis said, bristling. "I'm directing this test, and it's tough enough on an inexperienced person as it is, without putting a lot of mental stumbling blocks in the way. So, please let me handle this—if you don't mind."

"Oh, no criticism intended—I assure you," Barth said, backing down, but I could tell he didn't like it. "I only thought I could help." I could all but see him shrug his elegant shoulders; then I heard his footsteps as he walked off the set.

"Look, Linda," Ellis said. "You're not giving out a thing. You're simply reading lines, and I don't believe you."

"I know, Mr. Ellis. I—"

"Now look," he cut in. "You know the scene. This girl—that's you. Well, the man she loves and is engaged to comes in and tells her it's all off. He's in love with someone else. Her whole world topples about her ears. She's stunned, shocked—hurt. Don't you see, dear?"

"Yes."

"Okay, then. Show me. You're not you, Linda Whitney. You're this other girl. I don't care how badly you read the lines, but show me you feel something."

"I'll try, Mr. Ellis," Linda said, but there was an unmistakable note of hopelessness in her voice.

Not only hopelessness, but that awful tightness was there, too, and I knew she was "up" higher than a kite and I was secretly glad.

I HEARD Ellis say, "We'll make a take now, and don't let anything worry you. Relax. As far as you're concerned the camera and that mike, hanging over your head, are simply not there. Do whatever you feel comfortable doing with your hands. Move around and loosen up. All right—ready?"

The gaffer yelled, "Light 'em all," and when the juicers hit the arcs, up high on the parallels, I could hear the carbons sputtering as they made contact. I dropped the gain back down to normal and adjusted my headset.

"We can make it, George," I heard Luce say, in that funny, drawling way of talking he had, meaning he was ready. Lucian Andriot was the cameraman, one of the best in the business.

"All right—places," Ellis said. Then, after a pause: "Here we go—roll 'em!" I hit the first phase of the AC to inter-

lock the camera with the recorder, then hit the other two switches and we were rolling. When the millimeter on my control panel steadied down, I jabbed the buzzer twice for the okay signal and heard the mixer, inside, yell, "Speed."

FIVE times we rolled, and Linda "went up" each time and I felt sorry for her, in spite of the fact I was pulling for her to flop and get this picture business out of her head, once and for all. Things got quiet on the set, and I guessed Ellis was trying to steady her down, but I couldn't hear anything definite.

Then somebody yelled, "Lunch. Back at two!"

I snapped off the AC and DC, threw the switches on the A batteries and shut down the system. Linda and I had a date for lunch. I picked up her handbag—she'd asked me to keep it for her—and walked quickly around to the stage entrance. Linda was coming out. She wasn't alone. Barth was with her. He had her by the arm, very possessively. I burned; I couldn't help it.

He glanced at me without recognition, but he knew who I was and about Linda and me. He turned to her: "I'll see you later, darling. I have an appointment to take an Eastern sob sister to lunch. By-by." He patted her hand and walked away.

I managed to control my feelings. "Hi, kid," I said.

She took me by the arm and her hand was trembling. "Oh, Bill, I was awful!" she said. "Simply awful!"

I didn't say anything. We went around to my car, parked on one side of the stage, and got in. "Listen," I said. "You're nervous and all wrought up. Let's duck the commissary and go out to Tony's on Pico and grab a bite."

She nodded.

I glanced at her and saw she was on the verge of tears. Neither of us said anything, but I was thinking plenty.

We sat in a booth and Tony came over and we all said hello. But Tony could tell something was wrong. He didn't hang around and gab as he usually did. Linda said she wasn't hungry, but I made her order something.

"Oh, Bill," she said. "I don't know what's wrong. But I'm terrible!" She started to bawl.

"Hey, wait a minute. You'll ruin your make-up, and your eyes will swell. Cut it."

"What is it?" she asked. "Yesterday, when Mr. Barth rehearsed me in the scene, he said I was fine."

I broke a cheese stick in two, and shook my head. "I'm no director, Linda. And, naturally, I can't see on the set." I played with the cheese stick, crumbling little pieces off the end, while Linda dabbed at her eyes.

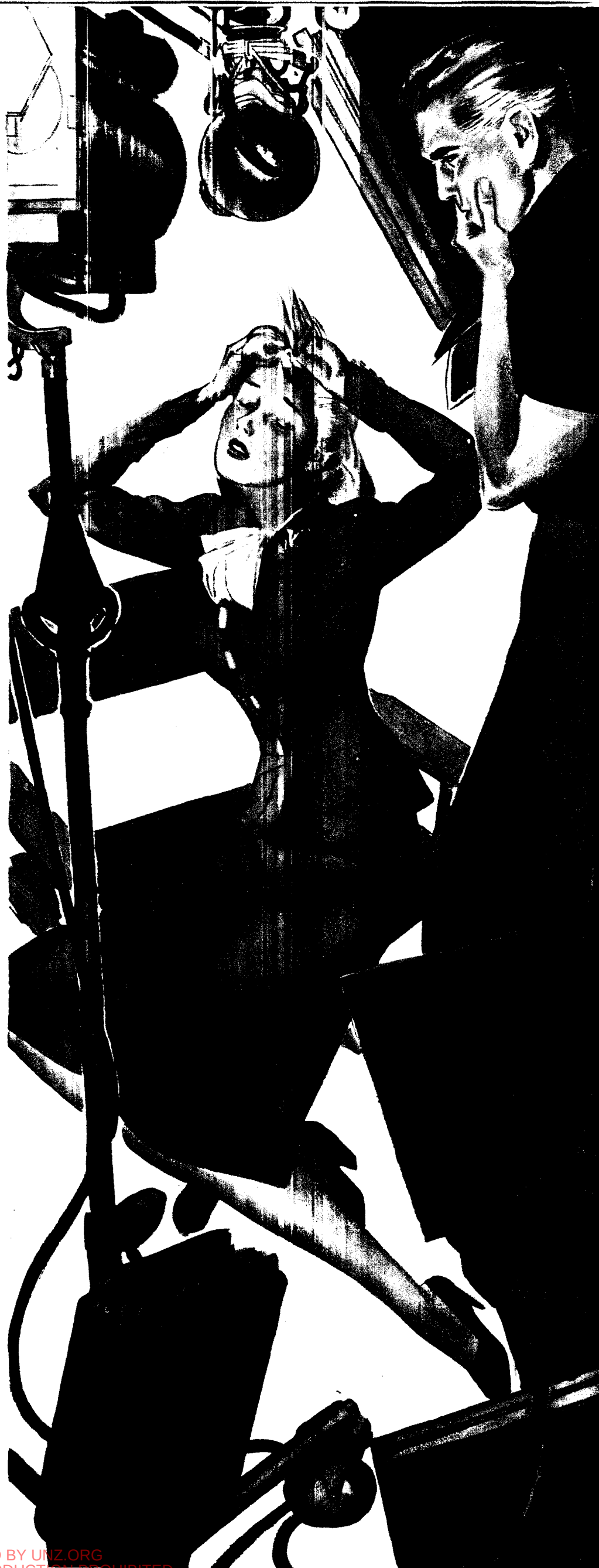
Suddenly I began to see myself in a new light. I'd done everything I could to discourage her, and here she was, poor kid, fighting a lone battle, so to speak. She had an opportunity that any girl would give her right eye to have. She was young and beautiful and ambitious. She was entitled to her chance. Why should I want to stand in her way? I ought to help her, if anything. But what could I do?

Then an idea came to me. It wasn't new. It had been done before; sometimes it worked.

"Look, Linda," I said. "I'm going to tell you something. I don't think you'll

(Continued on page 63)

"I'll try, Mr. Ellis," Linda said, but there was a note of hopelessness in her voice. Ellis said, "We'll make another take now. Do whatever you feel comfortable doing with your hands"



WONDERFUL GAMIN

BY JOHN R. FRANCHEY

Hollywood has never seen the like of Susanna Foster, who did some spectacular crooning in *The Great Victor Herbert*. Candid as a camera, the sixteen-year-old can spot a phony a mile away and never pulls her punches

If you conclude that Suzy's passion for what she regards as the truth is a trifle vexing to certain individuals, you are doing fine. There are those on her lot who wish Suzy would do a jackknife dive out of the Empire State Building when she swoops down on New York on a personal-appearance tour. Those same purlieus harbor champions whose right arm Suzy disdains. An infighter from 'way back, she can take care of herself, especially in the clinches.

Barring opposition of the wounded and chagrined, Suzy's presence in Hollywood is much appreciated. A curbstome critic with a charming cynicism, a commenorator with a gift for prussic phrases and a spectator de luxe who can spot a foible a mile away, she is something the likes of which the town has never seen.

Listen to her describe a visit to a Nebraska town where she had once lived, hard on the heels of her triumph in *The Great Victor Herbert*:

"Well, hardly had I emptied my carpetbag when the telephone began ringing. And it didn't let up for an hour. Not until everyone in Mrs. Trellis' Little Flower Class and the entire membership of the Friendship Circle had phoned to tell me I was going to be on their 'very attractive' programs the next day.

"Resigned to my fate, I donned my best Judy Garland smile and proceeded to knock myself out—but good—for the next week. Mrs. Dumpydoodle would ring up and say in a flowered-chiffon voice: 'Remember me? I'm the lady who used to give you lollipops when you were little! Why don't we have tea?'

"And I'd reply in my best Leslie Howard accent, slightly nauseated: 'Mrs. Dumpydoodle? Why . . . uh . . . of course, I remember you,' playing my scene in the manner of Bette Davis lying about her eyes in *Dark Victory*, which, by the way, was not a Paramount picture."

Does this sound like Deanna Durbin? Or Mistress Jane Withers, who is practically Suzy's age? Don't be silly.

The decibels resemble those of either a junior Carole Lombard or Suzy Foster, which is virtually the same thing.

To be a colorful personality is one thing, but what else can this blond typhoon do?

First, she can sing, as you will discover (or rediscover) in her next picture, *Hard-Boiled Canary*, a pretty pastoral that makes no overt act against the Academy Award. A coloratura of

(Continued on page 73)

TO MISS LINDA DARNELL, young Mickey Rooney may be "the most gentlemanly guy I've met in Hollywood" (unless she's been misquoted), but to Miss Susanna Foster he's "a fresh kid who could do with a little manners."

Who is Susanna Foster?

Well, it's a pleasure.

Susanna Foster is the most wonderful gamin in Hollywood. Vivid as a tempest, witty as a Noel Coward heroine, bold as a Texas Ranger and as unforgettable as a dynamite blast, Miss Foster resembles: (a) A hallucination; (b) A fugitive from Never-Never Land; (c) A character by William Saroyan.

Publicity boys at Paramount regret

that Miss Foster isn't A, B or C instead of a sixteen-year-old riot addicted to freedom of speech, of which she avails herself without stint.

Ordinarily, these publicity boys squirm through interviews involving juniors, prodding the little darlings, refreshing flagging memories, coaching them and closing up every embarrassing breach by suggesting: "Why don't you tell the nice gentleman about that colossal cake you got from one of your fans in Shanghai—the one with lichee nuts on top?"

Miss Foster needs no such prodding. She can talk rings around anyone in the publicity department. And does. What

makes the publicity boys perspire when she is being interviewed is the fact that Susanna is an idol-smashing disciple of Truth-at-all-Costs.

It is one thing to give Mickey Rooney a dust-off (after all, what's Rooney to Paramount?) but it's another to tell reporters that Paramount's Number One siren is "strictly Neanderthal," to dismiss another starlet, whom Paramount is trying to build up, as "a rhapsody in nothing" and to react to a third with the exclamation: "What hath God wrought!"

Suzy is patterned along heroic lines: she is ready to answer for her opinions both here and in heaven.

JAMES DOOLITTLE

Honorable Homecoming

By Mona Gardner

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

A touching story of filial love and self-abnegation in the Land of the Rising Sun

THE train was hot. The wind that came blasting in through the screens was a smother of summer sun and steam from the paddies. Kiku took the paper handkerchief from her kimono sleeve and blotted her forehead. She blotted her chin, her round young cheeks and the nose she pinched each night to keep from being so flat; and then she folded the paper and put it back in her sleeve. You couldn't waste paper these days.

She lifted the beautiful, breathless presents down from the rack above the seat. Pears! Three bags of them, so fine and rich and brown in their straw bags. Good-luck incense for the shrine itself. A glossy bouncing ball for the youngest sisters. New straw sandals with red thongs, bright shining red. Headache plasters in cherry-blossom wrapping. Pink bean-paste candy. Rice cakes in a paper keg she had bought at the soldiers' shrine.

A-a-ah, so enchanting, so bright, so festive. Not like things the family had had this year since the father had died, and the brother, too, in China. She, Kiku, was bringing them pretty things, gay, extravagant things—hairpins, a comb, a new sash, flower seeds and even hair oil—from the city. That was good. That was very, very good. They hadn't sold her to the house in town because they wanted to. They hadn't wanted her to go there. But what can a family of women do when every mouth is hungry and there is no man left to work the rice?

Kiku spread the wrapping kerchief on the seat, put the bean-paste sweets, the headache plasters, the sandals and the incense in it, and tied the ends. That looked better. It was enough for the neighbors to have to admire the fine pears, the giant ball and the keg of rice cakes. No use to be vulgar. They would know she carried other treasures for the family on this her first vacation from the house in town, the house where...

Oh, the river! She was home. The full blue river swelling up into the bamboo grass. The wild iris. The slanted old pines. The tall hollyhocks in the schoolyard. The Endo's fine stone godown. Oh, she was home.

Kiku trembled. Was her kimono right? Was it too fashionable? Too much of the city? Maybe it was too bright for her eighteen years. City people wore brighter colors. Would it do honor to the family? She smoothed the neckband, pulled the sash down an inch, wiped her hands and tried to be calm. The neighbors mustn't see any emotion. Nothing so clumsy and disgraceful. It would be immodest.

The family was there. They stood bowing on the little platform as the train rushed in—the grandmother without any teeth, the poor pinched mother, the brother's wife big with child, and the two youngest sisters with their pretty red cheeks—all of them there, all but the soldier father and the soldier brother dead in China.

"Honorably return!" the grandmother gave the formal greeting.

"Honorably return!" the others chorused softly.

"I return honorably!" Kiku told each one in turn as she bowed about the circle.

"Kiku! Kiku!" The littlest sister grabbed her hand.

"Well, well!" The brother's wife smiled her big country smile.

"My daughter!" Her mother crowded close.

"Mah! Mah!" Kiku (Continued on page 34)

He lowered his voice until he was almost whispering: "Kiku, would you want me for husband?"



Progress Report

By John Faulkner

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Something accomplished, something done, has earned a night's repose. But that's for the workers. The supervisor probably does not rest so easy

THE small gray-painted field office sat at the end of the dead-end street down in Nigger Town. It was the standard collapsible affair with the blue-stenciled WPA sign on a smudged white background bordered with an inch-wide red stripe, bracketed neatly at the left side of the door on the outside wall. Smoke rose from the carelessly guyed pipe on the flat, slant roof and swept southward down the street beneath the low gray sky.

Inside it the supervisor sat tilted back against the rear wall, and Cas, the Negro who had been impressed into service as janitor by Duke, the timekeeper, and Romy (a contraction of Romeo), the clerk, sat atop a plank laid across the coal barrel in the corner.

Duke and Romy sat on the edge of the homemade field desk peering over the shoulder of old man Redmond, who occupied the only other chair in the restricted space of the five-by-six-foot floor.

Old man Redmond was hunkered over a worn envelope held against his knee, making painstaking figures on it with the stub of a lead pencil. As each thoughtful, heavy digit was marked down, the paper beneath the moving pencil would sink into the multiple layers of cotton pants that covered the stiff-muscled, seventy-year-old leg that was serving as a desk and the edges of the envelope would crackle up to the pressure of the pencil, burying the new-made mark from sight and the old man would lift the pencil between blunt thumb and forefinger and the paper would flatten back against his leg and he would study the new mark solemnly.

He made a long, wavering 1, then placed a thoughtful period behind it and as the paper sprang flat beneath the released pressure, his ascending pencil left a long, fading tail attached to the blunt dot. He studied the paper, then crumpled it into a ball and threw it into the coal barrel underneath Cas and replaced the pencil in his side overall pocket.

Romy nudged Duke and said, "What's the matter, Uncle John? Cain't you git it figgered out?"

Old man Redmond looked up at Romy and pushed his wide-brimmed black felt hat back from his moist forehead. He twisted self-consciously in his chair.

"You see ifen you kin do it," he said in his quavery old voice.

"I thought you was going to keep the books," said Romy.

"I cain't git it figgered right," said old man Redmond.

"I tell you what," said Romy. "You call 'em off and I'll put 'em down."

He reached for a piece of paper from the pile at the back of the desk and the supervisor said, "Here. Don't use that. That's yesterday's report."

Romy turned the paper over and studied the face of it. "It shore is," he said. "I never noticed."

"How do you know it is now?" said Duke.

"Well, it's got February the tenth on it . . . ain't it?"

Duke leaned over to see the number above Romy's pointing finger.

"That looks more like a sixteen," he said.

"It can't be the sixteenth," said the supervisor. "Unless that's some of last

(Continued on page 25)



Cas' short legs pounded the packed dirt of the road. The men surged across the ditch and up into the road but Cas had too good a start on them



Happy Father's Day

By Henry L. Jackson

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S
BY CHARLES E. KERLEE

AFTER all the jokes of all the ages have been weighed, measured and charted, it will be found that the Father's Day jokes are the dullest of all. For some reason it has been felt that the spectacle of son borrowing ten bucks from Papa to buy Papa a Father's Day gift was hilarious. This sort of thing must stop.

For the record it may be stated that Father's Day was originated by Mrs. John Bruce Dodd of Spokane, Washington, who will undoubtedly some day be canonized by the haberdashers. In 1924 President Coolidge recommended annual observance of the day and since then it has been up to the family to prove that a lot of nice fellows are fathers. That means an annual gift.

Men, even fathers, like neckwear. For summer wear get the ties in foulards, lightweight silk, small figures, simple stripes, bold or subdued patterns.

If you're thinking of shirts for business or vacation wear, stick to plain colors or stripes. Tan is the most popular shirt color this year, but if the old gentleman craves a splash, you can try him with yellow, which is the newest sensation. You might also invest in a hot-weather shirt in the new open weave.

Belts and suspenders are giftworthy and this season the glasslike types have turned up in solid colors and stripes. Mesh suspenders and belts are practically weightless and just the thing for summer wear.

Billfolds are an old stand-by, and they're good in leather and the new glasslike materials.

Jewelry is always welcome—not the gaudy type but func-

Bing Crosby's four boys make Father's Day something of an event in the Crosby household. Above is oldest son, Gary Evan, an old hand who was giving Bing Father's Day gifts before the others were born. He's selected a knitted cardigan and a loafer coat, and decided to give Pop his choice between knitted string suspenders and the glasslike variety with colored stripes, although it looks as if he'd decided to keep the glass ones

Philip Lang, who is half of the twin team, gave his old man a nice fancy set of pajamas and, in addition, showed him how to wear them. They're of Hawaiian print broadcloth and Phil himself selected the color and pattern from the wide range in which they are available. Phil's other gift (the Crosby children seem to have attained affluence at an early age) is that lightweight wool Scotch plaid robe that Bing is proudly exhibiting



tional jewelry—collar pins, cuff links, tie clasps and key chains. A complete set of key chains, cuff links, collar pin and tie clasp adds up to a pretty impressive Father's Day package.

As surely as summer is coming he can use a few pairs of the new short-length mesh hose; if he's a golfer give him lightweight wool hose. Also, for golf, he will appreciate a sleeveless sweater or one of the many sports shirts around in the shops—some have long and some short sleeves. A little discreet snooping should put you wise to which type he prefers. Best colors are tan and light blue.

If the allowance will stretch, you might knock him dead with a golf jacket of cotton poplin with zipper front. If he already has one, get him a rain hat. He may consider it a bit collegiate but he'll like it, even if he keeps it in his locker most of the time.

He will also go for a shirt-'n'-slacks outfit for week-end and vacation wear. Newest color combination consists of blue trousers and yellow shirt; if he is on the conservative side get a matching shirt-and-slacks ensemble in tan, blue or light green. If he already has all the slacks suits he needs, give him a fancy sports belt to wear with them.

Handkerchiefs of cotton, linen and silk foulards for sports wear make inexpensive and attractive gifts.

Pajamas can be as colorful as all get out; he won't object to color in his private life.

A robe, of course, makes a swell gift—he can use it at home, for traveling and for vacation wear. Maybe he needs slippers, too.

If you are still in a quandary, choose something he can use for his hobby: fishermen like fishing shirts, waterproof raincoats, fishing hats; tennis players like sweaters and shirts; swimmers like bathing trunks, beach robes and beach slippers.

If he still likes to dance, give him a maroon dress tie to wear with his white dinner jacket; or a set of dress jewelry with maroon or blue stones; or a lightweight summer dress shirt. He'll probably wonder secretly where you got the good sense.

As a last resort you can turn to gift certificates, but we disapprove of them. If the point is to celebrate something in a sentimental way, it certainly follows that your selections should have your personal attention. It may interest you to know that Bing Crosby not only wears the clothes shown on these pages but is rather nuts about them.

P. S. If you're in the Army don't think that you can ignore Father's Day. Send him a telegram so he'll know you're glad he's around.



Howard Lindsay may be the baby, but he knows his Father's Day stuff. He knows that shirts, ties, handkerchiefs, key chains and tie clasps are always welcome, and that's what he chose for his favorite father, who subsequently observed that he could use a few more sons on Father's Day. He picked the Hawaiian shirt he's wearing himself—it probably gets him in the mood for his South Seas numbers, but it's also a good gift item



Dennis Michael, second half of the twin team, wants to hurry up and be a father. He's very pleased with the Father's Day gifts he picked. The shirt-and-slacks ensemble was the most popular outfit of the Southern winter season and is good in a blue slacks and yellow shirt combination. Denny also picked a lightweight, windproof and water-repellent golf jacket, a bucket hat for rainy days and a sports shirt

Mr. Longfellow and His Boy

By Carl Sandburg

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH



Carl Sandburg listens to Marianne Lorraine's reading of Mr. Longfellow and His Boy

I WROTE "Mr. Longfellow and His Boy" hoping it might be a piece that high-school and college students everywhere could welcome as a program number, a little story worth telling in this hour of national fate. I probably would not have written it had not a French refugee singer and actress, Marianne Lorraine, asked me to do a number for her American repertoire. Gerald B. Marks—who wrote *Is It True What They Say About Dixie?*—wrote a musical setting for it and it was first performed with voice and pantomime, with stage setting and lights by Stewart Chaney, at the Library of Congress in a program memorializing "The Books Officially and Formally Put to Death on the Continent of Europe." I introduced

Miss Lorraine as a living book, a voice of democracy so known to the new authorities that "had she not left France when she did she would today be the equivalent vocally of a green inchworm gently placed on the surface of a red-hot furnace shovel."

Her approach to her work is somewhat that of our friend Charlie Chaplin, who always hopes he has ideas, yet also hopes his ideas are not beyond the people, the masses. What she offers an audience must have become alive in her blood before she dares present it.

The living voice, the spoken word, literature carrying faith and passion, always go with a nation alive and performing in a good balance of freedom and discipline. C. S.

MR. LONGFELLOW, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the Harvard Professor, the poet whose pieces you see in all the school books, "Tell me not in mournful numbers life is but an empty dream . . ."

Mr. Longfellow sits in his Boston library writing, Mr. Longfellow looks across the room and sees his nineteen-year-old boy propped up in a chair at a window, home from the war, a rifle ball through right and left shoulders.

In his diary the father writes about his boy: "He has a wound through him a foot long. He pretends it does not hurt him."

And the father if he had known would have told the boy propped up in a chair how one of the poems written in that room made President Lincoln cry. And both the father and the boy would have smiled to each other and felt good about why the President had tears over that poem.

Noah Brooks, the California newspaperman, could have told the Longfellow how one day Brooks heard the President saying two lines:

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!"

Noah Brooks, remembering more of the poem, speaks:

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!"

Noah Brooks sees Lincoln's eyes filled with tears, the cheeks wet.

They sit quiet a little while, then Lincoln saying: "It is a wonderful gift to be able to stir men like that."

Mr. Longfellow—and his boy sitting propped up in a chair—with a bullet wound a foot long in his shoulders—would have liked to hear President Lincoln saying those words.

Now Mr. Longfellow is gone far away, his boy, too, gone far away, and they never dreamed how seventy-eight years later the living President of the United States, in the White House at Washington,

takes a pen, writes with his own hand on a sheet of paper about the Union Ship of State sailing on and on—never going down—

how the President hands that sheet of paper to a citizen soon riding high in the air, high over salt water, high in the rain and the sun and the mist over the Atlantic Ocean,

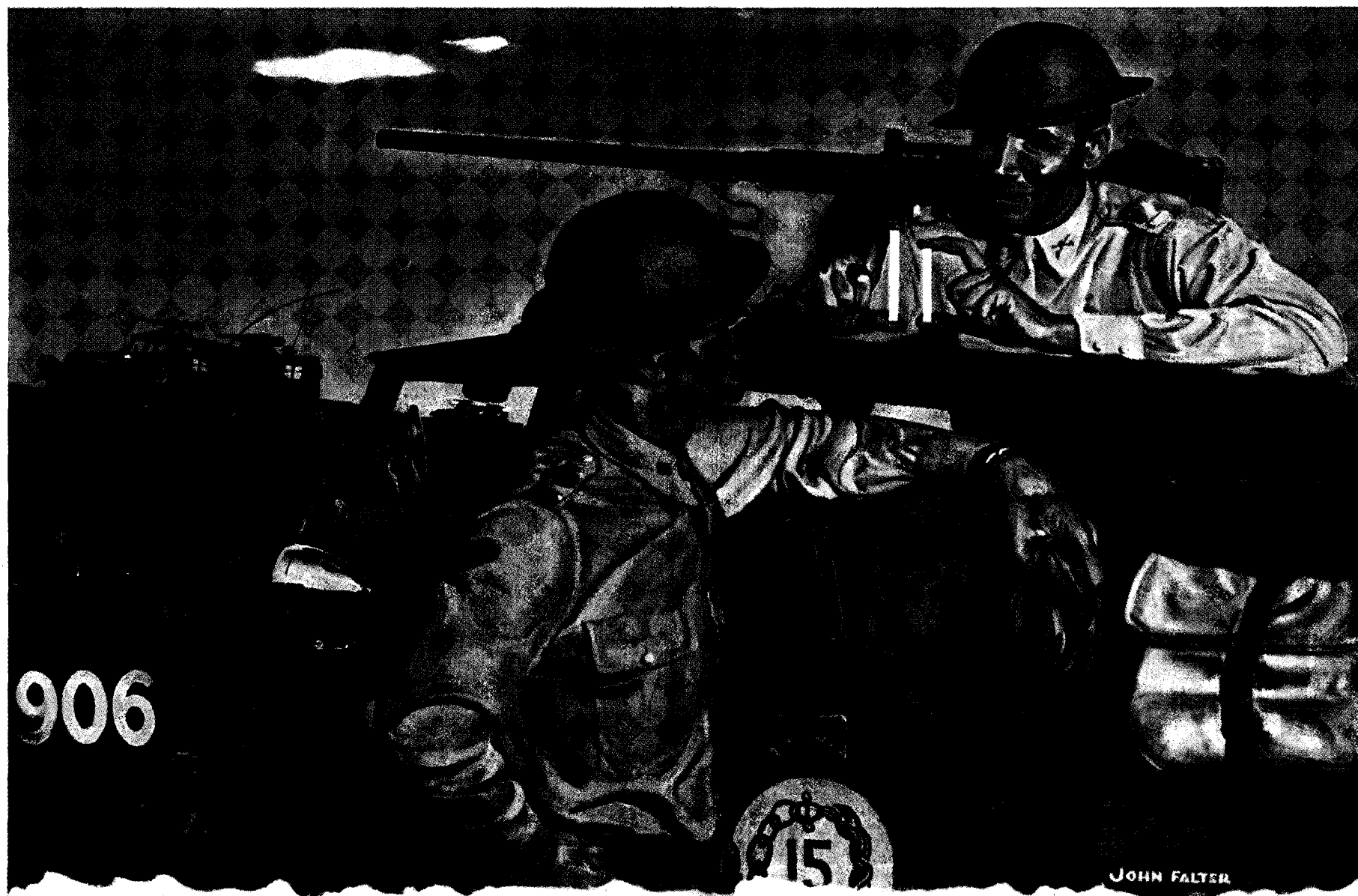
riding, pounding, flying, everything under control, crossing the deep, wide Atlantic in a day and a night, coming to London on the Thames in England, standing before the Prime Minister of the British Commonwealth of Nations

so the whole English-language world from England across North America to Australia and New Zealand

can never forget Mr. Longfellow's lines:

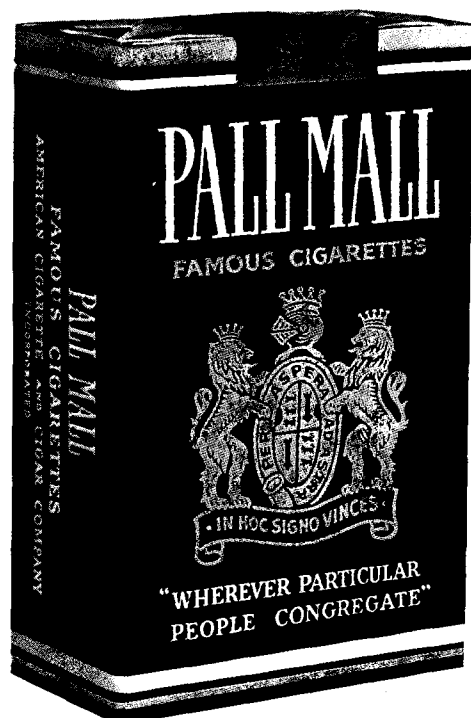
"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!"

CARL SANDBURG, February, 1941



In cigarettes, as in armored scout cars, it's modern design that makes the big difference!

*“Correct! Pall Mall’s modern design
filters the smoke—lessens throat irritation!”*



• Fast as a racer, staunch as a tank! No wonder these new streamlined scout cars are a vital development in mechanized warfare. Modern design makes the big difference—a difference that’s mighty important in national defense.

Talk with the men who ride these cars. They’ll tell you that in cigarettes, as in armored scout cars, it’s modern design that makes the big difference.

Pall Mall’s modern design marks the greatest forward step in smoking pleasure in thirty years. For this streamlined cigarette is deliberately designed to give you a smoother, less irritating smoke. It is a scientific fact that tobacco is its own

natural filter. In Pall Mall the smoke is measurably filtered—filtered over a 20% longer route of Pall Mall’s traditionally fine tobaccos.

Pall Mall’s modern design also means a definitely cooler smoke. The additional length travels the smoke further—gets rid of heat and bite on the way.

Now, at last—thanks to modern design—a truly fine cigarette provides in fact what other cigarettes claim in theory—a smoother, less irritating smoke—Pall Mall.

Prove it! Yourself, try Pall Mall critically. You’ll say—“Correct! Pall Mall’s modern design filters the smoke—lessens throat irritation.”

“WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE”

OF TRADITIONALLY FINE TOBACCOS

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"THE CAR THAT HAS EVERYTHING" -except a Clutch! X

HYDRA-MATIC DRIVE* ELIMINATES CONVENTIONAL CLUTCH MECHANISM, CLUTCH PEDAL AND MANUAL SHIFTING !

For 43 years, Oldsmobile has been noted for all the advanced features built into Olds cars. *Now*, Oldsmobile is famous for *something taken out!* With Hydra-Matic Drive, the *clutch pedal is gone!* So is all manual shifting of gears! Instead, there's a combination of fluid coupling and fully automatic four-speed transmission that brings new freedom to drivers! Just *try* it!



**STYLED TO LEAD
BUILT TO LAST**

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OLDSMOBILE

Progress Report

Continued from page 18

year's reports Romy is just now getting to."

"Naw, sir," said Romy. "Hit's the tenth. I just turnt that 0 kind of short. I 'member now when I done it. Cas said something to me just as I went to make it and I turnt around to see what he said 'fore I was through. Hit's a 0, all right."

"You going to do hit?" said old man Redmond.

"What are you all trying to figure, anyhow?" said the supervisor.

"Uncle Johnny's trying to see how we stand," said Romy.

"Stand on what?" said the supervisor.

"He boards with me," said Romy.

"How much board does he pay you?" asked Duke.

"Twenty cents a meal," said Romy.

"That ought to be easy enough to figure," said Duke.

"Romy borrs frum me," said old man Redmond.

"Well, how much has he borrowed?" said Duke.

"That's whut we was trying to figger," said old man Redmond.

"Don't you put down how much he borrows?" said the supervisor.

"My other piece of paper give out," said old man Redmond.

THE supervisor lapsed into silence and Romy picked another piece of paper from the pile and handed it to Duke.

"Here's one that ain't been writ on a tall," he said. "You call 'em to Duke, Uncle John, and he'll figger it fer us."

"You call 'em," said old man Redmond. "I ain't going to dispute your word."

"Well," began Romy, "there was that dollar and thirty-five cents to pay the water bill with, and that four dollars fer coal . . . Put that down, Duke."

"Were you even when you started this last period?" said the supervisor.

"Yes, I guess we were," said old man Redmond. "I rec'lect I finished figgering down to the bottom of my paper that day and we allus just calls hit square when the paper gives out and begin all over again on a new sheet."

"All right," said Duke. "I've got a dollar thirty-five and four dollars. Now what?"

"Two four dollars," said old man Redmond.

"Two?" said Duke.

"Yes," said old man Redmond. "Romy boy didn't git the coal with the fust four dollars and I had to give him four again the next day."

"What did you do with the first four, Romy?" said the supervisor.

"He bought whisky with it," said old man Redmond.

"I shore did," said Romy. "I brought you a drink, too. Didn't I, Uncle Johnny?"

"Shore did," said old man Redmond. "Romy boy come in that night and woke

me up and I set there in the bed and drunk hit. A whole half pint."

Old man Redmond laughed his high, cracked laugh at the recollection and Romy grinned.

"He shore did," he said. "Set up in bed and—"

They heard a car stop in front of the office, then feet approaching the door and the door swung back to reveal the area engineer.

"Good morning," said the supervisor, coming to his feet.

Duke and Romy pulled their feet up on the desk to make way for the area engineer to enter, and Cas and old man Redmond sidled out the door.

The area engineer returned the supervisor's greeting and held his hands out to the heat from the stove.

"Cold out, ain't it?" said the supervisor.

"Look here," said the area engineer, ignoring the last remark. "What are all those men doing sitting around that fire in the hollow between here and the street?"

"That must be the bunch cutting sod pegs," said the supervisor.

"You don't need sixteen men sitting around that fire cutting pegs."

"Go up there, Romy," said the supervisor, "and tell those men to quit whittling pegs and go on back to where they are supposed to be working."

"Yes, sir," said Romy, and he squeezed past the area engineer and out the door.

"The district engineer and one of the men from Jackson are due in here today," said the area engineer after Romy left. "They'll want to see all the jobs so tell your men to keep away from those fires. We know they have to warm themselves weather like this, but tell them not to just stand at the fires. They can come in and warm and then go on back to work."

"Yes, sir," said the supervisor without enthusiasm.

"And another thing," said the area engineer. "Your paper work. Where are your progress charts and comparison charts? You are supposed to have them tacked on the walls of this office and posted up to date, you know. This man coming is death on form work."

"I'll get hold of Romy when he gets back and find what he's done with ours," said the supervisor.

THE area engineer left to visit the street project and the water-main project and warn them of the coming inspection. He passed Romy trudging up the road toward the office and farther on he noticed the fire in the hollow was deserted.

"They wasn't but six of our men cutting pegs," said Romy as he re-entered the office. "Nine of 'em was from the main and water job and Joe Connors was there from the streets."

"Did they get on away from that fire

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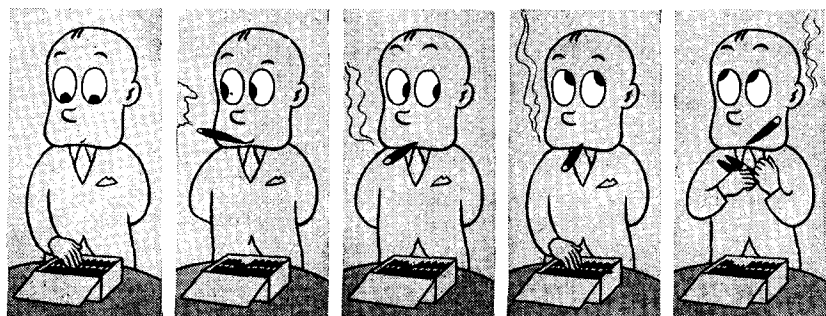


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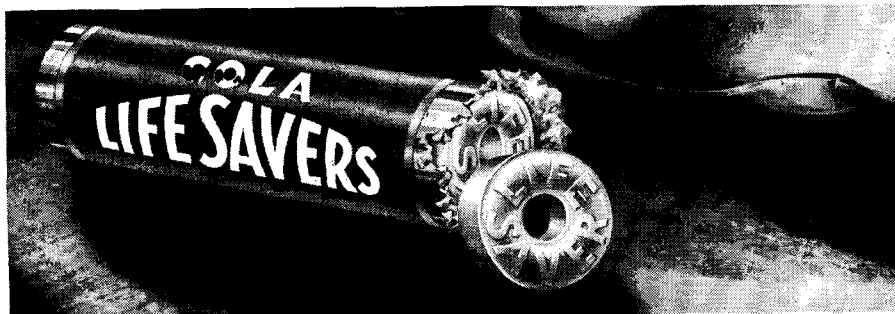
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like you told 'em?" said the supervisor, not surprised any more.

"Ever' one," said Romy. "I thought Joe wasn't going to leave but after ever'body else went he got up and left too."

"Well, thank the Lord for that," said the supervisor. "But," he added thoughtfully, "guess they'll all be back in half an hour."

"Why don't you make 'em build five or six fires," said Duke. "Scatter 'em along between here and the street and then they won't have to stand at one fire all the time. They can move from one to the other up and down the job and it would look kind of like they was working."

"Maybe we better do that until this inspection is over," said the supervisor.

"That would be better," said Romy. "And we better make 'em put out that fire up in front of that nigger church on the corner. It's right on the street and there was a big bunch of 'em standing around it."

"I wonder how come the area engineer not to see them?" said the supervisor.

"That nigger that runs that little store across the street from the church had a fiat this morning and they was all over there watching him fix it," said Romy. "I reckon the area engineer never knowed they was working fer us."

"Well, go on up the line and tell them about the fires," said the supervisor, and Romy departed again.

ROMY was well on his way up the street when the supervisor thought about the charts. He slammed his tilted chair to the floor and stepped quickly across the office and flung the door back.

"Damn it," he said, "I forgot to tell Romy about those forms."

"'Twouldn't do no good," said Duke. "Why?" said the supervisor, whirling on him.

"Cas burnt 'em up."

"Burned them up?" said the supervisor. "Now what did he want to do that for?"

"Romy had 'em out on the desk one day when he was hunting for something in the file case and knocked 'em off on the floor and didn't any of us notice 'em and we walked all over 'em and messed 'em up and Cas thought they were just waste paper and built a fire with 'em."

The supervisor opened his mouth and closed it and swallowed heavily and opened and closed his mouth again. He turned and left the office and Duke heard the door of his car slam and the motor start and the supervisor drove away from the office and took a near side street away from the job.

Romy ambled up the road, stopping at each group to relay the news about the fires. After he disappeared over the top of the hill the men moved out into the road beside the graded walkway and built their several fires and later when Duke opened the office door to look up the hill beyond the hollow the men were moving back and forth between the small blazes.

"They are moving up and down the job," he said to Cas, who had re-entered the office as soon as the supervisor left.

"Yas, suh," said Cas. "Dey sho is. Hit would be good ifen dem folks would come on now whilst dey is, too."

The supervisor stopped by the area engineer's office after lunch and the district engineer and the man from Jackson were there.

"Here's one of my supervisors," said the area engineer, introducing the supervisor. "He has the sidewalks."

"We might as well go down and look at his job first since he's here," said the man from Jackson.

"That's a good idea," said the district engineer.

"We can go in my car," said the area engineer. "It's parked right out in front."

"I'll drive on down in mine," said the supervisor, "so I won't have to come back up here for it. I'll meet you all down at the street end of the job."

The supervisor followed the other three men down the hall in impatient courtesy. He even held the door open as they preceded him through, but once at the foot of the outside steps he scuttled past and hopped into his car and whirled away down the street toward the job, leaving them entering the area engineer's automobile.

The supervisor could see the men standing around the churchyard fire from well up the street and he inched the accelerator another notch nearer the floorboard. He slowed abruptly as he neared the church and pulled into the curb with screeching brakes. He cut the switch, set the parking brake and opened the door with one continuous motion and walked quickly across to the men at the fire, glancing back over his shoulder all the while.

"You men get away from this fire," he said. "The big shots are coming. Hurry—get to work!"

The men straggled away from the fire, trailing their shovels across the small yard. They let themselves, one at a time, stiffly down from the old ground of the yard to the new sidewalk subgrade eighteen inches below and filed slowly up between the sidewalk forms to the side of the church and began gouging half-heartedly at the vertical wall of sand beneath the church pillars.

The harried supervisor met the party at the curb and hurried them past the fire. The man from Jackson stopped when he came opposite the men picking the sand from beneath the pillars of the church.

"What are those men doing?" he said.

The supervisor called the foreman. "What are those men doing?" he said, waving his hand at the men beside the church.

"Well, now, I just don't know," said the foreman. "It looks kind of like they are trimming that bank."

"Well, tell 'em to stop," said the supervisor. "They'll have the church out in the street if they keep that up."

"You men get away from that bank," said the foreman, and the men tilted their shovels and spilled the small dabs of sand into the swept subgrade.

THE inspection party passed on and the men leaned on their shovels and watched the party move on over the rise and out of sight, then one by one they straggled on back down the walkway and pried themselves back up into the churchyard and returned to the fire.

The supervisor led the party down the hill to the last group of workers and then stopped. "Well," he said, "that's all of it."

"Is that your office?" said the man from Jackson, looking across the hollow at the small gray structure.

"Well, yes, sir," said the supervisor.

"We'll go on over there," said the man from Jackson. "I want to see your charts."

"I—I—you see—yes, sir," said the supervisor.

Cas saw them coming and gave two signal raps on the side of the office and then ducked from sight behind it and when the supervisor led the party up to the door and opened it with a reluctant hand there were Duke and Romy bent industriously over the desk, making studious marks on the backs of some old forms. They rose and bobbed their heads and sidled out.

And the supervisor stood rooted in the doorway, staring dumfounded at the walls that had recently been covered with pictures of bathing beauties and cigarette girls and the picture of Gypsy

Rose Lee. In their places now were charts and forms with segregated expense items in a neat penciled double row showing estimated and actual costs.

The group entered and the man from Jackson took his glasses off and blew his breath on the lenses and wiped and polished them carefully with his handkerchief and then replaced them and bent to the graphs and the supervisor pushed unheeding in beside him and studied them just as intently.

"You have your forms up to date, I see," said the man from Jackson.

"Yes, sir," said the supervisor. "We try to keep them that way."

"I notice your actual quantities are running quite in keeping with your estimate."

"Yes, sir."

THE man from Jackson completed his inspection and turned from the forms and the supervisor moved back also.

"I want to compliment you on having your form work up to date," said the man from Jackson. "I have found a quite deplorable tendency throughout the district to regard the paper work too lightly. In fact, this is the first office I have visited in this district that has had its paper work up to date as it should be."

"Yes, sir," said the supervisor.

"Now, where is the next project?" said the man from Jackson to the area engineer.

"It's right on the next street," said the supervisor. "You can cut through that alley right there and get to it."

"We should have brought the car on down," said the area engineer, "then we wouldn't have to go back over this job again."

"I'll go get it for you and meet you with it over on the other job," said the supervisor quickly. "You all go on through that alley."

And he was out the door and gone before they could demur.

The party left and the supervisor brought their car to them on the other job and cut back through the alley to the office. When he opened the door Duke and Romy were seated on the desk, leaning back with their shoulders braced against the wall, smoking contentedly.

"It's a good thing they didn't go back up the job," the supervisor was saying to himself. "Every damn' one of those men were right back at that fire."

"Ever'thing all right?" said Romy as the supervisor stepped into the office.

"Romy," said the supervisor, "where did those charts come from?"

"Aw, don't you 'member?" said Romy. "Them's the ones they sent us from Jackson last summer to show us how to git our'n up."

The supervisor stepped in close to the charts and studied them again.

"I jest changed the date on 'em and put our project number down at the top," said Romy.

Cas sidled in just then and pulled the door carefully to behind him. He reached into his hip pocket and pulled out a half-pint bottle of unlabeled whisky and handed it to Romy.

"Damn it, Romy, I've told you to stop that drinking on the job," said the supervisor.

"I just got this to take home with me tonight," said Romy.

"Mist' Romy," said Cas, "he say not to sen' him no mo' lahd. Say he ain't got no mo' room on his kitchen she'ves."

"Lard?" said the supervisor. "Have you been swapping lard for whisky?"

"Yas, suh," said Cas for Romy.

"Commodity lard," stated the supervisor.

"Yas, suh," said Cas. "Dat wuz hit, sho 'nough."

"How in hell do you get commodities?" said the supervisor to Romy. "You are not supposed to draw commodities as long as you are working."

"I help the 'modity foreman git up his reports," said Romy.

"Ah, hell," said the supervisor. "And I guess you give Duke part of the whisky to do the work for you."

"Dat 'bout hit," said Cas. "I see 'um down heah ev'y few nights. I guess dey workin' at sump'n."

"I guess they are, too," said the supervisor. "I've got to go to town," he said. "Now, Romy, don't start drinking that stuff until after you get off this evening."

THE supervisor left and they listened to his car fading out down the road, then Romy pulled the stopper from the bottle and passed it to Duke. Duke drank and handed the bottle to Romy and Romy tilted it and smacked his lips and passed it on to Cas.

When the supervisor returned from town he happened to notice the gouged-out places under the church pillars and he stopped his car and called the foreman.

"Looka here," he said. "We are going to have to do something about those holes that bunch of men dug out of that



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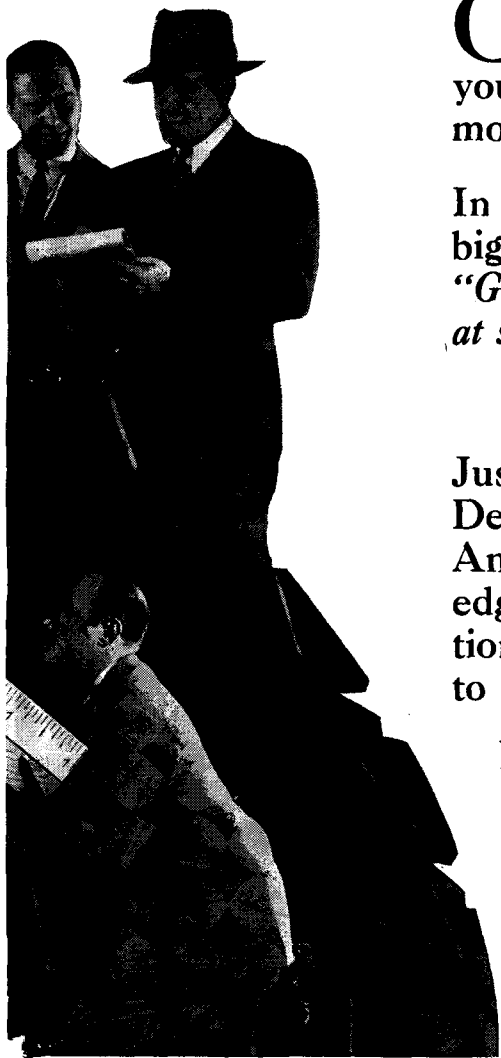
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"Did I send the champ out ready for the belle? I'll say so! Ingram's is a real help to your skin—no lotions or tonics needed. Your skin is cool, refreshed, and more attractive-looking—and stays that way for hours. Every man taking it on the chin from shaving burns and stings should get cool, cool, economical Ingram's Shaving Cream into his corner—today!"

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bank. If it happens to rain tonight the rest of that sand will wash away and that church will fall over into the street sure enough."

"Yes, sir," said the foreman. "It might at that."

"I don't know how the engineer expected that straight up-and-down bank of sand to hold anyway," said the supervisor.

"He said we could hold it with sod," said the foreman. "Said we could peg the sod to the bank so's it could root and then it would hold."

"I hope he's right about it," said the supervisor. "Well, you better tamp some dirt back in those gouged-out places and get some sod on it right away."

"Yes, sir, I'll do that," said the foreman.

The foreman called several of the men from the fire in front of the church and told them to fill the holes and get sod and pegs and fix the wall. The supervisor got back into his car and went on over the hill toward the office. And in the hollow the men had reassembled about the fire, whittling their patient pegs.

That evening at roll call the supervisor said to the foreman, "Did you get that wall fixed?"

"Well, no sir," said the foreman. "We got the dirt tamped back in and cut the sod and hauled it up to the church but we didn't have no pegs to peg it down with."

"No pegs?" said the supervisor. "Why, those men have been sitting around that fire whittling pegs all this week."

"Yes, sir," said the foreman, "but they ain't no pegs."

"What became of them?" said the supervisor.

"Well," said the foreman, "they run out of fire wood and used 'em."

"You mean they sat there and whittled pegs and threw them in the fire?"

"Well, yes, sir. It's been pretty cold jest to set around."

THE next morning the supervisor and Romy were sitting in restful silence when the door burst open and Cas galloped in, clutching his hat against his head. He slammed the door behind him as the first clod hit and shattered against the outside.

"Here, here," said the supervisor. "What is this?"

He rose to go to the door and Cas clutched his coat sleeve.

"Don't open it," he said. "Don't open it."

"What in hell do they mean throwing clods of dirt at this office?" said the supervisor.

"They are after me," said Cas.

"What for?" said the supervisor.

Earlier that morning Cas had wandered down into the hollow where the men were whittling pegs. He stopped at the fire and, turning his back, clasped his hands behind him, spreading them to the heat.

Two of the men were sitting on the edge of the shallow ditch by the road with their feet toward the fire. They were sharpening the ends of the pegs with meticulous care as others split the small slivers from the half-foot scrap boards. Visitors from the other jobs dropped in and squatted to the blaze. They opened their knives and selected small slivers from the pile by the fire and sharpened the ends carefully. Conversation would grow interesting and the splitting and sharpening would lag.

Cas was squatting by the fire, making idle circles and squares with a pointed peg. He raised his hand and there in the sand was an almost perfect square. He stuck his peg upright in one corner and reached another peg from the pile. He took more pegs and stuck one in each corner and tapped them firmly in

place with a piece of handy wood. He laid a railing around the top of the pegs and one or two of the men moved in closer.

"That ain't right," said one of them. "What you need is some good strong walls."

"How we going to hold the walls up?" said the other.

"We kin notch the ends of them pegs and lock 'em together like a log house," said the first one.

THE sixteen men crowded in and built a six-inch log room in the bottom of the sand ditch.

"How we going to git the roof on?"

"I tell you men," said old man Redmond. "Some of us kin fix the ridge pole and rafters whilst some more of us fix up another room. We'll jest make her two rooms with a good wide hall in between."

They built the two-room cabin and sat back on their haunches to admire it.

"Hit looks just like old man Sharps' place," said someone.

"Be dog if hit don't," said another. "All hit needs is a barn."

"Some you men cut some longer ones and we kin fix up a barn," said old man Redmond, and the men took their axes and split slivers from a foot-long piece of board and they notched the ends and built a barn.

Cas had been busy at one side of the house and now the men asked, "Cas, what you doing?"

"I'm building the jack pen," said Cas.

"Well, now. If hit ain't."

They drove the square of pegs into the ground and then they stood back.

"Hit's like it fer the world," said one.

"Yes, sir," said another. "All hit needs is a oak tree or two in the back. Mr. Lawrence, see ifen you kin reach them limbs overhead. You 'bout the tallest one of us."

Mr. Lawrence unfolded his rail-like length from the ditch bank and stretched up into the branches overhead. He clipped two or three small twigs and handed them to the men who stuck them in the sand about the house and barn.

"Now," they said. "Just look."

Cas moved away from the group and scrambled across the ditch and into the road.

"You leaving, Cas?" said someone.

"I'll be back this evening to play with y'all some more," said Cas.

"Play?" they said, and started out into the road after him.

One of them stooped for a clod and Cas's short legs pounded the packed dirt of the road. The men surged across the ditch and up into the road but Cas had too good a start on them. They heaved a few clods but Cas had reached the haven of the office and the clods shattered harmlessly against the outside of the slammed door.

And when the supervisor had started to open the door, Cas had caught his arm and said, "Don't open it. They are after me," and the supervisor had said, "What for?"

"Aw, they git mad if you say anything about they ain't working," said Cas.

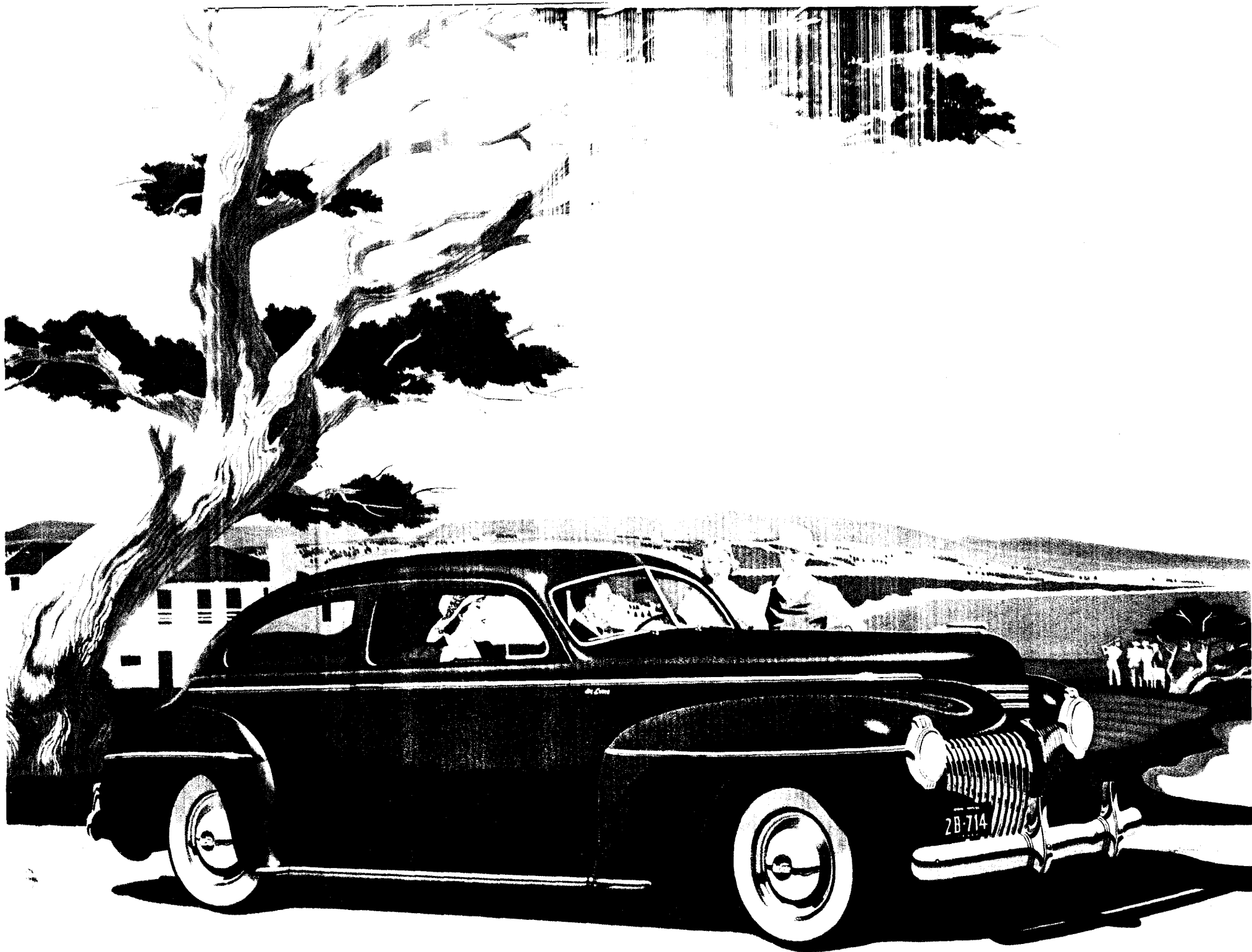
"What are they doing?" said the supervisor.

"Sitting 'round that fire, whittling pegs."

The supervisor turned to Romy.

"I thought I told you to tell them not to sit around that fire, to make a lot of little fires and move about from one to the other," said the supervisor.

"I told 'em," said Romy. "And I forgot to tell you. They said to tell you that wouldn't work. With a lot of fires going, soon's one gits low ever'body just moves on to the next one and won't nobody go git no more wood."



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WITH
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Transmission

**You Don't Have To Shift
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*AVAILABLE ON ALL MODELS AT MODERATE
ADDITIONAL COST

Trail Town

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE



Sherry was with him. She sat on the dusty floor and she had taken his head into her lap

The Story Thus Far:

DAN MITCHELL, marshal of the frontier town of River Bend, forces some disorderly Texans—members of Cap Ryker's outfit—to behave themselves. Ryker, furious and vowing vengeance, rides away with his men. . . . Jett Younger, an outlaw, kills Sheriff Bravo Trimble. Ford Green, the county's prosecuting attorney, hates Mitchell—engaged to a lovely girl, Sherry Gault, he suspects the truth: that Dan Mitchell strongly attracts, and is strongly attracted by Sherry. So, hoping to ruin Mitchell, he starts the rumor that the marshal, not Younger, had killed Trimble. Mitchell retaliates by giving Green a terrible beating.

Longing for revenge, Green imports a killer—Bill Bexar, and succeeds in having him sworn in as sheriff. Whereupon, Charley Fair, a saloonkeeper who dominates rowdy Race Street, offers Bexar (whom he knows to be a crook) two thousand dollars to keep Race "wide open"; and Bexar makes it clear that he will accept the bribe.

A young stranger—Henry Dreiser—comes to River Bend. For a long time he has been searching for a girl whom he loves and with whom he has, through a curious concatenation of circumstances, lost touch. Now, finding her—known as "Rita," she is working in a dance hall—he abandons his idea of making her his wife. Feeling sure that the girl is essentially fine, Mitchell advises Dreiser to marry her; and Tom Leathers, Mitchell's closest friend (who, despite certain misgivings, is in love with Rita) does the same. The young fellow remains dubious, undecided. . . .

Among Mitchell's loyal supporters is George Hazelhurst, a gambler. Restless, bored by life in the little community, Irma Gatewood, the wife of a hard-working businessman, sees in him one who may possibly solve all of her problems. Deliberately, she makes advances; and Hazelhurst, succumbing, promises to go away with her.

A range war—between cattlemen and homesteaders—being imminent, Ford Green and Ed Balder, who heads the town's more respectable element—order Mitchell to close Race Street. A tolerant man, one who disapproves of persecution in any form, Mitchell reluctantly obeys the order.

Meanwhile, Green has perfected his secret plans for bringing about the resignation or the death of Mitchell; and Jett Younger and Cap Ryker have slipped into River Bend. Certain that Mitchell (whom she admires) is in peril, Sherry Gault implores Green to make Bexar help the marshal. Green, adamant, will promise nothing. Then, suddenly conscious that she no longer loves Ford Green, Sherry says slowly: "Ford, Bexar has got to fight beside Mitchell tonight."

NO," SAID Ford Green, at last coming to one firm thing. "He'll never lift a gun for Mitchell. Mitchell made his bed. Let him lie in it."

"You hate him greatly," she said. "I think it is the only honest feeling you ever have had."

"No," said Green. "I have two others. I love you—even when you kick me around with your tongue and your eyes as you're doing now—and I mean to get somewhere before I die."

"But he stands in your way and therefore you'll let him die?"

"If I've got that power over Mitchell," said Green, "then I'll let him die."

Her thoughts swiftly ran and swiftly changed. Everything came to her, the images of scenes, the recollection of words idly said and forgotten and not remembered until now. She recalled one phrase Mitchell had spoken: "If a man's not everything to you, he's nothing." That phrase had haunted her and reproached her; it had stirred her like fire. Mitchell, she thought, had changed her by those few words, he had wakened her out of sleep, and this scene now was of his doing.

"Ford," she murmured, "I'm through with you."

Troubled and half mad as he was, he cried instantly out: "I'm the same man you knew before!"

"I know," she answered, despising him and yet sorry for him. "But I never really knew you before. You never let me know you. Or perhaps I didn't care."

"No," he told her. "It is Mitchell. He's made the difference. I have seen this coming."

"Have you?" she asked, actually surprised. "How could you? I haven't known it until this moment." But all that turned into nothing, for the big curfew clock struck its sullen notes to remind her of time's passage. "Where's Bexar?"

"I don't know," he said. "You know

what I'm doing? I'm waiting here for friend Mitchell to drop. And then I'll take over Race Street. I said I'd do it and I'll do it."

She wheeled out of the room. Down the hall she heard him say: "I never turned beggar and I won't beg for you. I've got my pride, too, Sherry. You'll see."

She went down the dark stairs two at a time and tripped on the last step and fell on her elbows. She crouched in the dark, crying for the pain but making no sound, and got up and left the courthouse. It had seemed hours since her entrance into the courthouse, but it could not have been long, for Mitchell now walked toward the Bullshead, leaving the Arcade behind him. All lights in the Arcade had gone out. The crowd in the place had come to the dark walk, making a silent and waiting mass there; and the lusty pulse beat of this street seemed to be dying away. Chappie Brink still sat on the courthouse steps, and she noticed he had a big Navy pistol on his lap. He had been watching Mitchell. Now he looked up at her, and turned his head to cast a glance at Ford Green's window, and spoke.

"Better get off this street."

"Where is Bexar?"

"Don't know yet." Then he added: "Ask your man. He knows."

She walked slowly across Willow's dust and turned at Webber's doorway, unable to move farther from the center of trouble. Mitchell was at this moment turning into the Bullshead; and then she took time to look around her and see other shapes darkly shadowed on Willow, waiting as she was waiting for the sound of gunfire. There was a blur of people near the end of Willow—a half crowd gathered silently there—and in a little while, as she watched it, one man detached himself and moved on as far as the courthouse. Webber's lights crossed the street at this point and when he got into the beam of the lights she

recognized the young homestead man, Henry Dreiser. He had a carbine in his arm and now he hooked his head around the corner of the courthouse, took a glance at Race Street and walked back toward the blur at the end of Willow. Those, she guessed, would be homesteaders.

MITCHELL stepped into the Bullshead and faced a waiting crowd. The word had gone before him, so that all these men knew what he was about. He looked beyond the Texas cow hands to Lou Wells who ran the Bullshead, and to Lou's barmen against the back wall, and then aside to the gamblers at the tables. These men lived by chance, self-schooled to show the world nothing. They showed him nothing now. The wheel was spinning and they looked on and waited for the number to come up. "Lou," he said, "close up and turn out your lights."

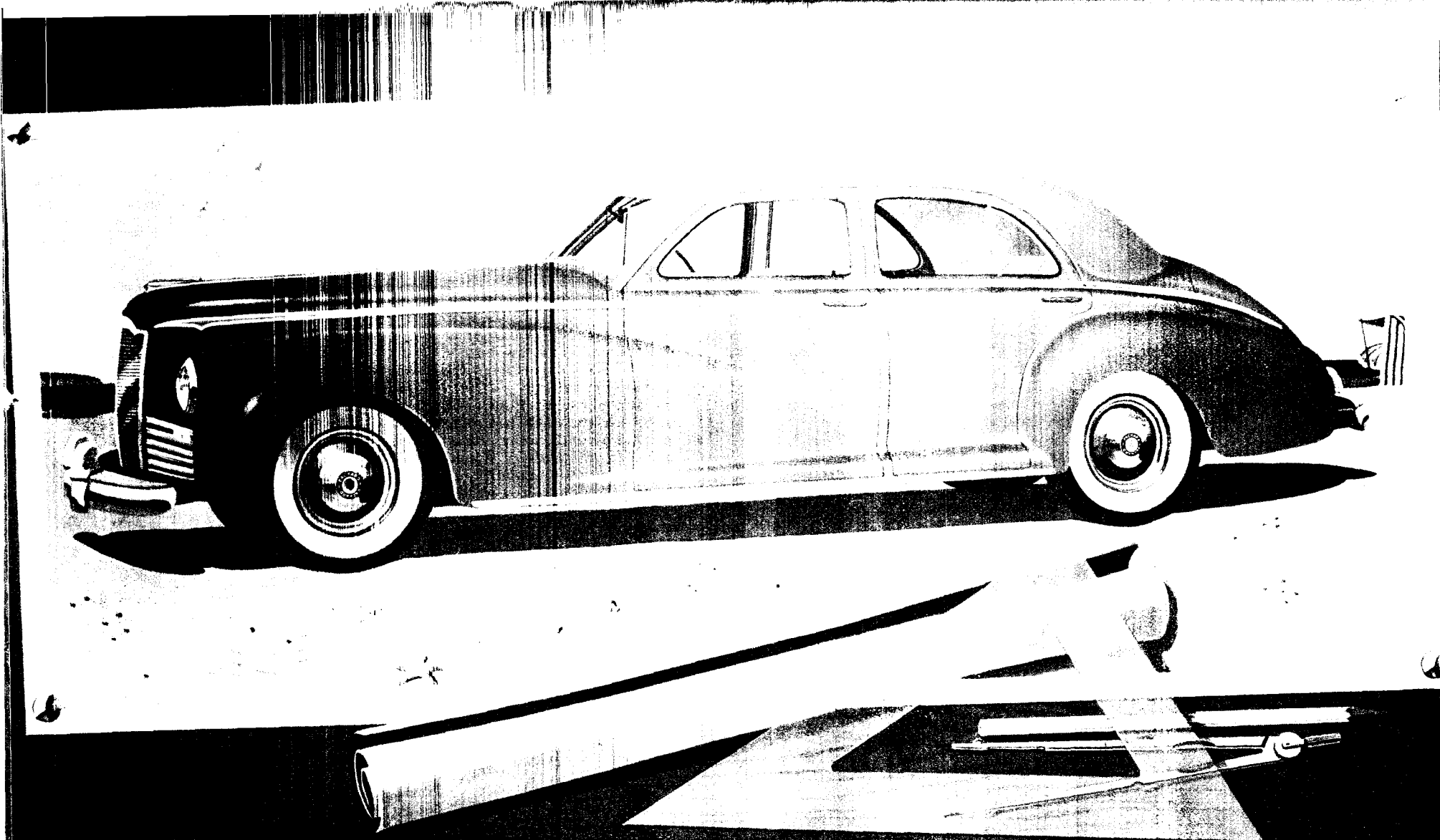
All the Texans had their guns. This word had gone out, too; the word that the rule was off. Things like this ran with the wind. One puncher, centered in the room, stared at Mitchell with a speculative, devil-bright attention. Afterward he whipped a glance over to the bar to Wells. "You want any help?"

"Don't interfere," called Mitchell. "You've got no chips in this deal."

"I could buy in," said the puncher, and laughed a long, great laugh that filled the room.

This puncher had the crowd with him. These men, thick of blood and heavy-salted by their days of abstinence, could be swayed. A word or a motion would capture them, and in the background Lou Wells, knowing this perfectly, waited for the break to come and said nothing. Mitchell moved deeper into the room, into the distilled smell of whisky and tobacco smoke; he moved straight at the puncher and watched the puncher's eyes widen and show a deep,

(Continued on page 44)



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New beauty you'll appreciate with your eyes closed

PACKARD CLIPPER 4-DOOR SEDAN \$1375*

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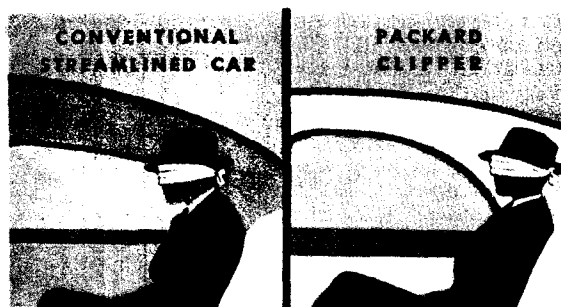
But, more important, it brings you a new kind of beauty—beauty you can appreciate, even *blind-folded!* This is *functional* beauty—beauty that serves a useful purpose in addition to delighting your eye.

Hence, you can ride in the Packard Clipper and realize, without having to look, that everything about it contributes, in some way, to your comfort, your safety, or your convenience.



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Honorable Homecoming

Continued from page 17

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TAN
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Here's a marvelous scientific product, SKOL, that filters out those rays of the sun that cause blisters and painful redness, while it lets the tanning rays pass through.*

● SKOL lets you get a glorious tan without burning, even if you are blond. Made after a formula first developed in Sweden for snow-burn, SKOL is a quick-drying liquid. Doesn't pick up sand! Doesn't make you messy! Doesn't show!

SKOL is not greasy, not oily. Be sure to apply SKOL before going into the sun. Use after each swim.

SKOL also helps relieve painful sunburn and dry, chapped skin. Skol Company, Inc., New York.

*Scientific tests prove that SKOL blocks out harmful rays below 3130 A.U., but admits beneficial tanning rays above 3130 A.U.

PREVENTS
PAINFUL
SUNBURN
Not Oily



SKOL IS THE LARGEST SELLING NON-OILY
SUNTAN LOTION IN THE WORLD

breathed her joy, but she did not look in her mother's eyes again. The pain was deep there.

The conductor handed down the pears.

"Mah! Southern pears! Kiku, how astonishing! How gorgeous! Not for us, surely!" the family exclaimed. "Kiku, what goodness! What kindness!"

Kiku suddenly found her old laugh. "No, no," she shook her head in the way a modest woman must. "The presents are nothing at all."

"Ah, Kiku-San!" the station officer cried his friendliness. "Honorably return! Mah, for a long time I have not hung on your eyelids."

"Suzuki-San!" Kiku bowed, and bowed, holding the third bow until she was sure he had straightened up. "Does your health go well?"

"Thank you!" the station officer answered, but the smile slid off his face, and he looked across the fields.

"His son died in China last month," Kiku's mother whispered.

"Congratulations!" Kiku's voice came full. "Congratulations that your son is a hero, Suzuki-San!"

"Thank you, thank you!" the man jerked miserably, clamping his jaws shut before they said what should not be said.

"He was very filial!" the grandmother offered softly.

"Yes, very filial," the family repeated.

"Not just your sons, Aged One," the man bowed back politely, "but another in your family is filial, too."

The station officer did not exactly look at Kiku, but the family was afraid, and stood rigidly waiting. He was an old man, and grieving. He might say more words than was polite. When he didn't, they bowed in a slow bow to show they were not nervous, and moved off the platform.

There was the storekeeper to greet, the sandal maker, the priest and the carter's wife. "Honorably return, Kiku!" they said cheerfully. "I return honorably!" Kiku told them. By then the family had crossed the old arched bridge and was out of the village.

IT WAS three ri to the farm by the cart road. But they left it where the little hills came down, and took the short cut over on the dikes through the paddies—the six of them tucking up the skirts of their kimonos to save them from grass stains, and walking single file.

Kiku looked at the sky and saw it was very wide. She looked at the river and saw it was very blue, and rippled, rippled like a roll of crushed silk. She thought of her vacation. . . . Three days to see the wide sky and the rippled blue river. Three nights to close her eyes—and sleep. No bursts of rowdy song from the other rooms, no sour wine fumes, no man leaning down. . . .

"How is the rice, Mother?" Kiku tried to ask in an easy voice.

"Good, my daughter. A good crop, unless the rains come. We may have enough to eat all winter, if we are careful not to pile the bowls too full."

"There will be one more mouth, Mother," the brother's wife murmured. "May it be a son's mouth!" the mother said.

"A son! A son!" the grandmother chanted between bare gums.

"There is a new little red one at the Ito's house!"

"Mah, how lucky! That Ito, he is very skillful, isn't he? That makes three sons!" Kiku marveled.

"Yes, but he is afraid now, afraid the bad spirits may be jealous. His wife

dresses the newest son like a girl to fool the spirits."

"That is smart!" Kiku agreed.

"Hanging on your eyelids, Kiku-San!" said the old woman gathering sweet potatoes.

"Hanging on your eyelids, Aged One!"

"The Watanabe's house burned!"

"Never!" Kiku's eyes were big, "and that family of ten!"

"No, six only now! Four little white boxes have come back from China. It was at the seventh night prayers over them that the fire started. A candle fell on the matting. It was bad."

"Aie! Aie!" Kiku sorrowed with them.

"Be careful, Daughter! Don't mourn so loud, even here in the fields. If the military should hear you!"

"Kiku-San, honorably return!" a woman in the second paddy caroled.

"Tomo-San!" Kiku bowed. "Mah, what good rice you have!"

"The Rain God has been good this year!" the woman shouted back.

"Tomorrow," Kiku's mother called because she was anxious to get home.

"Yes, see you tomorrow at the homecoming feast," the woman said with satisfaction, and bent to the rice.

"Haru here has done well with the radish patch," the mother said of her son's wife.

"Good ones, Kiku, longer than your arm and as white as rice," the littlest sister chirped in serious tremolo.

"Mah!" Kiku said so they would know she was glad.

"Already we are slicing them to dry in the sun for winter eating."

"We have a good stock of seaweed in, too!"

"And me, Kiku," the second sister

spoke shyly. "I am of a size this summer to scare crows out of the rice."

"Those robbers!"

"I run on the dikes, Kiku. Very fast. And bang on the old oil tin."

"Good, second sister. Tomorrow I will help you."

"Will you, Kiku? Oh, we will make it a game, shall we? Chasing dragons as we used to?"

"Yes, second sister."

"The Endo's third son has returned!"

KIKU felt her heart jerk. She knew the others were trying not to look at her. She had been betrothed to the Endo's third son years ago, oh, years ago, before the war changed everything, before the Endo's first son had gone soldiering to China and had come back in a little white box, before her father and brother had gone to be heroes, too, before the family had eaten lily bulbs all one winter and had sold her the next for enough to buy rice.

"But the Endo's second son?" Kiku asked.

"Dead—I mean, a hero in China."

"The Endos are old."

"Yes, too old to have more sons. But they cannot die either, with no earthly home for their spirits to visit. So, of course, they have taken back their third son."

"Of course."

"He was loaned to their cousin's sonless house in the second valley beyond Big Mountain."

"He is not soldiering?"

"He has come back. One eye doesn't see. But he works well."

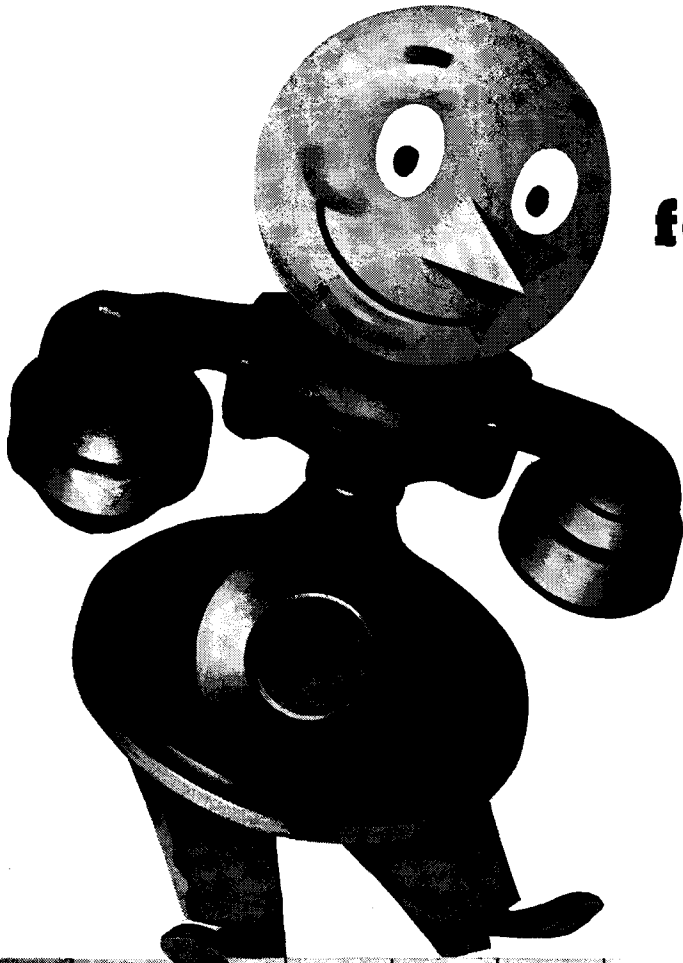
"He is there next door already?"

"Yes, you will see him. Tomorrow he



"He gets five dollars a day just to wink at the girls I spray with this bottle!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR



What are the best times for your Long Distance calls?

THE chart below shows the ebb and flow of Long Distance telephone calls during an average day.

Notice the sharp peaks in mid-morning and mid-afternoon?

That's when the business men you want to reach are busiest.

See the third peak at 7 P.M.?

That's when your out-of-town

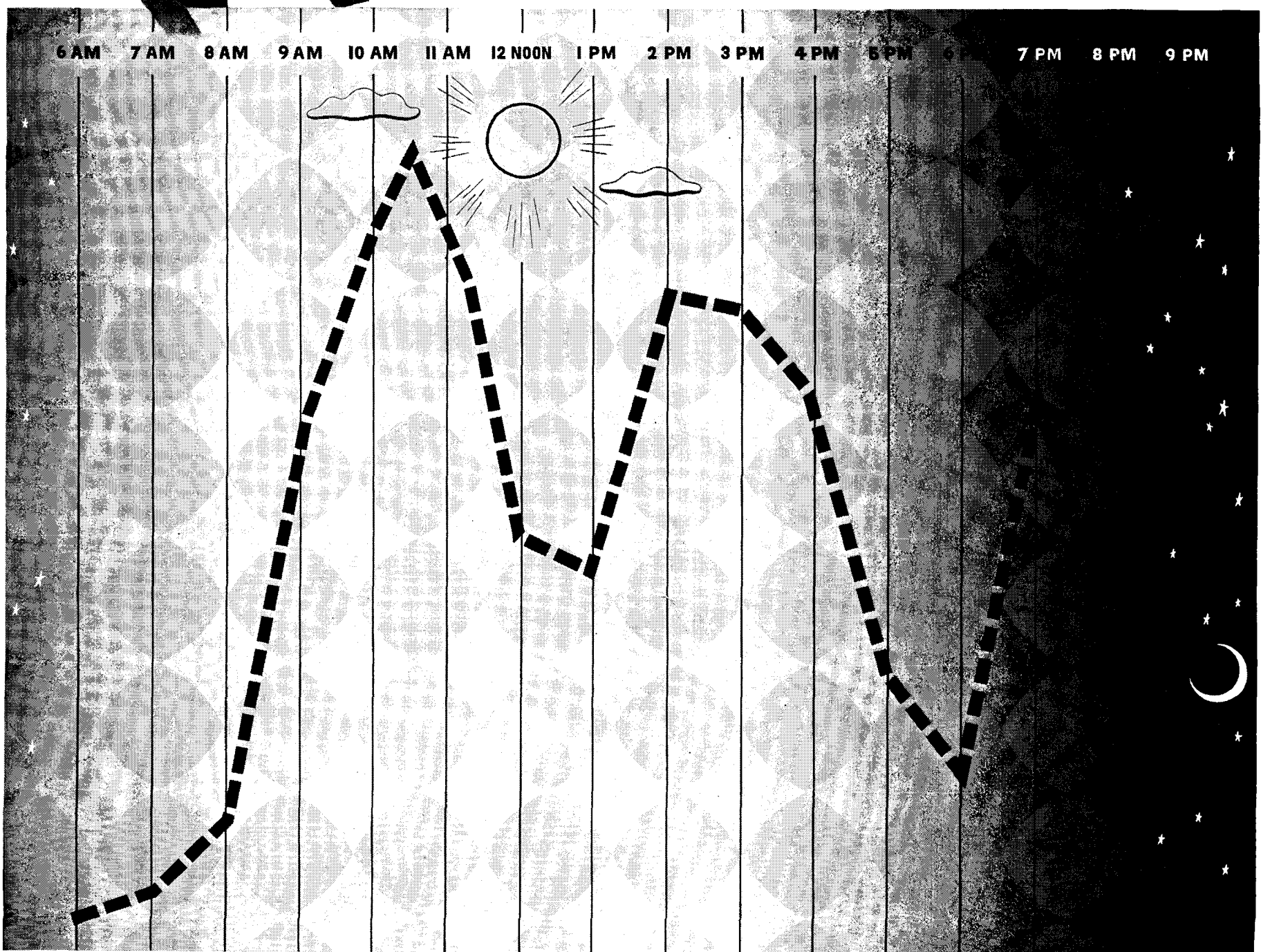
friends are most likely to be telephoning, too.

If you avoid these three peak periods, you'll get fast service and may find folks more free to talk.

It's a simple suggestion—but worth remembering these days when defense puts such a load on telephone facilities.

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What happened..

when the Commodore spent a week-end ashore



"Harumph!" grunted the Commodore, as he hove to in an easy chair at the home of his landlubber nephew, "Something's got to be done!"

Nephew Carter thought the doughty old sea dog was batty when he saw him tying little flags to most every lamp in the house. But the Commodore knew his "seeing" as well as his "sea."

"That's a storm warning," he said . . . "an old sailor's way of saying there's trouble ahead . . . unless you do something about these lamps. No wonder you and Lucy are always scrapping. Eye-strain's creeping up on you! And it's like a hidden shoal . . . the damage is done before you know it!



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G-E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

*Made to Stay
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will come to your homecoming feast." Kiku said nothing. She wanted to ask her mother if the betrothal had been formally broken. But she didn't dare. It was too bold a question.

When Kiku saw the mossy old thatch and the blackened timbers of the house, she sighed and was content. She stood a moment putting the picture back in her heart. Then she went on, so the others would feel no discomfort at this hunger of hers.

The brother's wife brewed tea and they sat on the shady house mats drinking it, wiping their foreheads and taking mouse bites at the rice cakes.

Kiku held herself on the mat, sipping, munching, fanning, but all the while her fingers tingled to feel the things she knew so well—the house posts, the god shelf, the rocks in the yard, the camellia leaves, the well handle, the zinnias growing by the fence.

Later in the dark hallway by the quilt cupboards her mother caught her hands and held them tightly.

"Oh, my daughter! My daughter!" the pinched little woman said, closing her eyes tightly on the tears that were there. But she spoke no other word, and the two stood there clasping hands.

"Do not grieve, Mother," Kiku said finally when she could stand this silent grief no longer. "Already a year is finished. . . . It—it is for the family."

"You are very filial, my daughter. . . . Each day in my prayers I remind the ancestors you are very filial. Tomorrow we shall go to the big shrine and tell them again."

"Thank you, Mother," Kiku said humbly.

They went back to the others.

KIKU asked herself how the sun had traveled so fast. Here it was feast time and she had done little enough since dawn—folding the mosquito nets and putting the mattresses away, drawing water, getting the pine needles and charcoal to burning in the old stone stove. . . . Ah, there had been those long, uncounted moments when she had picked mushrooms in the little hills, felt the wet grass on her ankles, heard the fluting larks and had looked between pines at the river.

The others had been eating breakfast when she came back, but she had only laughed and put the mushrooms on to brew for the festival soup. Later she had bounced the red ball with the littlest sister, chased crows in the paddies, and gathered white lilies and bluecups for the flower bowl. Never fast, never rushing, but looking up all through that morning at the sky and the pines, listening to the little breezes whispering in the bamboo.

The first guests came in the gate. Kiku knelt to receive them.

"Honorably enter!" she told the carpenter and his wife as she bowed her head to the floor. "Honorably enter!" she said to the postman and his daughter. Then there was the family down the road, the family on the red hill, the lantern maker and his lame mother, the loud-voiced tinsmith, the fat storekeeper and his fat wife and the little, shrunken weaver who was afraid of a snake's shadow.

"We enter honorably!" they told her, and went to sit on the house mats to sip tea, to fan themselves and to talk little gossip.

Suddenly Kiku saw the Endos, the old bowed man and his little woman, and behind them the tall, great-shouldered son who might one day have been her husband. He was very handsome. She bowed her head quickly.

"Honorably enter!" Kiku murmured. The elder Endos bowed and stepped in. But the son bowed longer and lower.

"Hello, Kiku-San," he said easily. "It's been two years since I've seen you."

Kiku flushed at the informality of his greeting, and her heart hurt. She couldn't get words out of her mouth, so she only stayed bowing.

"You've grown prettier!" the Endo youth whispered softly as he rose from his deep bow. He smiled with his eyes at her, and then went on into the big room.

Such boldness! Kiku looked around quickly to see if anyone had heard. No one had, and she breathed more comfortably. But it was disturbing, painful even. She'd heard people in the city saying the wounded soldiers coming back from China these days spoke differently, forgetting the rules almost.

Kiku had no time to think then. She was pouring tea and pressing the deliciously pretty bean-paste sweetmeats on the guests.

Then she was carrying tables, carrying trays, serving soup and steaming fish and bamboo sprouts and yellow bean curd. And pouring tea, pouring tea endlessly. She knew the Endo son was watching her, she could tell the way he turned his head to see with his one good eye. She felt the color creep up her neck. Her hands shook and were clumsy. He shouldn't do it so openly. People would talk.

KIKU saw the Endo son that afternoon as he clipped the hedge between the two houses, for the Endos were their nearest neighbors. She saw him that night at the shrine festival, and twice next morning he passed near her in the paddy. But not until she went up in the little hills to say goodbye to the pines and the sky and to pray her prayer, did she speak with him. He was standing there on the path, his hair very black in the sunshine, and his cheeks lean and hollow in the handsome way.

"You go back to the city today?" he asked.

"Yes," Kiku said, trembling a little and wondering if it was this man that made her tremble, or the thought of the city.

"How long is your contract?" he asked.

Kiku choked. That he should speak openly this way about the house! But she whispered: "Two years more."

"Two years," he said, considering. "You will be twenty then, eh? Well, that is not too old for marriage."

Kiku only looked at the ground. The Endo son stepped nearer. "Kiku," he said, "did you know our betrothal was never broken?"

"No, I didn't know," Kiku said between tight lips. She hoped she wouldn't cry.

"Our families could never afford to break it formally," he told her. "Not even when they loaned me for adoption and when you were sold to the house."

Kiku still looked at the ground.

"In two years, maybe, I can afford a wife. After I have paid for my brothers' funerals and for the tablets on their graves." He laughed a little harshly. "Unless the military want my crops, too."

Kiku looked up at him.

THE Endo son stepped nearer still, near enough to touch her, but he didn't. He lowered his voice until he was almost whispering: "Kiku, would you want me for husband?"

"Oh, no," Kiku panted, "you mustn't speak of such things!"

"I can speak of such things, Kiku, because you and I are different now. We farmers are all different now since this war has robbed us."

"No! Be careful what you say! Me, I am only fit to be a maidservant now in someone's house, when I am let out of the—house."

"Kiku, I am no better than you! I have killed people."

He held her by his voice, and she quieted and listened.

"I have killed men, and women, and even little children, in China. Not because I wanted to. No! Because I was told to. And you, you were told to do this thing you have done. For the good of the family and the empire! Then if that is so, no doubt the one that tells us to do these things has arranged to have us forgiven for doing what are crimes in other times!"

Kiku looked at him long, and believed him. He offered hope. Her smile was slow to come, coming up from the heart that way, but it tinted her face, and her eyes grew misty. When she saw he was smiling back, she dropped her head, modestly.

"Would you have me for husband?" he asked again.

"Yes, gladly," Kiku answered.

The man sighed, as though he had been carrying two loads of faggots up a hill and had put them down. "Then it is agreed," he said. "In two years you will be wife to me."

"I hear and I obey," Kiku repeated the formula. Then she looked up at the sun and saw the way the shadows slanted. "I must go now," she said, "to be at the train in time. Goodby."

"Goodby," the man said, without touching her, for that would have been immodest.

"Be careful of yourself!" the girl said fervently.

"Be careful of yourself!" the man said steadily.

KIKU had no time to speak to her mother. The family was waiting to walk the three *ri* with her to the train. They had her wrapping kerchiefs stuffed with mushrooms, and the littlest sisters had gathered white lilies and the blue-cups—presents for her to take back to those other girls at the house. But along the way Kiku knew her mother was looking at her, so she showed her mother her eyes, and saw the pinched look suddenly go out of the old ones.

"Honorably depart!" the old woman in the sweet potato patch called out.

"Honorably depart!" the woman in the paddy shouted.

"Goodby, Tomo-San," Kiku called back. "May the Rain God stay West till you harvest."

"Come back soon," the loud-voiced tinsmith halloed from the roof he was mending.

"I go to return," Kiku said. "Take care of yourself, mender of roofs."

"Even though the snow is deep," her mother said, "we shall eat this winter, Kiku. Give yourself no worry for us."

"I shall pray for the crop each morning at the god shelf," Kiku said simply.

"Kiku! Kiku!" the littlest sister chirped. "When will you come again? At New Year's time?"

"No, little sister," Kiku said. "I am stronger, now that I have seen you again, seen the fields and the river, seen the house and . . . and . . ."

"And the neighbors' son?" Kiku's mother leaned to whisper in her daughter's ear.

Kiku nodded, and went on to say: ". . . I can wait till next summer. I can save the vacation money. I have uses for it now. Why, I could buy a bright new sash for the Littlest One, a new mattress, maybe, for the Aged One, and certainly a fine wrapping kimono for the man-child Big Sister will give us soon!"

"Ah, Kiku-San!" the station officer said, bustling up in his old man's way. "You return to your—ah, *visit* in town. Mah! Well, honorably depart!"

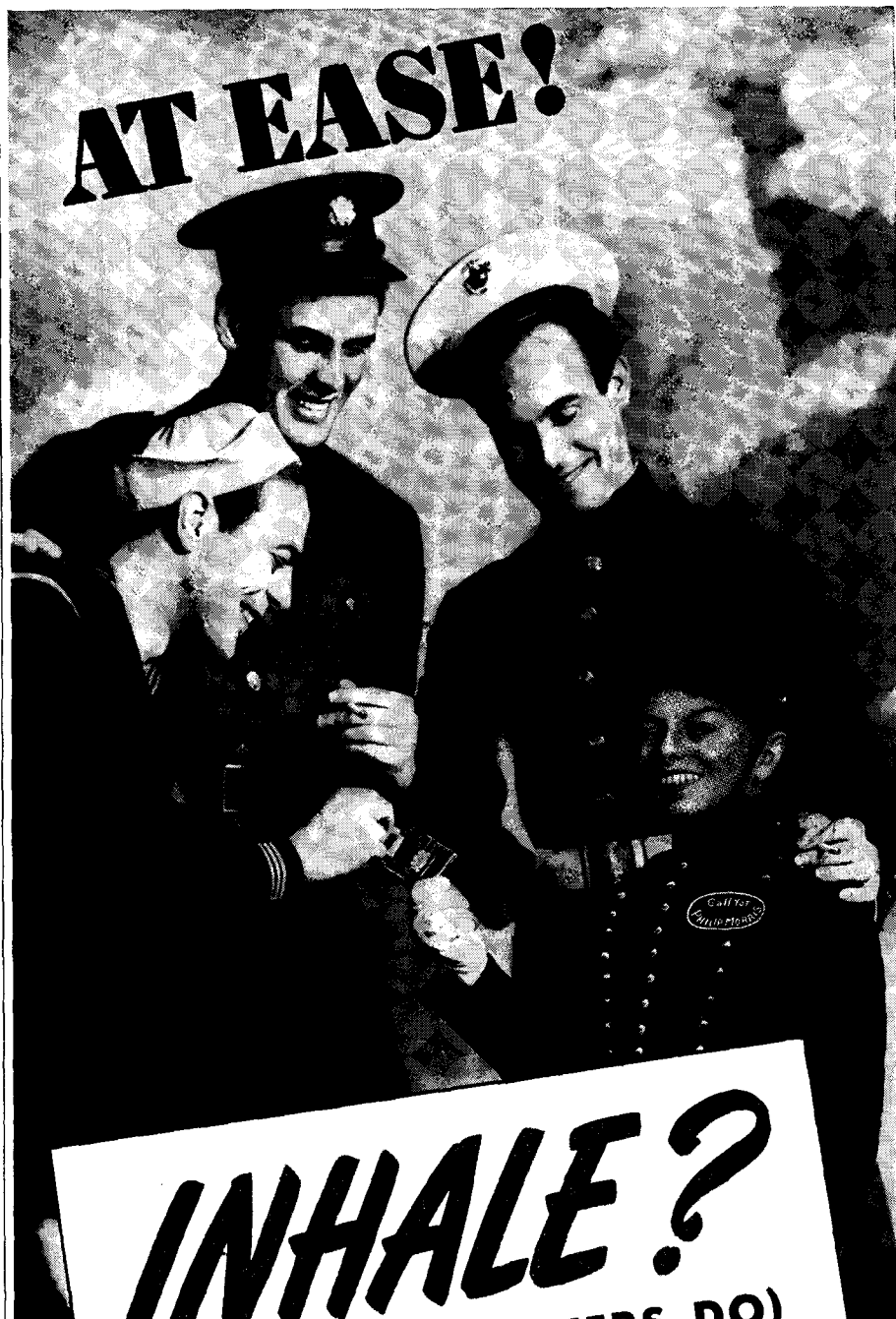
"I depart honorably," Kiku bowed to him.

The train rushed in.

"I depart honorably!" Kiku bowed her careful bow in a circle to the family.

"Honorably depart! Honorably depart!" they said.

Kiku climbed on the train. It was very hot. She put the mushrooms in the rack above the seat, but she held the lilies and the bluecups close in her arms. She would be in the city in three hours.



INHALE?
(SURE - ALL SMOKERS DO)

LET'S admit the fact! Every smoker inhales *some* of the time. And *when* you do, there's an increased chance of irritation. But — note this vital difference — reported by eminent doctors!

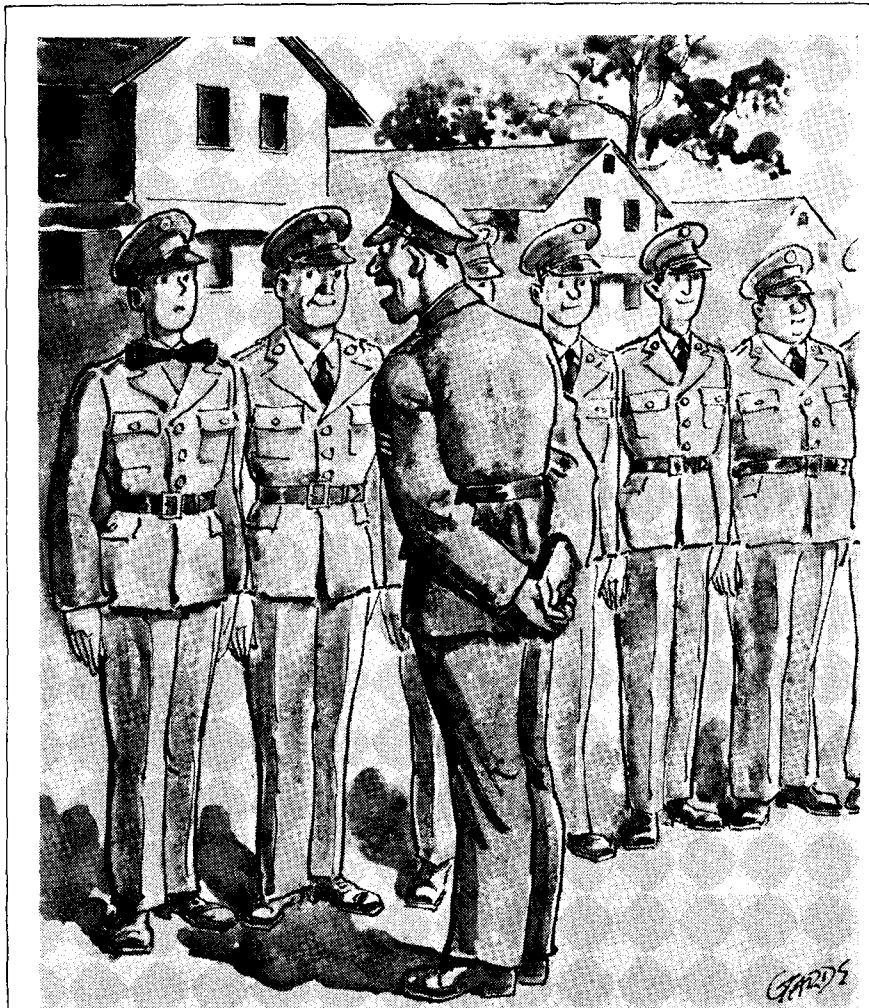
ON COMPARING—THE IRRITANT QUALITY IN THE SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING BRANDS WAS FOUND TO AVERAGE MORE THAN THREE TIMES THAT OF THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS . . . AND THE IRRITATION LASTS MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG!

So — for complete enjoyment of the world's finest tobaccos — with never a thought of throat irritation —



AMERICA'S
FINEST
CIGARETTE

CREATORS OF FAMOUS CIGARETTES FOR 93 YEARS, ALWAYS UNDER THE PHILIP MORRIS NAME.



"Dining out tonight?"

CHESTER GARDE



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S AT CAMP GRANT BY LANGE-SARRA

FOR DEFENSE MORALE. Launched this week was a citizen campaign to raise \$10,765,000 for the establishment and operation for one year of service clubs adjacent to 360 military posts, naval stations and defense industries throughout the U. S. and its overseas bases. Back of the drive is the newly formed United Service Organizations, a nonprofit corporation combining six national agencies: The Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., the National Catholic Community Service, the Salvation Army, the Jewish Welfare Board and the National Travelers Aid Association. Object of the U.S.O. is to provide all possible recreational facilities and services at centers near communities unprepared to handle the influx of soldiers, sailors, marines and defense workers, and at centers adjoining isolated camps and factories. The pictures on this page were taken at Camp Grant, Rockford, Illinois, to show the need for facilities other than those provided at the camps.



OUR NEW ARMY

MISSISSIPPI

CAMP SHELBY, Hattiesburg. By the end of next week this largest U. S. tent camp will bulge with more than 53,000 troops comprising the 37th (Ohio), and 38th (Indiana, Kentucky, West Virginia) divisions, and miscellaneous corps units. Shelby wasn't ready when the Ohioans slogged in last October and the boys had plenty to beef about. Now, with most of the roads paved and company streets graveled, things are looking up.

The 21,000 citizens of Hattiesburg (twelve miles away) chipped in an average of two dollars each to provide recreational facilities in a four-story service center and are entertaining the soldiers in their homes at every opportunity. Some of the men from large cities gripe about the Mississippi law which prohibits Sunday movies and the Hattiesburg ordinance ruling out dancing within the city limits. One movie operator opened up every Sunday, paid a fine several weeks in a row, then decided that city hall wasn't going to change its mind about Sunday movies and gave it up as a bad job. Juke joints operate at high speed but in an orderly manner just outside the city and some of the soldiers feel that Hattiesburg is just a little too holy. The only public amusement available on Sunday is a penny arcade with pinball machines, target-shooting gadgets and various other nickel grabbers. The place is surely cleaning up.

Every complaint of conditions at Hattiesburg received from families of Shelby men, as well as in letters published in home-town newspapers, has been thoroughly investigated. One officer suggests that the average soldier likes to have his family and friends think he's leading a dog's life. The fact is, most of the parents who have visited Shelby and Hattiesburg have admitted there is no cause for half of the grumbling. Nobody really expects a soldier from the North to understand Southern people and customs right off the bat, anyhow.

NEW YORK

CAMP UPTON, Long Island. Sgt. Samuel Perry, of the Patchogue police department, is in a position to compare the new Army with the old, and he says he'll take the new one any time. "The old outfit had too big a share of bums," says Sgt. Perry, "who toted their own private arsenals when they went on leave and thought it was the sign of a tough Army. Today's men are better educated, better behaved and much better off physically. Another thing I notice, too—the M.P. of 1941 knows his job because he's trained along modern police lines. In the old days a guy who itched to swat somebody wasn't happy until he got M.P. duty so he could start, and finish, a first-class brawl. Yes, sir, this whole country has improved considerably since 1918."

PVT. RICHARD R. LEWIS used to be a Los Angeles lawyer; now he's in the veterinary service of Upton's medical detachment. Just in case you think the Army's highly touted classification system lost a couple of buttons, however, it must be explained that when Pvt. Lewis was studying law at the University of Minnesota he took a minor course in veterinary training for added credit; and when he joined the Army he found it



**"WE'RE FROM MISSOURI—AND
AMERICA CERTAINLY SHOWED US WHY THIS
NEW 4-STAR BREAKFAST TREAT IS TOPS!"**



MORE DELICIOUS
New Post Toasties
are *crisper* corn flakes
—rich in America's
favorite breakfast
flavor!

MORE NOURISHING!
New Post Toasties
with Vitamin B₁ are
richer than ever in
easily digested,
quick-energy food
values.

**MORE
FOR YOUR MONEY!**
Of all cold cereals,
corn flakes cost the
least—and of all corn
flakes, new Post
Toasties with Vitamin
B₁ are your "best buy"!

**THE ONLY
CORN FLAKES containing
VITAMIN B₁**
the "missing vita-
min" in 3 out of 4
diets.



1 OUT WHERE THE TALL CORN GROWS we got acquainted with a farmer on our "See-America-First" tour. "Look at that stand of choice corn!" he said proudly. "Flavor-filled corn just like that is what goes into Post Toasties! You can't beat Post Toasties for real corn flakes flavor!" . . . "Post Toasties are toasted to stay *crisper* in milk or cream, too," we added, "and that toasting *adds something* to the flavor."



2 ON THE SET out in Hollywood—Tommy asked one of those energetic movie folks how he did it. "Breakfast!" said the star. "I start with the right kind of breakfast. Post Toasties! They're light, but rich in the easily digested *quick-energy* food value a fellow needs. Post Toasties are a 4-star hit with me!"



3 AT YELLOWSTONE PARK we met a nutrition authority. "See these folks around here eating Post Toasties?" he asked. "They're getting an *extra food value* that's in no other corn flakes—Vitamin B₁. That is the 'missing vitamin' in American diets, you know . . . for three out of four of us *don't get enough* of it in our daily food. Yet it's vitally important for energy, sound nerves, normal growth and appetite."



4 IN OLD NEW ENGLAND we got a shrewd slant. "Corn flakes are the favorite breakfast treat here, too," they said, "—and don't think we Yankees haven't found out about those *extra values* in the new Post Toasties! Corn flakes cost less than all other ready-to-eat cereals . . . and those *extra values* make the new Post Toasties with Vitamin B₁ our best buy of all!"

A Post Cereal made by General Foods



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ECONOMY SIZES**

**ENJOY THE NOURISHING NEW POST TOASTIES
FOR A 4-STAR BREAKFAST TREAT !**



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They've made Mobilgas, sold at the Red Horse Sign, America's *favorite!*

When the people of U.S.A. pick one gasoline as their favorite, they must feel it gives *the most for their money.*

They may not know Mobilgas has high anti-knock. They may not know of its 14 improvements. But they *do* know, for all-around performance, *Mobilgas is unsurpassed at its price!* Try it—*today!*

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*WITH APOLOGIES TO "BULL DURHAM"



Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM

Her Hero!*



Norman
Rockwell

was good for a specialist rating and added dough. A veterinary inspector in the Army, by the way, isn't what you'd think he might be—his job is to examine all meats and foodstuffs, except vegetables, slated for mess.

SOUTH DAKOTA

FORT MEADE. The old theory that a cavalryman ought to be a good horseman before he joined up has gone by the boards. The personnel division of the Fourth (horse-mechanized) Cavalry here made a survey of 800 selectees assigned to the unit and found eighty civil occupations represented, ranging from banker to welder. The officers don't worry about it; they even boast that the Fourth Cavalry of today is a better outfit than the hardy horse troopers who ranged the Dakota prairies eighty years ago to protect the pioneer settlers from Injuns.

Horse-mechanized regiments are strictly new stuff. Horses are used for cross-country work, scouting and skirmishing, but they get to the scene in trucks. Dispatch riders and couriers are out; almost all communication is carried on by two-way radio operated by a Signal Corps unit. Motorcycles and fast scout cars (newest name, Beeps) maintain liaison where actual contact must be made. In tough terrain the modern cavalry outfit gets to work faster and operates with greater facility than the mechanical monsters.

WASHINGTON



41ST DIV.

FORT LEWIS, Tacoma. The thousand-odd unpainted and red-roofed buildings row on row in this huge cantonment are slightly befuddling. A man has to be a combined detective and memory expert to find his own outfit, and visitors without convoys have been known to wander for hours without getting anywhere. When Major E. Raymond Attebery, chaplain of the 146th F.A., invited some members of his Seattle American Legion post to come out and entertain the boys, the Legionnaires turned down his offer of a guide between the gate and the barracks of the 146th. The Legionnaires, having been in the last war, knew all about the Army; they said they'd get along okay. Well, two hours and fifteen minutes after they entered the gate they showed up at their destination; and Chaplain Attebery had to get special permission to start, at 10:15 P. M., the show that had been scheduled for eight o'clock. Since then the major has done a good job of wangling neon signs (blue

for infantry, red for artillery) from neon tycoons of his acquaintance, and visitors have little trouble finding the 146th, the 218th and the 66th brigades. The other outfits are patiently waiting for Major Attebery to put the bee on a few more members of the neon industry who might consider this a hint. Or a warning.

THE Army is fast taking care of its covers and shorts. One battalion in the 41st Division had all the trucks and guns it needed but only half enough men to operate them. That's been fixed. A 105-mm. gun outfit was organized last October in the 3d Division but has yet to get a gander at a 105-mm. gun. That hasn't been settled yet because the Hitler-developed weapon hasn't been put into mass production here; but the outfit has been working with 75's and there isn't a man in it who doesn't think the change-over will be a cinch.

ADD to your notebook on Army slang the following Fort Lewis items. Inconsequential conversation (formerly "chewing the fat") is "beating your gums." Making a blunder is "goofing off." In the permanent barracks the two-way loud-speaker systems from sleeping quarters to the officers' hangouts below are "mechanical rats" because the sergeants downstairs can flip a switch and listen in on barrack-room gab. And trying to get a "white discharge" for military ineptitude, which means you get out without having a dishonorable discharge tacked to your name, is "bucking for section 8."

TRAINEES restricted to the post during their initial quarantine period find no cure for wanderlust while riding in the blue and gray forty-nine passenger busses sent out to Fort Lewis from the late New York World's Fair. Some of the busses still have placards inside extolling the marvels to be seen at The World of Tomorrow.

COLIN MCKAY, of Astoria, Oregon, didn't like the idea of toting an eight-pound rifle around, so he managed in due course to get himself transferred to the headquarters company of the 186th Infantry communications section. Now he packs a walkie-talkie—one of those two-way radio jiggers that weigh twenty-seven pounds. You can't win.

EIGHT years ago Siegfried Kahn, an intense young man, was a member of the national militia in Düsseldorf, Germany, doing underground work against

THE GROOM



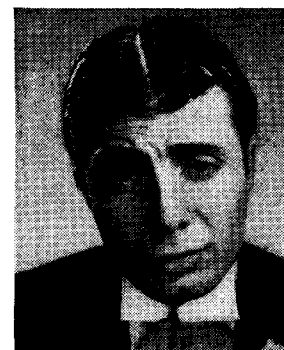
Kreml keeps his hair looking its natural best



...and his ushers



He should use Kreml instead of water as a dressing.



He should use Kreml instead of sticky, greasy stuff.



Too bad,—it's too late. Kreml can't help him now.

For a few cents a day you can keep your hair looking its natural best with Kreml the famous tonic-dressing.

How much better than soaking your hair with water that washes away natural oils—leaving hair dry and wild and impossible to keep combed.

How much better than using thick, sticky, greasy preparations that plaster down your hair—giving it a shiny, patent-leather sheen.

Kreml also removes ugly dandruff scales, checks excessive falling hair and relieves itching scalp—all in the single refreshing operation of massaging your scalp and hair with Kreml every morning before using the comb.

Women won't let men monopolize Kreml. It keeps coiffures more manageable, especially after permanents.

Next time you ask for Kreml Hair Tonic at your drugstore and barber shop—ask for Kreml Shampoo, too. Made from an 80% olive oil base—it leaves your scalp tingling clean, your hair with a soft sheen.

KREML

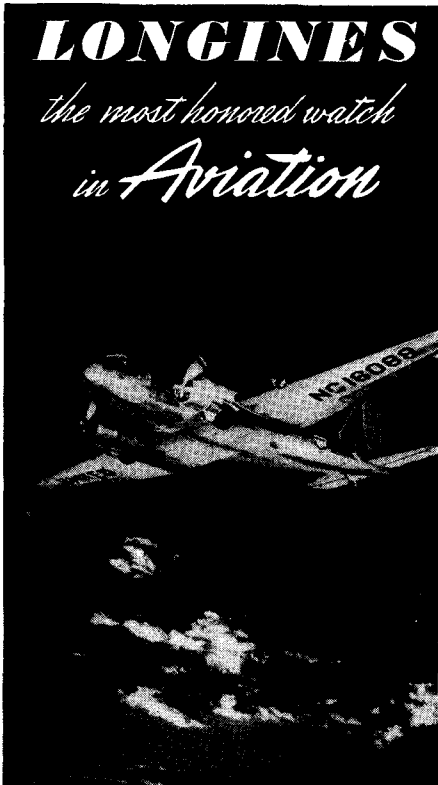


REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES — CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE



"White man getting angry, gottum big fella dive bomber, makum trouble along you!"

WILLIAM STEIG



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Longines jewelers now show the 75th Anniversary Longines Watches, representing the peak of Longines perfection, priced from \$40; also Wittnauer Watches from \$24.75, products of—

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Montreal, Canada



Mr. Hitler. A month after Hitler came into power Kahn was in a concentration camp, from which he escaped a couple of weeks later. "It was at night," he says, "through the barbed wire—but it was all arranged. There was no guard there. I had given him a couple of hundred marks." Kahn fled to the Saar, then to Paris, where for two years he worked on a Parisian anti-Nazi sheet, before coming to Milwaukee in 1935. He promptly joined the Wisconsin National Guard, and, when he moved west, transferred to the Washington N. G. Now he's supply sergeant in the 146th F.A. Early last month he won his final citizenship papers and had his name changed from Kahn to Kane.

Citizen Kane thinks American Army life is more easygoing than German but that Americans are better fighters. (He has two brothers in the British army.) "Over here," says Sgt. Kane, "a soldier learns to do a number of things. The German army is, in a way, made up of specialists—men who can perform only one job. My guess is that Hitler is going to lose most of his specialists—and the whole war. I'd like to help him lose it. When I got my citizenship papers here I went out and celebrated—and I mean celebrated—for the first time in my life."

FORT ORD. There's something to be said for and against the name of this post. Pvt. James Ord Robinson, of the Seventh Signal Repair Company thinks it's okay. The fort was named after General E. O. C. Ord, who saved the life of Pvt. Robinson's grandfather during the Civil War. Against the name are most of the highway cops in the vicinity. "Every time," they growl, "we pick up a police broadcast to be on the lookout for some car, we practically unravel trying to figure out if it's a Fort Ord or a four-doored sedan." Most of the post personnel is perfectly satisfied with the name; the fort is on what used to be a Mr. Giggling's ranch and they'd hate to have to tell people they're located at Fort Giggling.

SPEAKING of names, a field-artillery sergeant tried to send word back to headquarters that part of his equipment had broken down on the Nojoqui Grade, but as an Easterner he couldn't do much with Nojoqui. Such names drive out-of-California soldiers wacky. To their rescue has come a former West Point Spanish instructor, Major Herbert B. Enderton, commanding the 75th F.A. Btn., who has whipped together a midget dictionary which makes the pronunciation of places like Tassajaro and Nacimiento as simple as they don't look.

SOLDIER operators are evacuating the camp telephone exchange, which will soon be a completely feminine affair. A signal officer checked up on the male switchboarders and found them to be forty per cent less efficient than experienced phone girls; furthermore, the brass hats didn't want the boys to spend the summer plugging away at switchboards while the rest of the troops plugged away on Fourth Army maneuvers. The word hello is out altogether. Army efficiency experts have streamlined the phone conversations, which must begin with: "Private Slither's office—Colonel Flither speaking," or a reverse facsimile thereof. Surplus wordage is given the official hotfoot. First to stick his neck out was Pvt. Paul Chadwick, who was sitting around in the office of the fort's weekly paper, The Panorama, awaiting a call from a buddy. The bell jangled and Pvt. Chadwick grabbed the phone. "General Stillwell's personal private office," he said. "Guess who this is?" . . . It's funny, he groans,

how serious everything is to a major.

PRESIDIO OF SAN FRANCISCO. When the fathers of today's soldiers were grousing about "goldfish" and "canned willie," the main interest in a meal was would it keep a doughboy going until the next mess call? Question No. 1 now is whether or not it's pleasing to the man who has to eat it. Major General Ernest D. Peek, Ninth Corps Area commander, and his staff of grub specialists look over all menus in advance. They must provide 5,000 calories a day—500 more than science says is necessary to keep a hard-working man up to snuff. The approved menus are sent to supply officers and mess sergeants, and the soldier is spared the doubtful treat of sampling some trick entree the mess sergeant has hunched up all by himself. The latter worthy does, however, retain some creative rights; for every 200 men he feeds he has four dollars for assorted seasonings, sauces and other delicacies. One thing he has to watch closely is the temperature. On hot, dry days plenty of salt must be mixed in with the food, to aid in preventing exhaustion or prostration. Mess sergeants are thankful for the new central marketing agency in San Francisco which purchases the best of fresh fruits and vegetables for more than 50,000 men; it cuts down the shopping drudge and relieves the grub dispensers of the responsibility for spinach, broccoli and other unreasonable products of nature that supply iron but develop a considerable amount of mess-hall beefing.

FORT FUNSTON, San Francisco. A Mr. Tom Cusick runs a boathouse at Lake Merced and knows how the English feel when the big guns cut loose over the Channel. Whenever practice firing is due at this Golden Gate fort a coast-artillery sergeant sends word ("Better get 'em open today"), and Tom opens the boathouse doors and windows to keep the concussion from blasting them to bits. Between firing days there's an element of suspense in Tom's life, too. "We've got some big stuff we haven't tried yet," the artillerymen tell him, "and when we do we aren't even going to bother to tell you to open 'em up. It won't do any good; the concussion will knock your whole cockeyed boathouse into the lake." Tom's not sure about it. He thinks maybe the boys are kidding. Hopes so, anyway.

NEW MEXICO

ALBUQUERQUE AIR BASE. Stolid Indians suspend their trinket selling to gaze at men in khaki, and in the airport lunchroom blue-uniformed commercial airline pilots talk shop with silver-winged Army fliers at this newest of air bases. Couple of weeks ago, some 2,000 officers and men of the 19th Bombardment Group (heavy) and allied services, completed a 1,000-mile trek from March Field, California, by truck, rail, private car and plane, to join the 600 members of the 4th Air Base Group, who have been reddening their shoes in New Mexico's red sand since April.

The mile-high altitude demands some adjustment of men and machines. Mess sergeants learned that beans have to be cooked overnight instead of the sea-level three hours; carburetors on cars had to be readjusted; and although New Mexico liquor prices are higher, the Saturday night nippers found that a small bottle goes a long way.

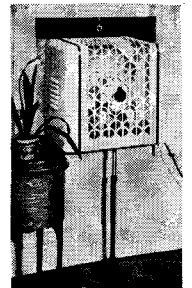
AN ODDITY in the 7th Materiel Squadron is Pfc., Specialist First Class Wm. T. Wheatley, who last year completed the requirements for flying-cadet appointment but doesn't want to gain his wings yet. Wheatley studied at

RELAX-Sleep in Comfort This Summer

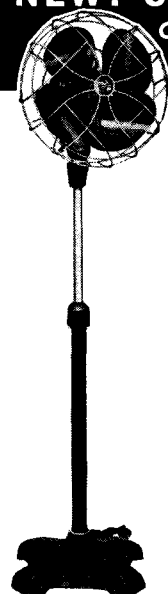


Emerson-Electric HOME COOLER FAN Keeps the Curtains Blowing

With this smart Home Cooler, located in one of the living rooms, you create rapid circulation of cool night air, assure comfortable sleeping on hottest nights. Ideal for small homes, apartments, flats, offices, shops. Ask to see the Emerson-Electric Home Cooler Fans for window installation—Now, at Reduced Prices!



NEW! ULTRA-QUIET Overlapping-blade Stand Fans

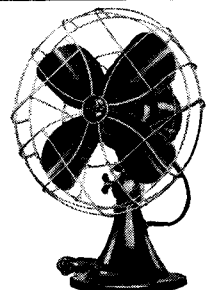


Quiet as a whisper, the patented overlapping blades of this beautifully designed fan, provide a flood of cooling breezes—just where you want them! Quieter, more graceful than ever, the new Stand Fans may be moved about as easily as a floor lamp; are easily adjustable. See these great stand fan values and the modern styled Overlapping-blade desk-type fans. Both featured in 10, 12 and 16-inch blade oscillator models. . . 5-Year Guarantee.

NEWLY STYLED, QUIET, PARKER-BLADE FANS New Reduced Prices!

Today, the improved Ultra-quiet Parker-blade Fans, in the new streamlined design at lower prices, make these nationally famous Emerson-Electric Fans the greatest values in our entire 51-year history, and in addition they are fully guaranteed for 5 years.

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LEADERS IN THE ELECTRICAL INDUSTRY SINCE 1890

Texas University and worked for an aerial-survey outfit before enlisting in the Air Corps four years ago. For two years at Texas fields he worked in the photo section, studied at Riverside Junior College and drove the nightly Army bus between Riverside and March Field. Somehow at this time he managed to sandwich in a correspondence course in physics from the University of California and a six-month air-mechanics course with the Curtiss-Wright Technical Institute, where he gained an honor certificate. Now repairing engines, Wheatley says he thinks he'll "ripen" a little before he starts flight training, but is closely watching the approach of his twenty-seventh birthday (the Air Corps age limit). When and if he earns his wings and bars he ought to be a big help to some engineering officer.

TEXAS



CAMP BOWIE, Brownwood. When the local draft board called a Brownwood registrant, he was dispatched to the Dallas induction center, checked over and assigned to the Bowie reception center. Total train trip: 320 miles. Present location in relation to his home: Four blocks.

CAMP WOLTERS, Mineral Wells. Sensitive selectees tagged for the 58th Training Battalion are having to pack their state pride in mothballs. About half of the personnel hails from New York, some are Kentuckians, the rest are down from Ohio; and the state rivalry is something. Company B has one Empire State and three Buckeye platoons. When one marches by the other there is little silence in the ranks. "See that thing over there, boys?" some Ohioan will call out with terrific originality. "That's a cow." The New Yorkers are equally ingenious with the quick retort. "How does it feel, fellas," they'll yell, "to be wearing shoes?" The few "foreigners" (from Kentucky) take it and dish it out, too.

Lieut. W. R. Coon, of B Co.'s fourth platoon, has a special problem in the Brooklynites, who form ninety per cent of his outfit. They're an innately cocky bunch. A 200-pound Ohio selectee was quartered with them for a few days but couldn't stand the gaff and so presented himself to Lieut. Coon. "Lieutenant," said he, "I am a nice, peaceful fellow. I do not want to have any trouble with anybody. I do not want to hurt anybody. I think you had better move me out of this Brooklyn domicile." He was moved.



FORT SAM HOUSTON. Pfc. Leonard Partin, in the Post Finance Office, thought it was high time the boys did something to improve their dancing, so he announced a free class, which is now so

popular that three instructresses had to be recruited to assist him. "Trouble with the average soldier," says Partin, "is that he jitterbugs; and rug cutting is on the skids. It," continues the nineteen-year-old lad who was crowned jitterbug king of the Southwest two years ago, "just isn't dignified. You get a lot of soldiers in a nice place where they can't let down their hair and it sort of cramps their style." The boys at the fort apparently think Partin has the right dope. Last we heard, there were sixty-eight jitterbug victims on the waiting list for the eight-weeks course.

GENERAL

MORE suggestions are indubitably on the way, but telegrams and letters from readers have so far contained several names for the consideration of the 1st Armored Division personnel at Fort Knox, who don't want the 2d (Hell on Wheels) and the 3d (Bayou Blitz) divisions to corner the market on sobriquets. How about these? Hard Shell, Buffalo, Rhino, Robot, Dragon, Panther, Vulcan, Vulcanite, Thunderer, Sledge Hammer, Pile Driver, Battle Ax, Ramrod, Drubber, Pulverizer, Mechcavalry and Juggernaut. More coming.

TWO more millionaires (men whose Army serial numbers are even millions) have been reported. No. 14,000,000 is Sgt. Herman H. Harris, Jr., of Mary, Florida, now attending the Armored Force School at Fort Knox, slated for assignment to Fort Benning. The tag of Pfc. Edson Duffin, 4th Ordnance Co., Fort Ord, is stamped No. 39,000,000. Edson, by the way, likes ordnance work; says seeing arms all day is quite a change from a year ago, when, at the San Francisco fair, he worked in Billy Rose's Aquacade, which was ninety-nine per cent legs.

RECOIL

"**WHERE**," demands an outraged private in San Francisco, "did you get the silly idea that D. E. M. L. (Detached to Enlisted Man's List) is a gravy job? I've been in the D. E. M. L. for two months, in the Machine Records Section, where we keep the personnel records of all the soldiers in the 9th Corps Area. It's monotonous stuff from 7:30 A. M. to 4:30 P. M. seven days a week, and we won't get a day off until further notice. For a period of about ten days we had two twelve-hour shifts. D. E. M. L. also stands for Damned Easy Military Life and Don't Ever Mention Labor, but if you think my job is a soft snap you have another think coming."

WE COULD use one.

G. W.

CAN YOU NAME THESE RENOWNED SCOTS?

1. Explorer who roamed "darkest Africa" for 30 years. Found by Stanley's relief party in Ujiji. His mode of travel was usually that of sure-footed Johnnie Walker. (Answer below.)

2. A walker who boasts more followers than the most eloquent talker. Easy to get along with. He always travels on foot . . . or in a tall, square bottle. (Answer below.)



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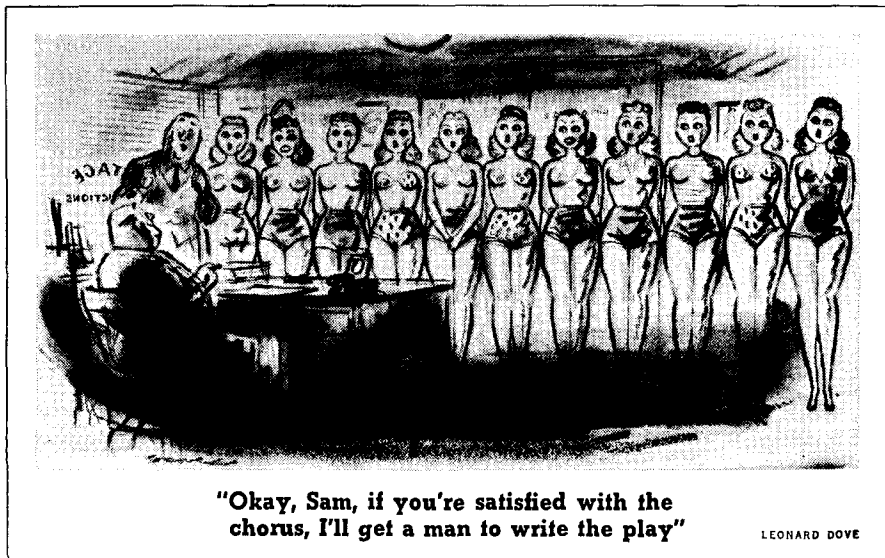


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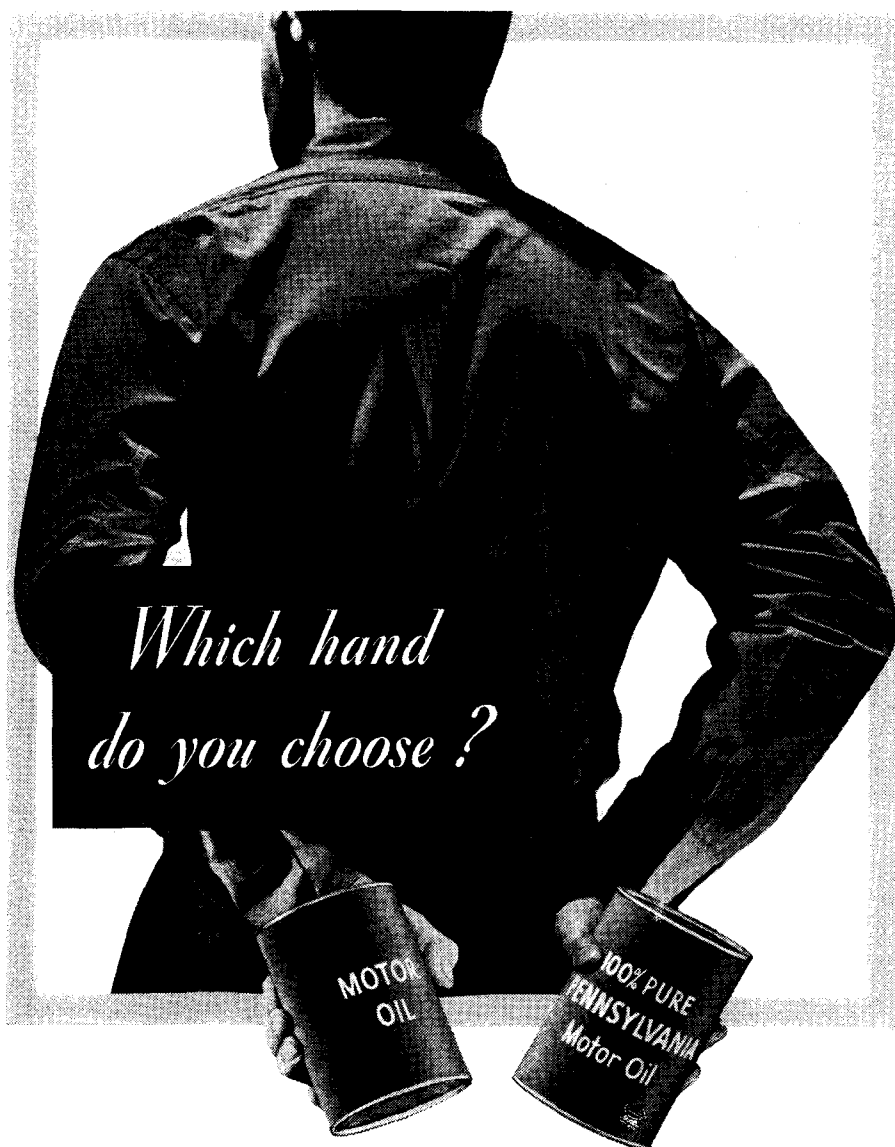


"Okay, Sam, if you're satisfied with the chorus, I'll get a man to write the play"

LEONARD DOVE

Trail Town

Continued from page 32



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thoughtful shine. He watched the puncher's mouth grow broad and he saw the little dilation around the nostrils of this man's nose. He came on, not stopping until the puncher took a backward step, and then the puncher's eyes went down and the trouble was over. Mitchell said, "All right, Lou," and watched Lou Wells slowly drop his chin as a signal to the barkeeps. They went along the walls, killing the lights. Mitchell turned on his heels, the clack of his boots sounding as loud to him as though he were in an empty room.

This night was hot and sweat collected inside his hat and rolled back and forth, trapped by the hatband. He came to Ute and stepped into Ute's dust, with the Cowboy Palace in front of him. Half across Ute he stopped and pivoted to face the darkness of Ute as it ran its narrow way toward Railroad.

"Evening, Bill."

There was the vague point of a cigar standing against the black, and the point suddenly brightened and a shadow moved out of the alley's dark. Bexar's face was a dim blur and his voice came at Mitchell with a singsong tone: "Good eyes, friend. How'd you see me?"

"It is a likely place to stand. Other boys have stood there before."

"The town's getting dark, friend."

"It will be darker."

"Then," said Bill Bexar, "all alleys will be black when you pass them."

"Bill," said Mitchell, as smooth and idle as the other man, "don't try to interfere."

"Your town, so far," answered Bill Bexar.

Mitchell stepped into the Cowboy Palace. He said, "Close your doors, Jack," and moved on. He left this message at the Barfly, crossed Briar and paid his respects to Gilson's Rest and Hugh Olvany's Oasis. At the foot of Race he turned about and viewed his work. Except for the lone lantern swinging in Horsfall's barn, the lights on the north side of Race were out; and along that walk Texas men stood idle, watching this town die and waiting for the crack of a gun. Noise began to rise in The Pride and some chair or table smashed the floor and a voice lifted its lunging yell: "Yaaaaiiii!"

Ad Morfitt came out of Briar's south alley and stopped, sweeping the street with a careful glance; he saw Mitchell and came down the street at once. He said: "Watch The Pride. Don't go in the front end. Keep clear of Ute. Something's goin' on there." He moved on, diving into the space between Horsfall's barn and the Oasis. As Mitchell started up the south walk of Race Street he heard shots break close together somewhere in Bismarck Alley.

HAVING seen Mitchell start into the Arcade, Tom Leathers crossed Race to the south side and took post at the mouth of Briar, thereby constituting himself a flank guard for Mitchell. This was only a matter of fifty feet from the courthouse steps where Chappie Brink sat and in a little while Chappie Brink came over to him. "Hell with you, Leathers. This is my corner. Go pick yourself another spot." Then he added: "Watch the big fellow, Tom. It is gettin' awful bad."

Leathers slid down Briar to Bismarck Alley and took stand in the pit of black. He faced the solid side of Brinton's stable, with Brinton's compound to his left and with Big Annie's house still farther to the left. Light came through the drawn shade of Big Annie's front room but this was only a pallid spot of

color shedding no glow on the alley. He tarried a while to survey the night for sound and substance and, being dissatisfied, turned up Bismarck to Willow and discovered a group of men huddled beyond Brinton's. He went that way at once.

"What the hell you standing here for?"

A man's voice moved back at him: "Go about your business. We'll take care of ours."

"Ah," said Tom Leathers, really pleased at the prospect of a quarrel, "you're speakin' to the wrong customer." He hauled out a match and flamed it against his thumbnail. He had his view of the collected men and found them to be homesteaders, with Henry Dreiser foremost. The light went out, to be followed by Leathers' smooth advice: "I admire your intentions, which are full of mayhem, arson and general hell. But you don't know much about this kind of game. Race Street is crowded with experts in the matter of trouble. Better go home and milk your cows."

"Never mind," said one of the homesteaders.

"IT WAS just advice," murmured Leathers. "I guess you're bound to have your fun. But leave the marshal alone or I'll invigorate the bunch of you." He went back into Bismarck and reached Big Annie's. Beyond Big Annie's was an open lot and across the alley from the open lot stood the rear of The Pride. From The Pride he heard the rising roll and clack of talk. He remained in this blackness and debated with himself as to the best course to pursue; and caught the smell of a horse somewhere near. He made a slow pivot, seeking to orient this smell. Brinton's was a hundred yards above him and therefore its odors would be diluted by the distance. Swinging gradually, he thought he had a clear compass bearing on the horse. It seemed to be to the left of Big Annie's, in the adjoining empty lot.

This was the sort of a guessing game he loved. He moved by Big Annie's and reached the front of the empty lot and crouched on his hands, making out nothing with his eyes. But the horse smell was strong enough here and presently he heard the slow shift of weight in the lot and the jingle of a bridle chain.

He backed away from the lot and crawled along the front of Big Annie's house. He put his shoulder against the house, now possessed by the keen joy of a predator come upon a hot scent. He listened but was no longer able to pick up a sound from the lot because of the rising racket in The Pride. He studied this thing in his mind, he put thumb and forefinger against his nose and gently pinched it, and turned to Big Annie's door. He slipped into the house and found Big Annie standing in the middle of her living room.

She had a worried question ready for him: "What's happening on Race? Where's Dan?"

Leathers pointed to the window at the side of the room. "Count thirty, slow. Then raise that blind."

He backed out, closing the door gently. He crawled along the wall's edge to the open lot. In this position the edge of the wall blanked his right arm, which was his gun arm, and so he stepped farther into the lot and lifted his .44 from its holster. He had reached twenty-five in his own silent counting when Big Annie's blind went up and a full beam of yellow light struck across the back lot to illumine a horse standing in the lot's middle and to identify



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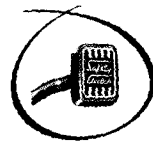
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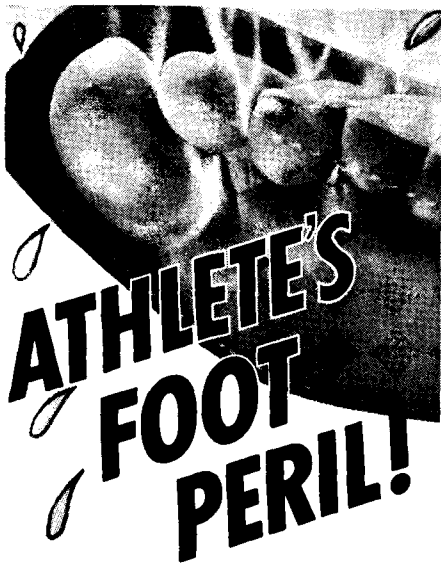


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the figure of Jett Younger by the horse. "Well," said Leathers, easy as summer's wind, "you're alone and in bad company."

Younger sprang away from the horse. He put up a hand to ward off the window light. He said in a powerful voice: "Who's that?" He tried to catch sight of Leathers who still stood in the darkness. He repeated the question: "Who's that?" Then he ducked low and went under the horse's belly, putting himself behind it, and backed slowly out of the light. Leathers said, as though it were wholly a matter of indifference, "Always like to give a fellow an even break," and walked straight on into the lot. He moved sideways. When he reached the beam of light he called, "Here I come, Jett," and ran hard forward. Jett was still backtracking, and faded now into the darkness. Jett saw Leathers; he grunted Leathers' name. Leathers brought up his gun and found his target dissolving. He rushed on into the black, with the sudden full riot of a battle coming out of The Pride behind him. He weaved aside. He said, "Where you at now?" and jumped aside again.

SUDDENLY another shade in Big Annie's house—a shade on the second floor—flew up and the back end of the lot came into view. He saw Jett clearly. Jett was waiting for a shot as he was. Firing, he saw Jett's gun make its flash, but Jett's bullet went toward the sky and Jett's feet, catching wire, snagged and threw him. He was on his knees when he fired again. Tom Leathers put a shot straight into that weaving figure and saw the bullet beat Jett down. When he ran forward and bent over, curious but without pity, he saw Jett's lips move, and quit moving. A girl in Big Annie's looked from the second-story window and screamed. The back door of The Pride came open, letting out the full blast of a fight going on in there; and at the same time men ran down Bismarck Alley and a voice yelled at them: "Come on—come on!"

Leathers came from the lot into the alley. He yelled, "Annie—open your door!" He stood in the middle of the alley, hearing the homesteaders pound forward. Big Annie's door swung and light flushed through and Leathers, standing in the fan-shaped glow, watched the homesteaders move up and halt. Henry Dreiser was in front and Henry pointed at Tom Leathers' gun and said: "What you propose to do with that?" "Why," said Leathers, and looked at Henry with his thin, sharp grin, "it is a voice cryin' in the wilderness, son. In the wilderness of sin."

"Put it down," said Henry Dreiser. "Put it down or we'll knock you out."

"Boys," said Tom Leathers, "I'd judge you wanted a little fun. There's a man out on Race in some difficulty—a friend of mine by name of Mitchell, the marshal of this town. I expect he'll be coming into The Pride pretty soon, and maybe the Texas crowd won't like that. They don't like him much." He kept smiling but he was sharp and quick and he was dangerous. "Just follow me," he said, and moved to the rear of The Pride. One door stood open, out of which some unknown man had recently fled. Leathers came against the door and looked through it and through a rear room. Beyond the rear room was a bright view of The Pride's saloon hall in which Texas men moved and made their wreckage. Glass smashed and the big bar went over with a long, slow roar. Above all this racket cried one strong voice:

"Bust it up—bust it up to kindlin'! Where's that marshal? Why don't he come in here and stop us? Bust it up. Then we'll go drag that fellow out of his hole!"

"For a minute," murmured Leathers to the homesteaders behind him, "we'll

stand and watch. Couldn't do it better myself!"

He surveyed the homesteaders, seeing their dark faces move and their stirred eyes shine; the wrecking of The Pride pleased them, it was something they approved. What made him marvel was that these quiet men, men of families, men whose lives had been slow and peaceful, should suddenly turn quietly savage. Back of them, in Big Annie's open doorway, he saw Rita looking on and then Henry Dreiser turned about and walked through the crowd to her.

"Lila," said Henry Dreiser, "go back in the house."

"My name is Rita. I told you that." "I wish you wouldn't remind me of it any more. Get back in the house before trouble starts."

"Trouble," she breathed. "You think I worry about trouble?"

"You want to get hurt?"

To Tom Leathers, who had watched her many a night, she usually made a small, helpless presence against a world too big for her. Yet now she looked at Henry Dreiser in a way that made the big homestead man seem immature. "Henry," she said, "don't talk about things you know nothing of. What do you know of trouble or hurt?"

He said: "I'm coming back here and I'm going to tear this dirty house down."

"I guess you could," she told him indifferently. "It wouldn't take much to do and we couldn't fight back, could we? We learn that the first thing. We just keep out of sight and move on when we're told to. Tear it down, Henry. We'll all be going soon enough."

"Where?" he asked. "Where would you be going?"

"Anywhere. That doesn't matter, does it?"

"I have been thinking," said Henry, and seemed to call on righteousness for support. "Maybe I've got a duty to do. I'm going to take you out of this place. Some day maybe we can forget about it."

She watched him with her wise, still eyes and spoke very gently: "That would be very hard for you to do, wouldn't it?"

"Yes," he admitted, "it will be hard. But I guess that's what I've got to do. Everybody's got to bear a burden. Maybe this is ours." He drew his vast breath and made the plunge. "I will take you back, Lila."

"Why," said Leathers, "you fool."

LEATHERS had drifted through the crowd during this talk. He had not missed a word of it. And he was really outraged by Henry Dreiser's self-conscious martyrdom. "You damn' young greenhorn. Stand there and talk like that. You ain't takin' her back. She's takin' you back. And if I was her, I wouldn't."

Rita brought up her head. "Why?" she asked Leathers. "Why shouldn't I?"

"He's doin' his duty and he'll let you know that for the next forty years. He'll make you cry."

"I can stand crying—if that were the only thing."

"You don't have to cry. There's nothin' to cry for." He had put Henry Dreiser aside. He watched Rita and he was tremendously sober. "I made you smile, the other night. That's what you want—a man that can make you smile."

A tone of wonder lifted her voice: "I never knew what you meant when you looked at me so sharp. I thought it was something else, Tom."

The noise in The Pride grew greater and that one bully voice kept calling for destruction. Bismarck Alley's dust spiraled and smoked in the beam of light passing out of Annie's door and Leathers saw Rita through its gold-stained haze. She held his attention, she read his face with her great, searching eyes and pres-



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ently she straightened before him, in a way presenting herself to him, and he saw her woman's sureness come out of its dark place of hiding. She turned to Henry Dreiser and spoke with a woman's kind regret: "It is too bad, Henry. I hope you find a girl you won't ever have to worry about."

Leathers laughed openly at the crowd. He said, "Maybe you can smile," and watched her smile for him. "You see," he said, "that's the way it always ought to be." He moved back through the homesteaders to The Pride's rear door, still laughing for the great goodness he felt, and he said to the homesteaders, "Now here's our raw meat," and entered The Pride.

He crossed a rear room and reached the main hall. The homesteaders came with him and the Texans, seeing this new intrusion, moved forward. Leathers grinned and he let out his wolf howl and made for the nearest Texan with pure joy in his heart. The Texan seized a bottle from the floor and brought it overhead in a sweeping motion. Leathers hit him full on, grappled for the bottle and got it. He seized the puncher around the waist and butted him on the chin. He stepped away and caught the puncher on the face with a roundhouse swing and sent the man down. The homesteaders had joined the battle, slugging forward with their meaty arms. Leathers surveyed this scene and emitted a long yell, "Aaiiii!" A Texan moved at him and Leathers said, "Right with you, brother," and advanced to battle.

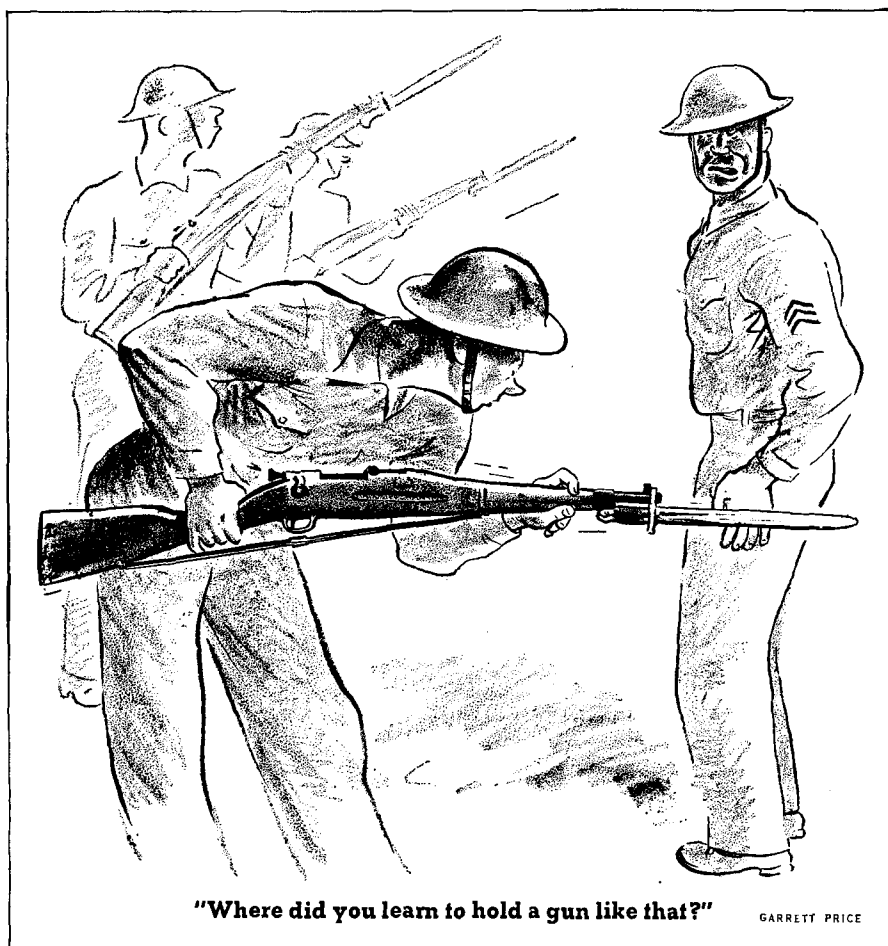
CHARLEY FAIR stood at the end of the bar as Cap Ryker entered The Pride with his trail crew. He walked across the floor, knowing trouble was at hand, and said in his affable voice: "On the house, Cap. Glad to see you back." Cap Ryker was a giant whose anger had been long nursed. He put the flat of his hand against Charley Fair and shoved him aside and he waved his crew forward. "Bust it up—bust it up!" Charley Fair turned about and nodded at his barmen. They moved out from the bar, catching up short billy sticks as they came. Charley Fair said: "Pass me one of those." He took his stand with them. He had but one good hand but

he swung his billy like an overhand scythe, backed against the bar and giving no ground. The barmen made a little line in the room, against which Cap Ryker's men moved. Somebody got behind Charley Fair and caught him around the throat. Slowly strangling, he beat backward with his billy, and had it wrenched from his hand and then the billy exploded like dynamite on his skull and he went down.

Stunned, he crawled forward. He got against the capsized bar and crawled over it. A Texan knocked out by a billy's blow fell on top of him. He worked his way from beneath the man, cleared the crowd and stood erect to survey the ruin around him—the back-bar mirror shattered on the floor, the splintered chairs and tables, the broken roulette wheel, the colored windowpanes knocked to pieces. The fight bitterly continued. He had hired his housemen with care and now he saw that they were tough enough to make a stand. He grabbed the edge of his office doorway for support and clapped a hand to the steady drip of blood on his cheek. This saloon was his life and its destruction dredged up all of his powerful anger and he lowered his head and was on the point of charging the trail bunch again when the homesteaders, led by Tom Leathers, came through the back door. Realizing the further destruction at hand, Charley Fair left The Pride by the side door.

He left it too soon to catch the scene in front of the saloon. At the first intrusion of Cap Ryker and his Texans, Hazelhurst calmly said to the players at his table, "Game's closed," and paid off. He sat by the table for a moment, still and cold while destruction whirled a closer circle around him. The bar fell and chairs began to sail through the room. Hazelhurst at last left his table, taking his time about it, and moved toward a corner.

When he got to the wall he put his back to it and took a watchful stand, a figure of unmoved, nerveless reserve. He saw the homesteaders come in with Leathers and he watched Charley Fair drop and roll on the floor. None of this stirred him. Actually one part of his mind went away from the saloon, so that



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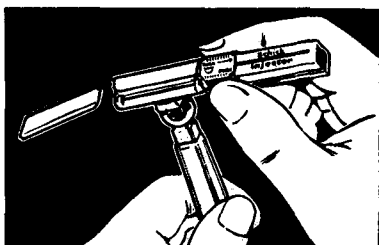
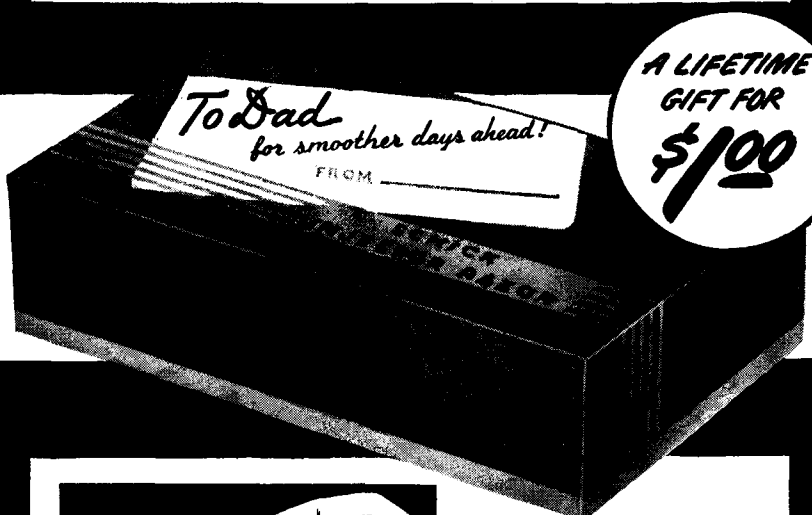
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in this fury he thought of Irma Gatewood and felt the warmth she offered him and darkly saw the unpleasant ending that would come to her if she ran away with him. In his own mind he was one cut above a scoundrel; behind the man's pale, proud gravity that self-knowledge lay, to scorch and burn when he saw how impossible salvation was for him. There was no hell so deep as the hell a man made for himself.

He watched Charley Fair go through the back door and to him it was somehow a release of his own obligation to stay. He turned from the corner toward the nearest front door—and was blocked by a Texan.

"I remember you," said the Texan. "You shot Billy Blades."

"Move aside, friend," Hazelhurst said. "I'm going out."

"Try it," said the Texan. Hazelhurst looked at the Texan, long and incuriously. "It would be nice if a man knew what lay beyond, wouldn't it? Is it a sleep with never a waking? Is it the literal hell we fear? Or is it a better world where a man makes his fresh start? I would like to think that. Sinners would make the best citizens of a better world. They know so much of the fruits of sin. Step aside, please. I'm going out that door."

"You can try," said the Texan. "Why, yes," said Hazelhurst, "I can try. A man runs away but he always comes right back to the thing he ran from. And here I am. I wish I could tell one person that. Maybe—" He said no more. He shrugged his shoulders, conveying every futile and useless and bitter feeling in him by that single gesture, and reached into his pocket for the small gun he carried. The Texan at once drew and fired. Hazelhurst stepped back; the slamming bullet pushed him back. He put his shoulders against the wall and he stared at the Texan, with neither malice nor regret, and fell dead to the floor.

Charley Fair meanwhile walked down the side of his saloon to Race and met Mitchell by the Dream dance hall.

He faced Mitchell. He looked at Mitchell with his hard, straight stare. He said: "That's my place being busted to hell. You're the marshal here. Why don't you stop it? That's my place."

"The town's closed," said Mitchell.

"It is closed until Gabriel's trumpet sounds again. Your place is no good to you."

"Say!" said Charley Fair. "There's a ten-thousand-dollar riot in there and you stand idle! What are you for?"

"You're the man that wanted an open town," said Mitchell. "There's your open town. What are you crying about, Charley? The world's coming to an end for half of this town. You're no better than the rest."

"We will see," said Charley Fair, and moved over the dust to Race's north walk. For a moment Mitchell watched him tramp along the dark fronts of Gilson's and the Cowboy Palace. After that he lost interest. The fight in The Pride began to spill out to the street and other Texans scattered along Race now began to drift and run forward and the quick war cry of the trail lifted and passed along.

"Hey—Circle Bar!"

"Johnny—Johnny Jones!"

THEY crossed Race like a Confederate skirmish line and piled up in front of The Pride. They broke from that pile-up and ran down Race at the other saloons still lighted. Mitchell saw Ad Morfitt by the edge of the Arcade, aloof and waiting for the night to grow worse. So far there had been no gunfire on Race. Mitchell went into the Dream and found this place drained except for a few girls and a few last-ditch dancers. He said, "Close out," and heard the music fade. This was the way a street died, in last, ragged notes and the crash of poker tables and the sharp, pleased howling of men racing through the dust. This was the night he had known would come. He turned out.

The doors of the Dream were set back from the walk, so that there was a small bay between them and the street; and now, as the lights in the dance hall began to fade, this bay grew dark. He had crossed it and was on the street when a pair of Texans ran in at him in full cry. They clipped him on the shoulders and threw him back into the bay. He flung up his hands, turning aside and letting himself slam against a wall. These two were hard-breathing in the dark and one of them yelled: "Johnny Jones—oh, Johnny Jones!"

They came at him again, reaching for

BUTCH

By Larry Reynolds



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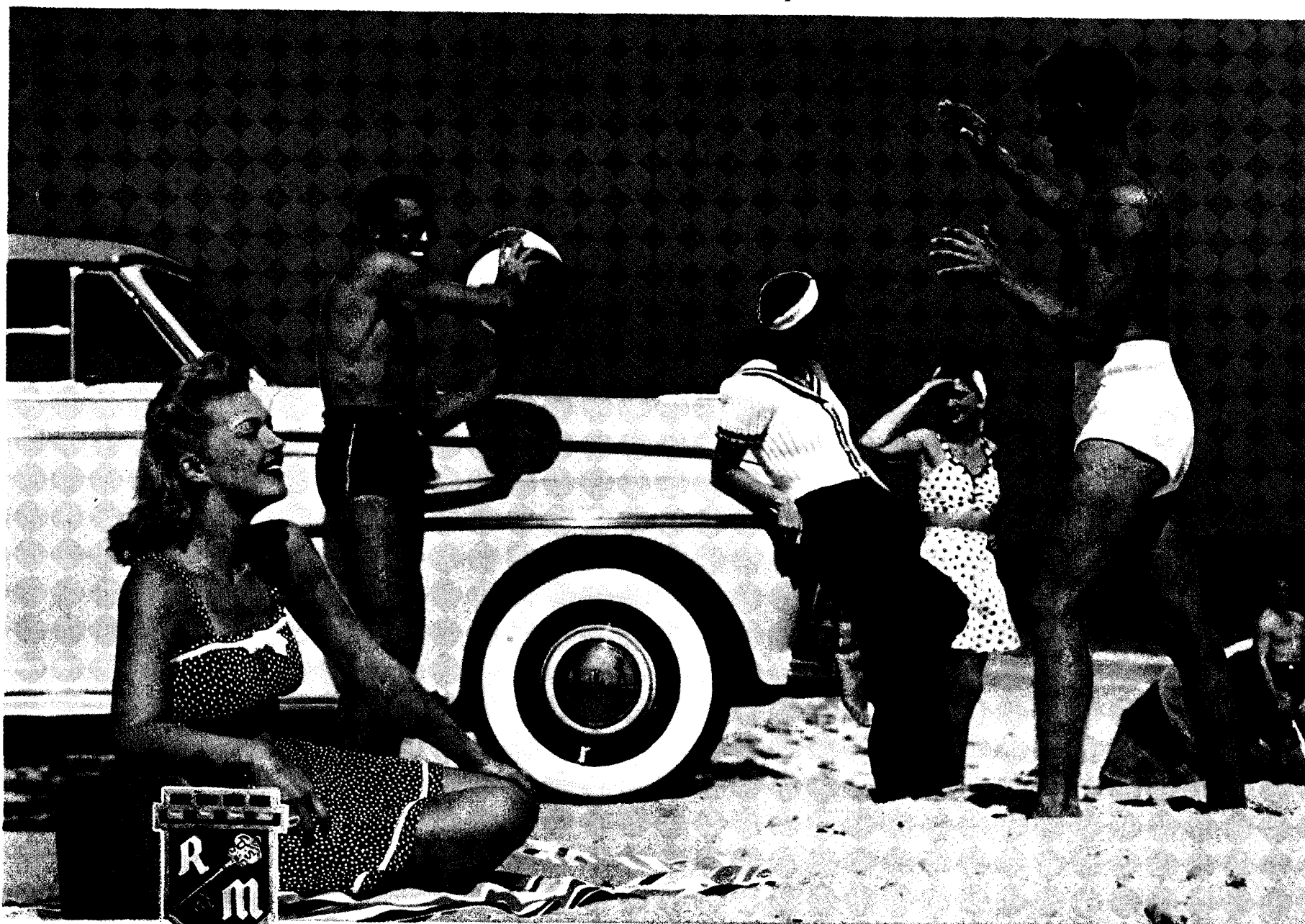
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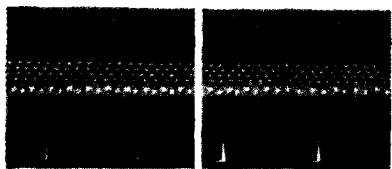


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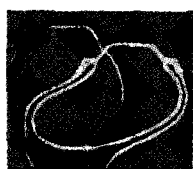
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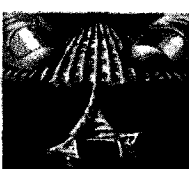
A

B

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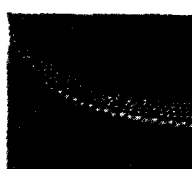


C

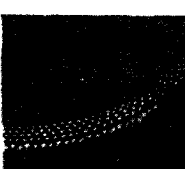


D

THEY GET BLOWOUT PROTECTION! On a curve at high speed (C) outside tires may carry *double* their normal load, throwing terrific strain on the cord body. Safety Bonding (D) saturates each cord in pure latex before plies are cushioned in heat-resisting rubber, doubly protecting against blowouts due to heat, impact or speed.



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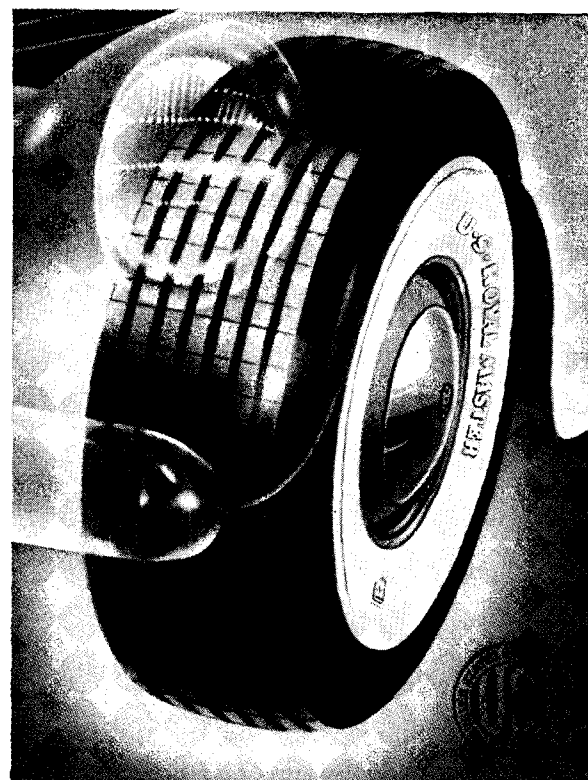
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him with their hands. "The big fellow himself," one of them rasped. "The old man of the mountain!" Mitchell took a beating on the face before he got away from the wall. He saw them as shadows and he bowed his shoulders and plugged ahead. He caught one of them in the chest and drove that one back. Then the crowd whirled in and trapped him. Mitchell reached for his gun. He said: "Watch out—back up." He laid the barrel over the head of the nearest man. He dropped that man and slashed out before him, catching faces with the barrel's length. He said: "Back up. Damn you! I'm through fooling."

He thought he said it in an easy voice. But it was a malign cry in the black. He had turned careless as he always did in the heart of a fight. He had forgotten everything and wildness closed in on him so that he crashed straight into the crowd, using the barrel of the gun. He crashed into it and stepped away and watched the ranks break and shift. He bucked ahead again, but now the Texans gave before him and he was out in the street, with the lights of Naab's Shooting Gallery shining on him. He had lost his hat and his hair lay low on his forehead. Fury smoked out of him; his mouth was long and pulled back from his teeth. He pointed the gun at the crowd and said, "Get out of town!"

There was a little rider, turned mad by the fight, standing stiffly in front of him, a little man with one hand swinging back and forth against the butt of his gun, provocative and suggesting, with a yellow burning light in his eyes. Mitchell yelled, "Look out behind you, friend," and when the man turned his head, Mitchell dropped him with a sweep of the gun butt. This was the cruelty he never knew he had; and it broke the heart of the crowd. It turned these surrounding men still, until he raged at them again with his talk: "Get out of

town! Do you want to die in this place?"

He watched them shift. He moved out into the middle of the street. Ad Morfitt, who witnessed all this with an old man's tactical eye, suddenly came down Race and stopped by the Cowboy Palace to cover Mitchell's rear. Mitchell had forgotten there were other trail men drifting behind him, or he didn't care. Ad Morfitt saw this and moved to the edge of the dust. He said nothing, not wanting to break into Mitchell's attention, but he raised his arm and stabbed a finger at the trail men and stopped them still with that gesture.

In front of The Pride one man yelled again, "Hey, Circle Bar!" Texans spilled from the saloon and a gun's explosion jarred all the boards of the street's flimsy buildings. The Texans milled into the street and Tom Leathers ran out and the homesteaders knifed through all the various doors of the place. Tom Leathers lifted a long shout, "Haii," and stopped, bitterly smiling. Looking at him, Mitchell saw that his face was scarred and that his black hair was soaked with blood. This was all he saw, for at that instant a shape moved into the edge of his vision and he turned and now watched Bill Bexar come from Ute and enter Race, his boots boiling up the agitated dust and his body swinging easy and soft. He had his shoulders bent forward. He had waited back, he had bided his time—and now he prowled and looked for a kill, and would spot his target and let go in one terrible moment, greedy and merciless and hungry for fame.

"Bexar," called Mitchell.

Bexar, still walking down the street, steadily stared at Mitchell, head thrown half around. In the middle of Race he seemed to tire of this strained attitude and swung his head to the front and put

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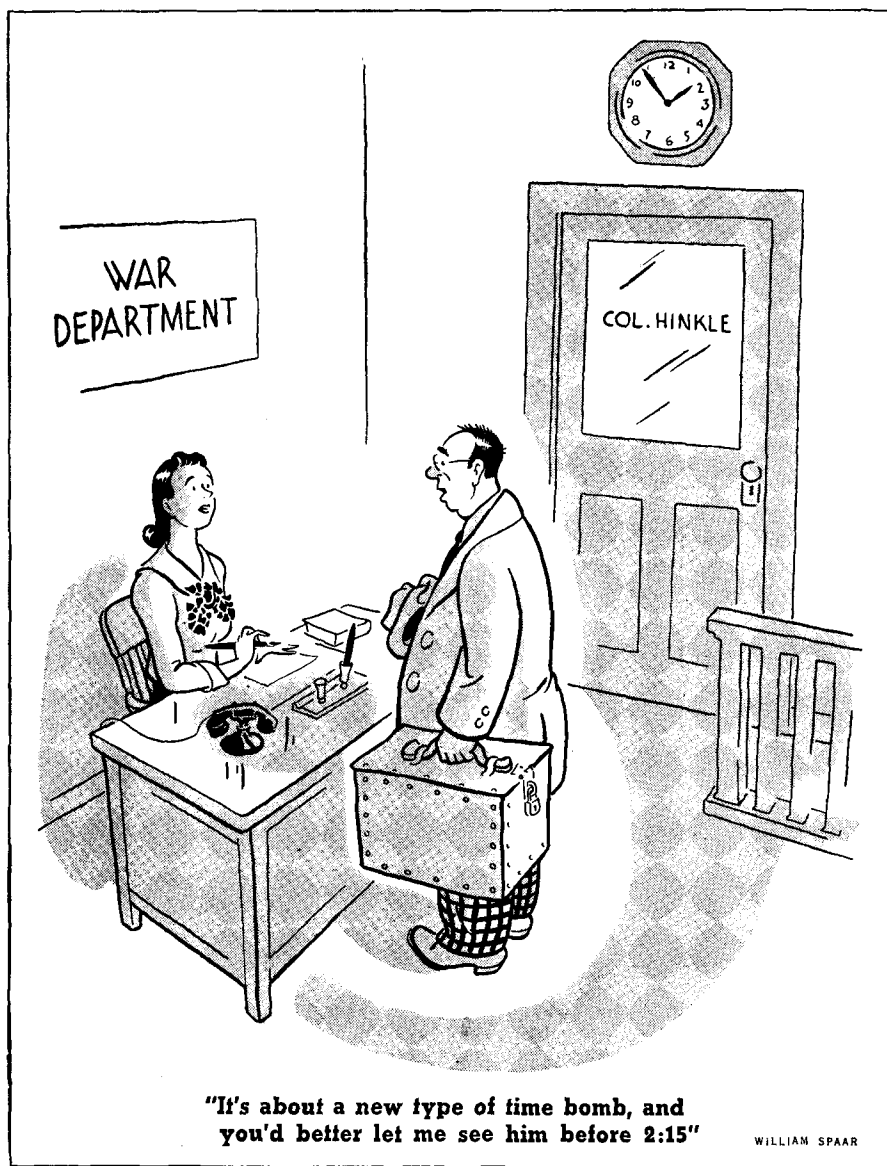
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his eyes on the crowd by The Pride. But he took only two short steps and whirled like a cat and clapped his palms against his holsters with force enough to make a strong echo in the night. Mitchell saw his legs twist, his elbows crook, his body bend. Somewhere, far away, he heard Sherry Gault's voice calling. He had his own gun hanging in his arm, a thing Bexar must have observed and considered and discounted, being that thoroughly certain of his own skill. Mitchell saw nothing but Bexar. He saw no other thing or person or shape on the street and he made his snap shot and heard Bexar's both guns pour their broad hollow marks at him and felt the wind of a bullet's passage beside his face. Bexar's mouth came wide open and his hat flew off and he bowed his yellow head at Mitchell and fell to the ground.

NOTHING followed the beat of firing.

The town was squeezed still, the crowd without voice. Mitchell turned to the hitch racks by Naab's Shooting Gallery and took the first horse at hand. He climbed to the saddle and moved to the street's middle. From this position he looked down on them, sure and solid before them. He was the center of this town, he was its voice and its law. He was exposed, he was a fair target for them—but because he was a fair target he had them in his hand.

"All right," he said, "the fun is over. Just chalk up Race Street as a place that you used to stop at on the trail but a place that's dead. It died tonight. And maybe a lot of things died tonight."

He saw them shift. They were going toward their horses, they were moving out, kicking up Race Street's dust for the last time. Ad Morfitt remained by Naab's, watching them carefully and not sure yet that trouble was over, watching them with an old man's pessimism. Tom Leathers was under the gallery of The Pride and Leathers grinned with an easy, spent deviltry. What Mitchell remembered then was the sound of Sherry's voice calling to him and he turned the horse full about and saw her

standing in Webber's doorway, and everything he felt about her was a shock that passed through him and left its tunneled emptiness behind. He waved his hand at her and he smiled, giving her his salute as he had done before, wishing to be remembered this way and knowing he would never ride the street again. This night he was done. So he smiled, and dropped his hand; and at that moment he heard a cry and a scream and a shot, and a bullet tore its way through his right arm, high up.

Men's voices yelled full-out around him. Men ran back for the shelter of the walks. His horse reared high and came down and danced in the dust. He looked straight ahead, seeing nothing. He looked beside him into Ute's mouth and saw nothing. He swung the horse and struck in his spurs, knowing nothing better than to charge the unseen marksman who seemed to be somewhere on Willow. He saw Chappie Brink rise from the courthouse steps and lift his gun at a target on Willow, and then a second shot from that same hidden gun poured its white heat into his chest and the sap went out of him and he fell into Race's dust. He heard, afterward, the repeated racket of gunfire and a voice calling: "Green!" He braced himself on his hands and just before the crowd closed around him he saw Chappie Brink fire repeatedly at the target somewhere on Willow and then run forward to that spot. It was his voice that yelled: "Green! I got him—I got him!"

Mitchell slipped back to the dust. Leathers ran out and stooped down. Leathers said: "Dan! Where you hit?" Ad Morfitt tore savagely through the crowd. He said: "Pack him into The Pride." He saw Ad's face indistinctly. The sand ran out. There was no pain and no feeling except a lack of feeling creeping along his chest and this, he thought in the remote center of his head, was not a bad way to have it be; it didn't matter much.

MRS. GATEWOOD was in the house alone. There had been talk of trouble tonight and Gatewood, from some



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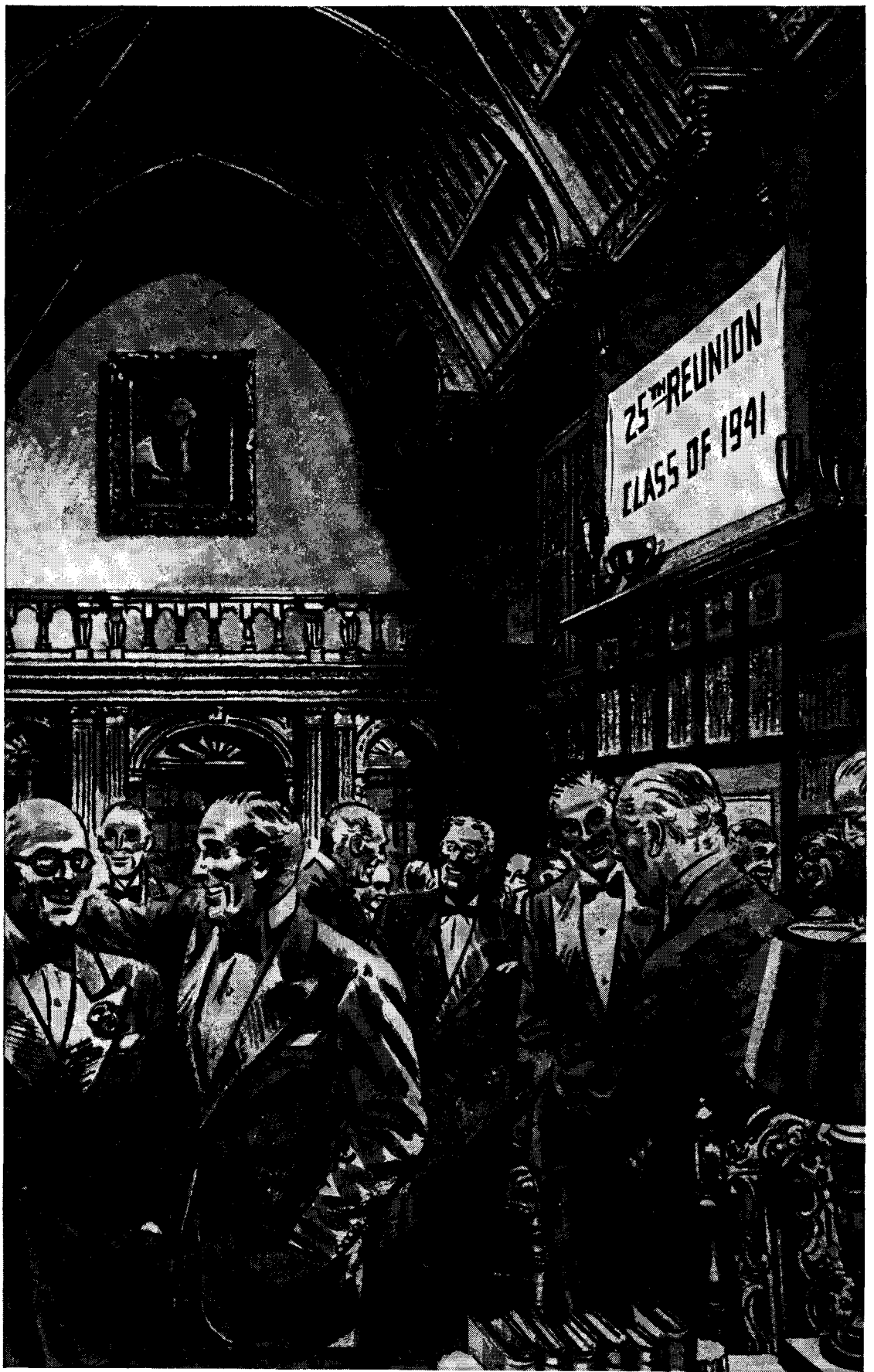
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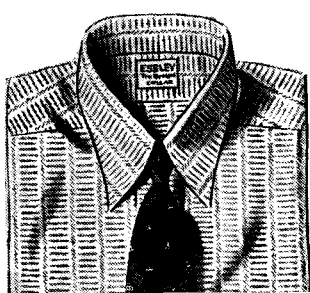


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ORIGINATORS **TRUBENIZED*** COLLAR

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

hidden and quiet prompting of citizenship, had gone over to Willow to see Balder. Now and then she heard the backlash of violence break over the store buildings and run in diminishing waves on Antelope. She listened to the report of a gun and she heard men running along the walk in front of the house. A little later Will came in.

He was graver than usual and he seemed stirred from something he had seen. She said: "Is there trouble?"

"Yes."

"Not Mitchell?" she asked.

He looked at her with an intensity not common to him, as though really searching her mind. "No," he said, "not Mitchell. Mitchell is on the street. But The Pride is being knocked to pieces by the Texans."

She said calmly: "Why doesn't someone help Mitchell?"

"Some of the men are on Willow, if he needs help. It takes a good deal of courage to step into Race right now."

"I suppose," she agreed. She was in a chair. She sat still, folding her hands together. She put pressure into her hands and she watched Gatewood until he moved behind her. He went on to the far side of the room and stood with his back to her. "Always some amount of tragedy," he said in his level voice. "George Hazelhurst was shot and killed in The Pride a moment ago."

He had turned from the wall as he spoke and his eyes were on her. She felt them. She sat motionless in the chair with her head lowered, squeezing her hands together to keep from crying and in one wild, crazed moment she had the thought that she was crushing her heart between her hands. She had no knowledge of breathing.

SHE heard herself say at last: "You're sure he's dead, Will?"

"Yes."

She remembered how he had seemed to her as he stood in the sunshine of Race, quite a tall man with the look of a malcontent angel cast from heaven, fastidious and cool, with enormous scorn in him, but most of the scorn turned upon himself. And she remembered his voice in the dark car. Once he had lost his indifference; once she had felt the sweep of emotion he had never meant to show.

Will said: "I'm not much of a help to you, am I?"

"I was wondering. You're rather fortunate. You read so much of philosophy that you're prepared for actual trouble. Perhaps people ought to do that. It might be something to lean on." Then she was suddenly aware of what he had said. He had meant something in his quiet way. He had turned again and had his back to her. From this attitude he said:

"It was Hazelhurst, wasn't it?"

"Yes, Will."

"Would you care to tell me how far it had gone?"

"It had gone nowhere. We only sat and talked. But I should tell you—we were to have left town tomorrow night."

He stared at the wall and she felt sorry for him because of the way this flat, unemotional talk would be knocking his world apart. He was far too repressed to show it, but she realized he was descending into his private agonies. She had not really known the quality of his self-control until he spoke to her. He might have been talking about the time of day. "I had not known it was that bad. As a matter of fact I thought nothing was really wrong. Perhaps I never looked at you. Man takes a woman largely for granted." He came about. "Was it Hazelhurst, really, or the things he seemed to stand for?"

"What could he stand for, Will?"

Gatewood motioned around the room. "Escape from a dull life."

DINA CASHMAN

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AUTHOR—THE
STORY OF A
GIRL WHO
FOUND THAT
PASSION IS A
PERILOUS AP-
PROACH TO LOVE.**

**BY KATHLEEN
NORRIS**

**BEGINNING IN
NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S**

"Not so much dull, Will, as not being very much wanted. It is a wonderful thing to be wanted."

He lowered his eyes. "Never have said much about that, have I?"

She said: "What do you want me to do? I can leave any time you wish."

He pulled up his head and spoke for himself in a different way: "I have one good quality, Irma. I do have some understanding. I don't want you to leave unless you've got to get away, Hazelhurst or no Hazelhurst."

"No," she said, and seemed to see the end of her dream. "I had my illusion and it made me very happy. I guess that's all. I didn't think it was wrong but it must have been wrong or else it would have continued."

"Did he encourage you?"

"Oh, never."

Gatewood said, "I must respect him," and drew a vast sigh. "Would you care to walk with me? Or would you rather walk alone?"

She got up. "I've been alone a good deal, Will. It might help if you stayed with me a little."

"It might," he agreed, and came to her. He took her arm and he tried to smile at her. They were out on the porch when he said from the bottom of his gentle and serious nature: "People don't change but things do. Perhaps we are not yet too far apart. At least I think we should try." They were on the walk, hearing a shot break out on Race. "I have not told you this," he said, "but I do love you."

Out of her heart, empty and needing sustenance, she cried: "Why haven't you said that before?"

"I know," he answered. "I know. Let us try, Irma. Let us try to be as we should. It is all we have."

DAN MITCHELL swayed gently as though on a swing and light got at his face and he saw the decorated ceiling of The Pride.

"Green?" he said. "I'm sorry about that. Is he dead?"

"Yes," said Morfitt, "he's dead. How you feeling? Doc Utten's coming. You feel bad?"

"I had him guessed wrong," said Mitchell. "I thought he'd come at me straight. I thought he would. Must have been a kink in him. Well, there's

a lot of dead things around here tonight. Where's Charley Fair?"

"I'd like to know," said Ad Morfitt. "I'd like to know. He put Bexar up to the draw."

"Never trust a man that covers his mouth with a mustache," said Mitchell, and closed his eyes. He felt hands on him and he heard Utten say: "The third bullet knocked him out."

"Only two," said Mitchell.

"Three," said Morfitt. "The third caught you while you was falling. Utten, don't take so damned long. Don't you know your business? Don't look that way. What you trying to find?"

"A hole," said Utten, brusquely. "The end of a hole. Shut up, Morfitt."

MITCHELL kept his eyes closed. He seemed to rise and drop back into softness and warmth, and there was a perfume coming to him; and the memory of it made him open his eyes to kill the illusion. But Sherry was with him. She sat on The Pride's rough, dusty floor and she had taken his head into her lap, into its curved and yielding warmth, into its comfort and its closeness. She looked down, her eyes turned black as ink.

"A matter of pity, Sherry?"

"No," she said. "There's only one thing I could give you—only one thing you'd ever be satisfied with."

"I had figured it wrong, then," he said. "I had figured I'd lost."

"You said it wasn't anything unless a woman could follow a man into the dust. This is the dust and now I'm in it. Your blood is on me, Dan." She held her voice even, for which he tremendously admired her. She would not cry before him. But her heart was in her words and her heart sounded to him as though it might be breaking. "Why didn't you quit when I asked you? Why wait until—"

He saw Rita standing in the crowd, Rita crying. He saw Tom Leathers turn and wipe her tears away with the point of a finger. "Why," said Mitchell, "how's this?"

"You can see," said Leathers. "You can see how it is."

"You've got luck," commented Mitchell. "Do better than I have done, will you, Tom? Here's Sherry. Look at her sitting in the dirt of this saloon, where she's never been before. I brought her here and she doesn't mind it. But I do." Then he turned his head on Sherry's lap, gently. "No more riding the middle of this street."

"No," said Utten, "not for you, Dan."

"Well," said Mitchell, "what I'd like is to hit for the hills."

"You'll be riding a lot of hills," said Utten.

"Utten," said Ad Morfitt in a drawn, tired voice, "what you talking about? You don't know. You don't—"

Mitchell opened his eyes. He gave Utten a profound glance, reading the doctor's face; and then he nodded a little. Sherry's eyes were blacker and blacker, her lips were the kind of lips a man needed. She was the softness and the endlessness for a man, the fire and the dark, cool depths. She looked at him, her face unbreakably set, and he knew she held it this way for him. He closed his eyes again, sinking deeper into the surfaces of this girl, catching a faint tag end of what glory could be for a man who wanted something and got it, and never quite had all of it.

Sherry's voice was swift and rising and ringing above him: "Utten!"

"A lot of hills," said Utten in a strange tone. "Not the kind with incense and pearl. Real ones, with rain in them and the smell of pines. It is all right, Sherry. You'll be riding with him, in a couple of weeks. That man survives Race Street."

He felt Sherry's lips come down, hot and firm on him; and everything was there. And with her face quite close to him, so that nobody else would see this, one tear fell on his cheek. She would never give this much to any other living soul. This, he knew, was her way of telling him he had all that she could give a man.

THE END



"Spoils the game, don't you think—his eliminating the element of chance?"

FRANK OWEN

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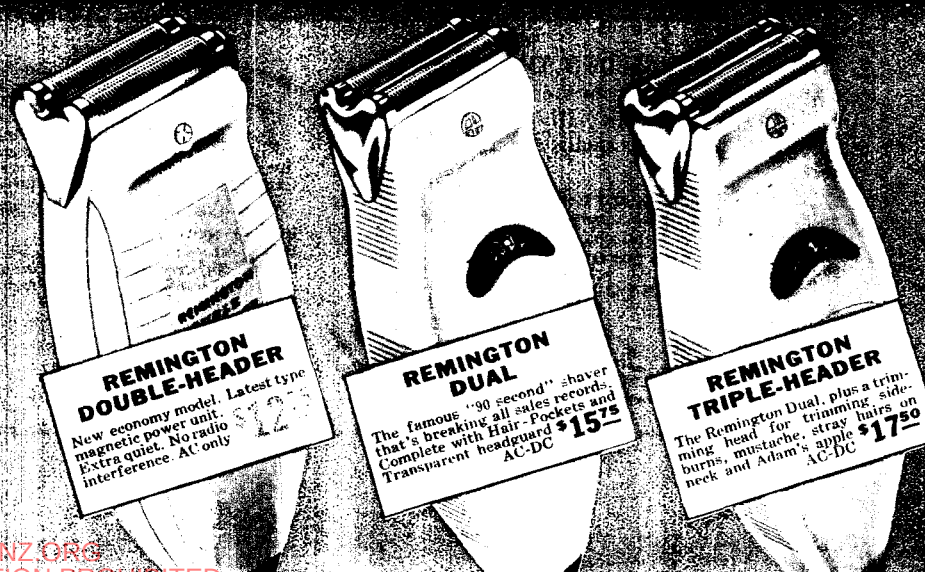
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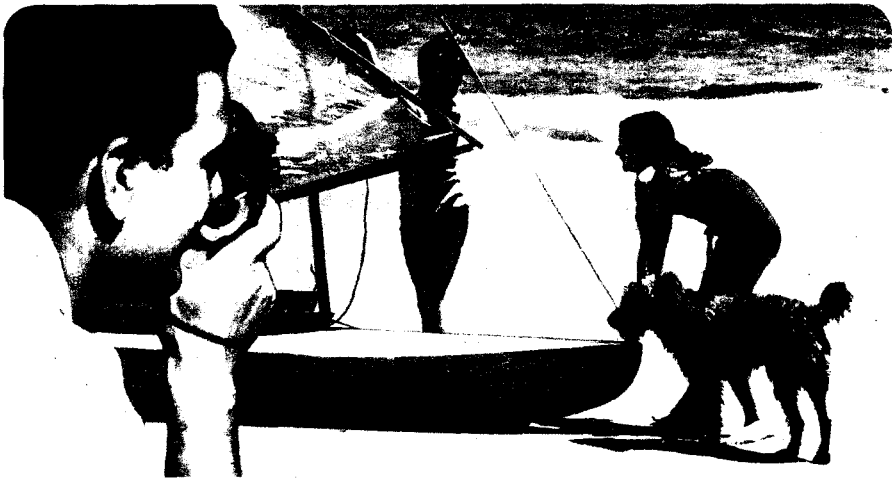
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*Mr. Haller's photography in "GONE WITH THE WIND" won him an Academy Award.

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Humble Healers

By Robert McCormick

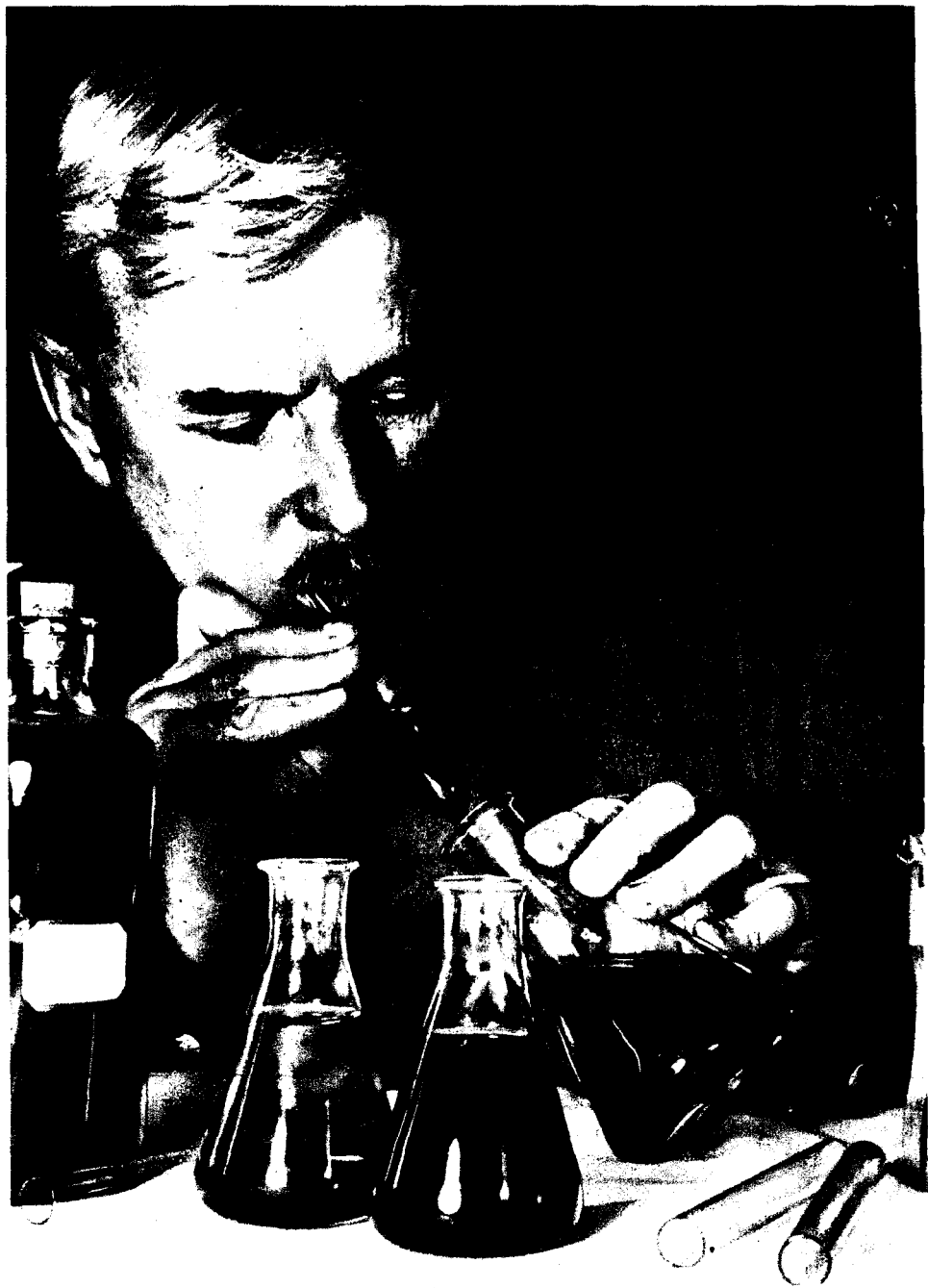
Medicine has taken a tip from the maggots.
The result is some new and promising drugs

THE business of giving worms shower baths seemed silly. The worms were kept in glass funnels on a laboratory table at the Agriculture Department's National Research Center near Washington. The funnels were half filled with smooth glass beads between which the tiny maggots could wriggle leisurely without getting squashed. Every few hours a white-clad scientist, cleansing himself as carefully as a surgeon preparing for a major operation, removed the gauze tops from the funnels and gently sprayed the worms with sterilized water.

A couple of years later a 24-year-old woman rounded out her third year in bed in a Washington hospital. Her right leg was useless, the bone eaten away by the dreaded osteomyelitis. Treatment was begun with a mysterious new drug called allantoin. Day after day the leg was washed with the solution, not with

any particular thought of cure, but simply to test the drug. The case itself was hopeless. But suddenly the lesions began to heal, and in six weeks the girl was fighting her way to the bargain counter of a Friday remnant sale.

These shower baths for worms were comic-strip stuff, but from them came allantoin and two other chemicals which promise to be among the miracle medicines of the decade. The chemicals themselves—allantoin, urea and ammonium bicarbonate—have long been known. Urea was the first organic substance produced synthetically. Friedrich Wöhler, the German scientist, did the trick in 1828, an epoch in the advancement of science. But otherwise the three substances were undistinguished. They were considered waste products of the alchemy by which living cells make food into fuel, valuable as little more than chemical curiosities.



Some uses have since been found for urea, but it took a world war and the maggot larvae of the common blowfly to reveal the almost magic healing properties of the three drugs.

The special job of the chemicals is healing stubborn wounds—ulcers, heat burns and, perhaps most important, the lesions of osteomyelitis, a disease that destroys bone. They do not cure the disease from which the wound may result. Apparently effective against diabetic ulcers, they cannot, of course, cure diabetes; while they seem to help patch up bones ravaged by osteomyelitis, they cannot cure the infection that brought on the osteomyelitis. But they can cure the lesions while another drug gets at the source.

Dr. William Robinson, an entomologist in the Agriculture Department, who has discovered most of what's known of the triplet healers, has high hopes for their value in wartime. Nonhealing wounds of one sort and another are inevitable among soldiers. Osteomyelitis frequently sets in after bones are smashed by bullets. Large-scale treatments with allantoin, urea or ammonium bicarbonate are feasible in field hospitals, Robinson feels, and should eliminate an appreciable quantity of misery. The precise efficacy of the drugs has not yet been determined. Much experimental work must yet be done, more carefully controlled than that in the past. But evidence enough exists now that Robinson has hold of something big.

The whole story begins on a battlefield. Dr. William S. Baer of Johns Hopkins was one of many doctors mak-

ing a hero of himself in France during the World War. Among hundreds of injured soldiers pouring into the hospitals were men who had lain for hours in open fields, helpless and untended. Their wounds were crusted with filth, and literally crawling with maggots. Their chances for survival were, according to all rules of surgical cleanliness, diminished sometimes to the vanishing point. Yet Baer observed that these same unfortunates were frequently—too frequently to be chance—the ones who recovered most rapidly. When their wounds were cleaned, Baer found fresh new tissue, pink and healthy, under the foul covering. He decided the worms were responsible.

Unpleasant But Helpful

Years later the surgeon had at Baltimore two children near death from osteomyelitis. As a last gamble, he tried putting maggots into the lesions. The children recovered. The use of maggots thereafter became a sensation, spreading to practically every spot on the globe where the blowfly, of the family Calliphoridae, could be persuaded to lay an egg. The Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine in the Agriculture Department was asked to work out methods of raising sterile maggots. About the time the bureau got started, the treatment lost favor. The maggots were hard to raise and handle, they remained cute little larvae only three days before hatching into large and noisy flies, the treatment itself was painful and repugnant.

So on behalf of the bureau, Dr. Robinson was brought in from the University of Chicago, where he had been studying surgical shock, to discover, if he could, why the maggots promoted healing. It was obvious to Robinson that the mere consumption of infected tissue wasn't the whole explanation, and equally obvious that the worms weren't just trying to be nice. The worms' help must, in other words, be accidental.

Robinson recalled that tissue from embryos—rabbits, guinea pigs and such—had when macerated been helpful in healing wounds. Allantoin was present in the embryos, and since it was a waste product, Robinson suspected he would also find it in the excreta of the maggots. By washing the worms, he collected enough of their waste matter for analysis—and there was allantoin.

In all medical history he could find only one reference to allantoin as a healing agent. Back in 1912 an Englishman named Macalister wrote a paper in which he said he used the drug—which he extracted from the plant comfrey, from which we get some of our cough medicines—for the treatment of chronic ulcers and it worked splendidly. His accomplishments had been thoroughly ignored.

Synthetic allantoin was available, having been made entirely for academic purposes for the biology professor to display in a neatly labeled jar. Robinson bought some, and a mild solution of the drug was used experimentally at the Gallinger Municipal Hospital at Washington, and at Mount Alto Hospital, the Veterans Administration Facility, also at Washington. The results were breathtaking. Treated with pads soaked in allantoin, some of the most reluctant wounds responded beautifully. Experimental work was extended to New York

(Continued on page 60)

Dr. William Robinson of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, whose work with surgical maggots resulted in the isolation of their healing principle and in new cures for infected wounds

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It's Not the Girl

By Corey Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

We don't know who won the argument but we know who lost, and it wasn't Ann Marie



I gave Ann Marie a violent push. She staggered backward three or four steps, and sat down heavily in the mud. "Dig in your heels," I shouted

WHAT I want to know: who gets the girl? Because when you make a wager, like between gentlemen, isn't that supposed to be all there is to it? When it's all agreed ahead of time, and all?

It isn't so much the girl, I tell Joe. It's the principle of the thing.

Not that I mean to belittle Ann Marie. Nobody can belittle Ann Marie. Ann Marie waits on the table here at the fishing lodge where we are staying. Ann Marie is the daughter of Mrs. Labbe, who runs the lodge and who, I am reasonably certain, would not dress over three hundred pounds. (Joe and I have a bet about that, too.)

Ann Marie takes after her mother in several ways, mostly sideways, but you overlook certain things when you have been away on a fishing trip for a couple of weeks without seeing anybody, and besides Ann Marie does not actually wobble like her mother yet, just sway, and she has nice legs and likes to dance and she is young and buxom and

really quite attractive, especially if her teeth met.

But it is more than a question of whether Joe takes Ann Marie to the dance in St. Pierre tonight, or I do. It is the principle involved, I tell Joe. Because I tell Joe the principle involved is sometimes more important than a wager itself, particularly if you have been arguing the principle back and forth as long as I have with Joe.

Mind you, I like Joe. I think a great deal of Joe. I have been fishing partners with Joe for a number of years, and there is only one thing about Joe. Joe is not strictly a dry-fly fisherman. I do not go so far as to say that Joe is a worm fisherman; but I do say that if a worm were to crawl up while Joe wasn't looking, and wrap itself around Joe's hook, Joe would not take it off. Joe simply hasn't got the proper attitude toward worms. "What's wrong with a worm?" Joe asks. "It seems to me the least you could do for a fish, before you knock it off, is to give it a square meal

instead of just a bunch of feathers."

I mention this only to show how important it is to get the whole thing settled once and for all.

"Look, Joe," I try to tell him, "the dry-fly fisherman is a sportsman. He sets himself certain standards. He lives up to the rules. It is not a matter of catching fish . . ."

"Then what's he fishing for?" asks Joe.

"LOOK, Joe," I begin again, "it's a matter of principle. A dry-fly fisherman uses only the most delicate tackle, the lightest leaders, the tiniest barbs. He spots a rising fish, and he casts his fly over it, and he works the fly very carefully so as to simulate the natural action of an insect on the water . . ."

"And in the meantime," says Joe, "the fish is taking a worm."

"Look, Joe," I tell him, "a dry fly under the right conditions is the most effective lure. . . ."

"Want to make a bet?" says Joe.

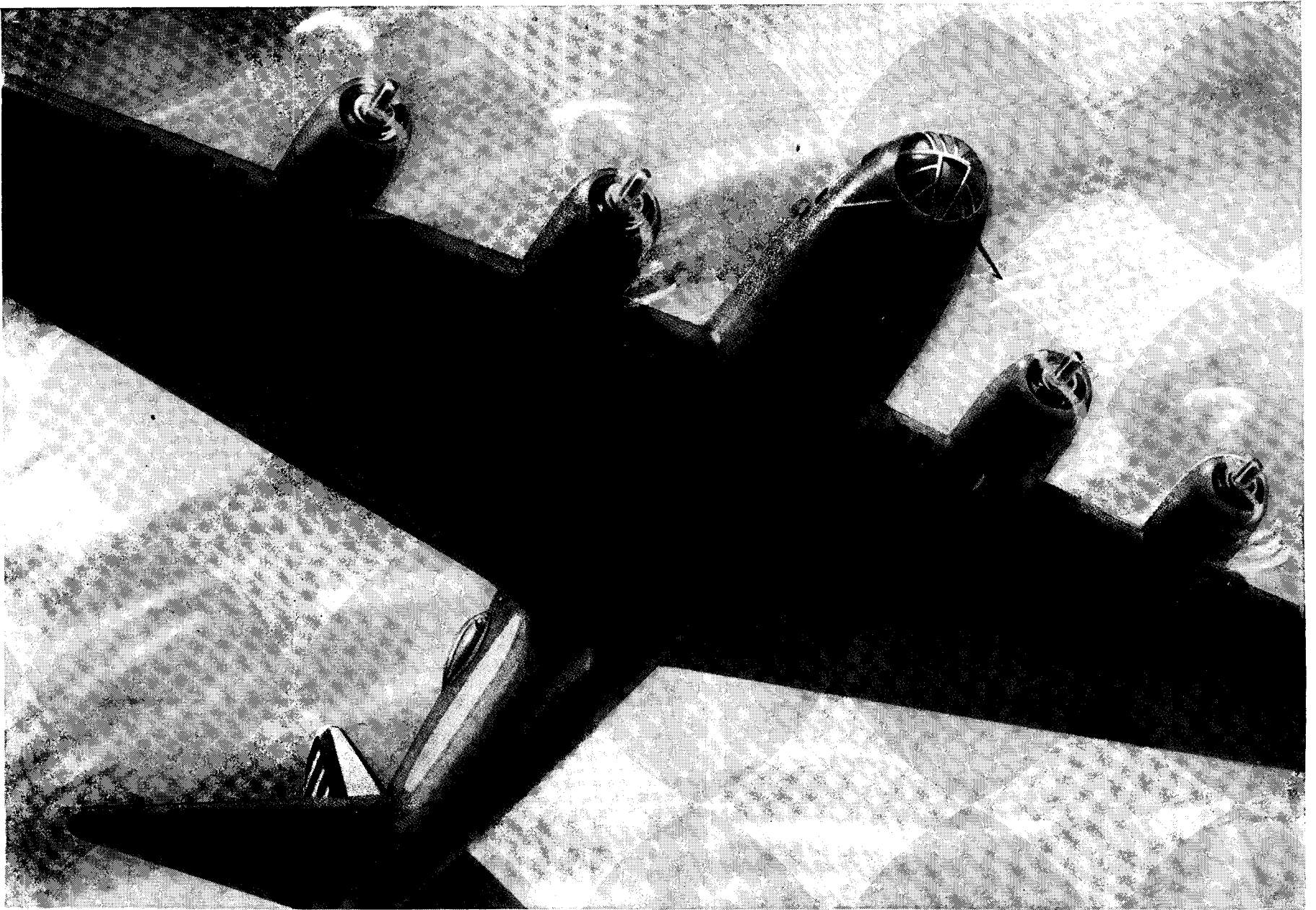
This has been going on for years; only, during the past couple of weeks, it has been going on worse than usual. During the past couple of weeks we have had a lot of rain. We have had almost nothing else but rain. The streams are over their banks, the water is roily and full of food washed down by the rain, and the fish are just lying on the bottom with their mouths open and their eyes shut. Naturally, you can't do business with a dry fly when the water is like that, I tell Joe. But you can't tell Joe.

"If a dry fly is the most effective lure," he asked me pointedly this morning, helping himself to another slice of fried trout from the platter before him, "why are you having scrambled eggs again for breakfast?"

"The conditions aren't right," I told him.

"Sure, I know," said Joe, "it's too hot, or it's too cold, or it's too bright, or it's too dark, or the water's too low, or the water's too high."

(Continued on page 61)



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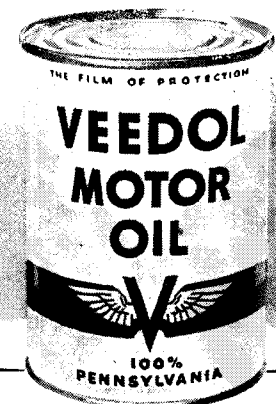
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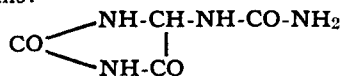
Humble Healers

Continued from page 57

and Pittsburgh hospitals and to hundreds of co-operating doctors, and still the drug healed with the dispatch of a fairy wand.

Allantoin is not an antiseptic. Its power lies in an ability to stimulate the growth of healthy tissue, which would seem to explain its function in embryos. A "cell proliferant," it's called in the trade. In osteomyelitis it peps up the osteoblasts, the cells which make bone, encouraging them to replace what's been eaten away. Why the drug can restore the bloom of health to sluggish cells isn't clear, but it has worked sufficiently well for five years to increase the sale of the chemical at a fantastic rate.

Robinson thought there might be more healing agents distributed by the maggots. To show how a scientist's mind works, he was intrigued by the chemical formula for allantoin, which goes like this:



The side chain, NH-CO-NH₂ was interesting, in Robinson's own words, because "upon hydrolysis through the addition of H from water it easily forms urea, NH₂-CO-NH₂. Urea is present in maggot excretions and was therefore considered as a possible healing substance."

Be that as it may, urea turned out to do everything allantoin would do, plus some. And while allantoin cost \$25 a pound, you can buy a hundred-pound sack of urea for \$4.75.

Still not satisfied, Robinson has recently discovered that another ingredient of maggot excreta, ammonium bicarbonate, is apparently as fine a healing agent as the other two, though not so soothing.

Urea to date is his favorite of the three. Its cheapness and the ease with which it can be handled—it goes into solution easily and keeps its potency indefinitely—should make it a particular blessing on the battlefield.

Robinson deprecates the unpleasant connotation of the word urea. True, it's used as a fertilizer and in the manufacture of plastics, which is why it's so cheap. But it is also found in all cells of the body, in all green plants including those vegetables we consider most wholesome, and even in mushrooms. It is made from three gases occurring in the air we breathe—nitrogen and hydrogen, which are combined to form ammonia, and carbon dioxide. Like allantoin and ammonium bicarbonate, it is a white crystal as clean and sparkly as a new fall of snow. Robinson points out that its name came from the fact that it was first discovered in urine. Less prudish people have since ancient times used urine itself for healing purposes, but the word itself has handicapped Robinson's pet drug. If only it had first been isolated in spinach, in which it appears in considerable quantity, the name and hence the public reception might have been far different.

Robinson, an eager, energetic young fellow of fifty, is still hunting more secrets of the maggot as a healer. As he tries each different ingredient of the excreta, he assigns it a letter instead of a name, so if it turns out well he can get a public patent. Thus he avoids the danger of a private individual's patenting it before it can be reserved for public use. Allantoin was "A", urea was "B", ammonium bicarbonate was "C". Robinson is now shipping out to hospitals and doctors jars labeled "K". Not even Robinson knows what more wonders he may uncover in his funnels of worms.



HENRY BOLTINOFF

It's Not the Girl

Continued from page 58

"Look, Joe," I began once more, "you know perfectly well you can't work a dry fly in the pouring rain..."

The kitchen door swung open, wide, and Ann Marie entered with a tray of coffee. "Mom says the rain has stopped," she announced cheerfully.

"Well?" Joe grinned at me.

"Look, Joe," I said, "you know perfectly well you can't do a thing when the fish aren't rising."

"Mom says the fish are rising," said Ann Marie, distributing the coffee. "She says she can see them from the kitchen window. She says you'd better hurry."

"Well?" said Joe again, grinning.

"Look, Joe," feebly, "you know perfectly well that unless conditions are right—"

"Mom says it's going to be a nice day," Ann Marie interrupted, reaching across the table for the sugar bowl. She had on a low-necked dress, and was really quite attractive, especially if she didn't have her hair in curl papers. "I'm glad," she added innocently, "because they're having a dance in town tonight."

"Well?" Joe persisted, grinning at me. I did not like his grin. "Want to make a little bet?"

"You're on," I retorted. "A dry fly takes a bigger fish than a worm."

We both looked at Ann Marie, and then I looked at Joe.

"And the winner," I told Joe, "takes Ann Marie..."

I BEGAN to be sorry about the bet, as soon as I saw the river. The water was still high, and impossible to wade. It rushed past us in a yellow flood. A dry fly didn't have a chance, I knew, but it was too late to back out now. Joe grinned. "Don't forget," he taunted, "it's the principle of the thing." He began to work his way out along a fallen hemlock that bobbed and rode the current, and I wandered alone downstream.

I began to be sorrier and sorrier about the bet, as the hours went by. My meager catch lay on the bank—a couple of withered little trout drying and curling in the afternoon sun. An occasional good fish was turning, far out in the middle of the stream, but there wasn't a prayer of getting out to them. I stuck a wading boot tentatively into the water, and the force of the current nearly knocked me off balance. I stepped back and surveyed the prospect hopelessly.

At the bottom of the long run, I saw a snag of dead branches and driftwood had caught on a protruding boulder some hundred feet from shore, deflecting the main current a little. The swift water swerved inshore, making a little eddy flecked with foam, before it straightened out again and raced headlong toward the boiling rapids at the foot of the run. You could see the white waves leaping, above the rim of the falls, and a fine spray drifted back toward me on the upstream breeze. The eddy was my only chance. I balanced on a rock and made a couple of casts.

"Are these all you got?" inquired a voice behind me.

I checked my cast, and turned. Ann Marie was regarding my fish with interest. She had on a tight black silk dress, and silk stockings and high-heeled pumps, and all in all she was very attractive.

"Hurry up and catch something," she shouted above the roar of the falls. "We got to start for the dance pretty soon."

"You better run upstream," I said resignedly, "and tell Joe..."

In the center of the eddy, beside a revolving patch of foam, I thought I saw a fin cut the water. I watched. There

was a tiny bump on the water, and a swirl. I stripped a couple of lengths of line from the reel, and gathered them in my left hand as I began to work the rod, feeding out more and more line until I could drop the fly over the exact spot where I had seen the rise. It drifted downstream a few feet, and drowned. I retrieved it with a flick of the rod, and lifted the rod and sent the line back and then forward again. The fly settled on the water just above the rise, floating down rapidly toward the spot. I began to strip in the slack line as fast as I could, to check the drag of the water.

I thought I heard a shrill shriek behind me, but I could not be sure, with the deafening boom of the falls in my ear. I turned my head, reeling in the drowned fly. I heard it again, unmistakable this time, and I saw Ann Marie scrambling down the bank toward me. "Quick!" She pointed toward the stream. "Joe..."

He was turning and twisting out in midstream, borne helplessly by the current. He still clutched his rod in his left hand, and beat the water feebly with his right. His head went under once, and came up again, and he yelled something; but of course I could not hear him above the thunder of the falls. He was being carried toward them fast.

I pointed desperately toward the snag in the middle of the stream; I don't know whether he saw me or not, but as he came abreast of it he just managed to grab a protruding branch. He swung around, got his free arm around a larger branch, and held on. The water raced past him; he lay stretched out full-length in the current, still clinging dazedly to his rod.

"What are we going to do?" moaned Ann Marie.

"Get a rope," I yelled.

"Rope?"

"A long rope," I said. "Long enough to reach out there."

"But... how are you going to get it to him?"

"I'll take care of that," I said. "Hurry up. That snag isn't going to hold."

Already a few smaller twigs had broken loose and were speeding downstream; the thing was breaking up fast. I stood on the rock, and made a few tentative casts in the air. I began to strip off more line, feeding it out through the guides as I lengthened my cast, forty feet, fifty, sixty. The rod dipped, straightened, dipped again with the weight of my line. It traveled forward, and back behind me, and then checked suddenly, as the fly caught in a clump of willow. Cursing, I ran back and loosened the fly.

A LARGE section of hemlock root broke loose suddenly from the snag and was yanked downstream by the heavy current. For a moment I thought the whole works would go. I gathered in the slack line, and looped it in my hand, and began to feed it out once more. Fifty feet, sixty, seventy. Bit by bit the line lengthened in mid-air. This time I remembered to keep my back-cast high. Eighty feet. Joe was hanging on desperately, his head almost under water. Eighty-five...

"I got the rope," Ann Marie panted, running back toward me.

I braced my legs, stripped another loop of line from the reel, made a final cast, and lowered the tip of the rod. The fly traveled out across the stream—I had the wind with me—and dropped onto the snag. At once the weight of the current caught the sunken line and yanked it downstream. The fly flicked off the



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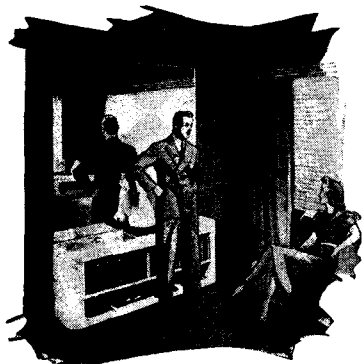
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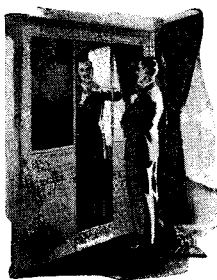


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pile of driftwood, and trailed across Joe, and then, just as I had given up hope, its barb embedded itself in the shoulder of Joe's wool shirt.

He knew what to do. Cautiously, trying not to put too great a strain on the delicate leader, he worked the line toward him with his fingers, an inch at a time. He grabbed it, and with a quick gesture took two turns around his wrist. A branch swept past him, barely missing the taut line. With trembling fingers, I whipped out my knife, and cut the line from the reel. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw another piece of driftwood topple from the pile, and boil downstream toward the falls. I fastened the end of the line securely to the rope, and waved an arm to Joe.

He began to pull it toward him, slowly but surely. Ann Marie and I fed it across the water, a little at a time, lest the weight of the rope itself should drag the whole snag loose. It seemed to take hours; though I suppose it was only a matter of minutes. My legs were hollow. At last I saw the far end of the rope emerge from the water, like a well-trained snake, and climb up to Joe's hand. He took a new grip on the branch, and ducked under water, rolling as he went. When he bobbed up, the rope was around his waist. He knotted it securely.

"Run up the bank," I yelled to Ann Marie, "and make it fast to a tree."

"I can't," said Ann Marie. "It won't reach."

I stared, aghast. There were only a few yards of rope to spare; the nearest tree was well out of range. I thought I heard a yell from the river, and I turned. The main section of the snag was tilting upward slowly, the whole thing began to slide off the boulder. I gave Ann Marie a violent push. She staggered backward three or four steps, and sat down heavily in the mud.

"Dig in your heels," I shouted.

I FLUNG myself down, and gripped the rope. There was a sudden tug, and I felt myself being dragged down the bank toward the river. Then the rope straightened, and snubbed taut. Ann Marie was sitting tight.

Lying flat on my back, I could just make out Joe's head swinging around at the end of the rope, in a quarter-circle. The pull slackened, as he swept into the slower current of the eddy. "Pull!" I gasped to Ann Marie. We began to scramble backward up the bank, hauling on the rope. Joe completed the arc, and his feet found solid ground at last.

His eyes were open as I reached him, and he nodded weakly. I grabbed his free hand and began to help him out of the stream. Water coursed down his face, and out of his sleeves and the

pockets of his coat. He wriggled on his hands and knees, still dragging his battered rod behind him. With a final effort he heaved himself onto the bank. He lifted his rod. At the end of his line, firmly impaled on the hook, was an enormous rainbow trout. Joe opened his mouth, emitting a sizable quantity of water, and grinned.

"Well?" he said feebly.

OUR progress back to the lodge was rather slow. Joe's clothes trailed water, and his boots made a squdgy sound as he walked. My own legs were still a little weak. Ann Marie moved down the trail ahead of us, the rear of her black skirt plastered with mud. "We got to hurry," she called over her shoulder. "It's late now."

Joe grinned. "I'll be ready," he told her, "as soon as I get some dry clothes on."

"Wait a minute," I said suddenly. "You'll be ready for what?"

"For the dance," said Joe.

I halted. "You're not taking Ann Marie to the dance."

Joe halted. "I thought we made a bet."

"That's what I mean," I said.

"All right," said Joe, "and who caught the fish?"

"All right," I said, "and who landed it?"

"Come on," said Ann Marie impatiently.

"All right," said Joe, "but if it hadn't been for my worm—"

"All right," I said, "if it hadn't been for my dry fly—"

"Come on, will you?" said Ann Marie. "You can argue later."

"All I want to know," said Joe, "whose line was the fish on one end of?"

"All I want to know," I said, "who was on the other end hauling it in?"

"All I want to know," said Ann Marie, suddenly beginning to sob, "who's taking me to the dance? I'm sick and tired of this whole thing."

"You're not going to stand there and tell me," Joe began, ignoring her, "that any fish in his right mind would prefer a bunch of feathers—"

"Look, Joe," I began, "under the proper conditions the most effective lure—"

"But you take a dry fly—"

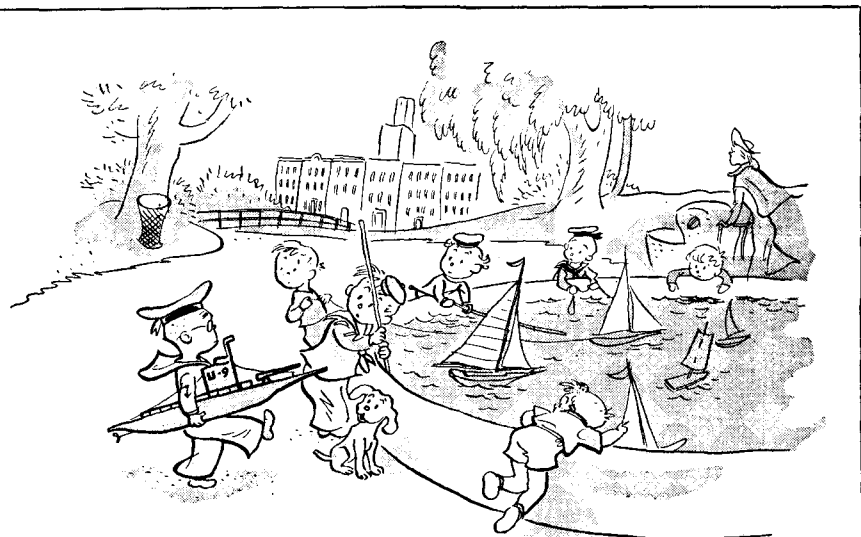
"You take a worm—"

My voice faded. Joe was gazing past me with a stunned expression. I turned, and stared. The trail was empty. Ann Marie had gone. I looked at Joe, and Joe looked at me.

"Well," said Joe slowly, picking up the fish.

"Of course," I told Joe, as we started up the trail, "it's really the principle of the thing . . ."

But just the same, we'd sort of like to know: who got the girl?



ROLAND COE

Okay for Sound

Continued from page 15

like it, but I'm going to be brutally frank: Your acting smells to heaven."

She stopped the soup spoon halfway to her lips and looked at me unbelievably.

"All you've got, as far as the screen is concerned, is good looks and a figure. That might have been enough in the silent days, but not now. You've got to speak lines. Maybe you don't even photograph—I don't know. But I do know one thing: You'll never make an actress in a million years—even if that phony Barth guy does keep telling you how wonderful you are." I went on letting her have it. "I can tell the way you read lines—Polly-wants-a-cracker stuff. Just something you've memorized, like a kid in school, and that's just exactly how it sounds. There it is," I finished with a hopeless shrug. "You asked for it."

Linda lowered the spoon slowly and I could see her turning pale and white-lipped, even beneath the make-up.

"I may be terrible, Bill," she said finally, her green eyes flashing, "but you're the last person in the world I expected to slap me in the face with it." She got up. "Take me back."

"All right, Katharine Cornell," I said, still pouring it on. "Let's go."

She never said a word all the way back to the studio. Slim, at the gate, waved and yelled some good-natured wisecrack, as he always did, but Linda stared straight ahead and never even spoke. She opened the car door and got out, before I'd killed the motor. I pretended not to pay any attention, but I watched her go through the stage door, her head held high.

She'd forgotten her bag, so I carried it back to the truck with me. Well, I thought, if she failed she'd never forgive me, and if she didn't, I was a dead pigeon, anyway. So what the hell?

I hotted up the system and mechanically went through the routine of setting it up. . . .

Thirty minutes later we made the first take, and Linda went through it without a bobble. I couldn't mistake the surprise in Ellis' voice when he said to the mixer, "How was it, Barney?"

"Okay for sound," Barney shouted.

"Okay," Ellis said. "We'll print it."

I COULDN'T help feeling elated, as I listened to her go through the scene, and I had, at least, the satisfaction of knowing I'd helped her. Don't get me wrong. She wasn't suddenly marvelous. She wasn't a second Bette Davis or Katie Hepburn, but she wasn't nervous any more, and she was putting something into the dialogue, even if her reading was awkward.

We went into a medium shot, then a close two, and by the time we moved into her individual close-ups I felt that the scenes, just by listening, were okay.

Barney shouted, "M. O. S.," in the mike.

I killed the recorder switches, because I knew the rest would be a silent photographic test only, M. O. S., on our lot, meaning, "Mit-out sound."

I rolled the camera on signal and could hear Ellis telling her what to do—make an entrance, walk around the set, turn this way and that, the camera covering her from all angles. That finished it.

I buzzed Barney and asked him to tell Linda to stop by the sound truck on her way out; I had her handbag. What I really wanted was to talk to her—congratulate her and explain why I'd been tough with her at lunch, and maybe everything would be all right. I made out my daily report, kept one eye as best I

could on the stage door, but I didn't see Linda come out. I finished my report and went inside.

Most of the crew had gone, and the prop men were stripping the set and packing the hand props in their boxes. I looked around for Linda, but she was gone. I spotted Barney, talking to the boom man, and went over and asked him if he'd delivered the message.

He looked at me kind of funny. "Yeah, Bill. I did."

"What did she say?"

"Nothing. She just walked away. What's the matter—in the doghouse?"

I forced a grin. "Looks like," I said.

I turned in my report to the sound department and drove in to Hollywood, where I lived. I wanted to phone Linda and explain but I was afraid to. She might not want to listen. But I couldn't sit quietly at home. So I went to the Beachcombers and had a couple of Zombies. I debated with myself whether to get good and drunk, or what, but decided getting cockeyed wouldn't help. I was sunk—what good would a few drinks do?

NEXT morning I dropped by projection room B and chewed the rag with the test cutter until the "dailies" arrived. They don't call them "rushes" any more. Pretty soon George Ellis and his assistant came up. The test cutter picked up our film and I filed in with the others to take a look.

The test ran about four hundred feet, cut up. When I saw the long shot come on the screen, I held my breath. She was awkward in her movements, but how she photographed! And what Lucian, the cameraman, did for her in those low-key, full-head close-ups was nobody's business. But when she read lines, something happened to her. Her reading was stiff and stilted—much more so than it sounded through the receivers. Give her a chance, I said to myself. After all, she's green—she'll overcome that with experience. I slipped out of the darkened room before the test was finished. I figured it was in the bag.

I went over to the sound-department office to find out about my next assignment. Most of us, on production, work on a picture-to-picture basis—with time off in between. The boss asked me about Linda's test.

"She photographs like a million," I told him.

"You better marry her, pronto," he ribbed, grinning. "And take her out of circulation—before the competition gets too tough."

"Maybe it's already too late." I tried to make it sound light. Then I asked him about my next assignment. "If there isn't anything coming up right away," I said, "I'd like to take a little trip. Maybe go up to the Klamath for a few days for some salmon fishing."

He checked his list of tentative starting dates. "Better stick around," he advised. "Looks like we're going to get pretty busy. Four companies starting right away."

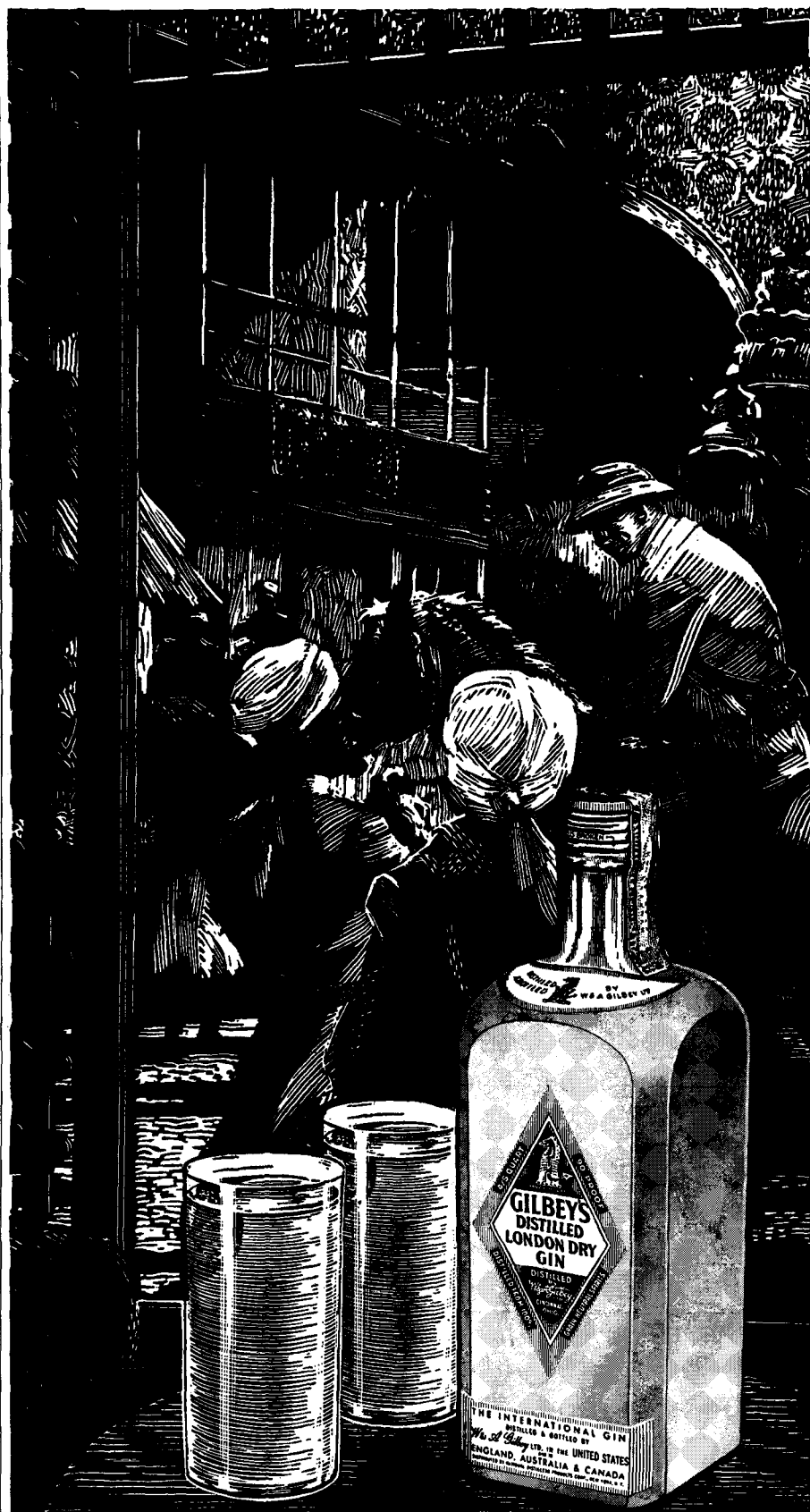
"Okay," I said. I would have liked a few days off—anything to get away. But that was that. I went on home.

I got up some courage at last and called Linda. Edith, her roommate, answered the phone. "She isn't in, Bill," Edith said. "Not that it's any of my business, but what's the matter with you two?"

"Oh, just one of those things." I tried to pass it off.

"Well," Edith said, "whatever it is, Linda's plenty burned."

"Tell her I called, anyway, will you,



Citizen of the World!

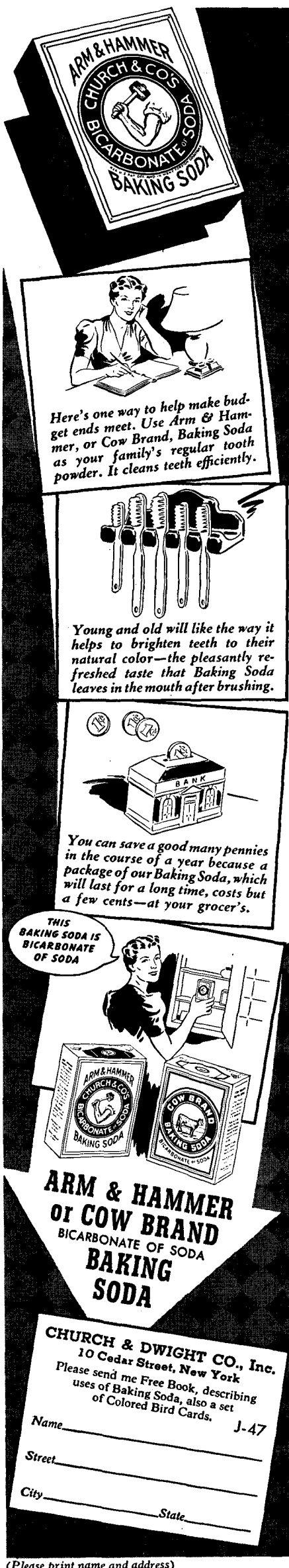
Was there ever a more magnificent tribute to the quality of any liquor than the amazing fact that anywhere in the world you go, you find that same familiar Gilbey's bottle?

For nearly a century, you see, Gilbey's has been one of the world's great liquors . . . because so many millions of men have found that the way to reach perfection in a gin drink, is to reach first for the Gilbey's bottle. Say "Gilbey's" yourself.

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Edith? Tell her I saw her test and it's swell."

"Gee, that's keen," Edith said. "Sure—I'll tell her."

The next day, on the lot, I saw Florence, one of the script girls, coming out of the coffee shop.

"Swell about Linda, isn't it?" she asked.

"Did she get in stock?" I asked anxiously.

"Don't tell me you didn't know. . . ."

"No—on the level. I didn't know." There was something in the way she looked at me that conveyed she knew something.

"Well, come on. Out with it," I said. "Don't stand there looking like the cat that ate the canary."

"I heard she gave you the brush off, Bill." Then added deprecatingly: "The way some of these dames go high-hat when they get a stock job, you'd think it was a starring contract. . . . Wait'll she finds out all she'll amount to will be a glorified extra!"

"You're all wet," I said. "Linda didn't go high-hat. What happened between us was just a little misunderstanding. As a matter of fact, it was my fault."

"Oh, yeah?" Florence said, with lifted eyebrow. "Well, if I were you, I wouldn't lean over backward being so noble and bighearted about it. I saw her yesterday, having lunch with that louse, John Barth."

"That's one thing I like about you, Florence," I said. "Your nice, benevolent nature—all sweetness and light."

"When you've been in the business as long as I have, buddy," she countered, "then you can talk." She glanced at her watch. "I've got to get back on the set. Don't let it get you down, Bill," was her parting shot.

I KNEW it would be all over the lot, about Linda giving me the air, and I didn't want to face it. I began toying with the idea of going back to New York. I still had some friends and contacts with RCA there, and maybe I could break into television. I had a desire to get as far away from Hollywood as I could.

I heard somebody call my name and I looked around. It was one of the boys from the sound department. He said the boss was looking for me. I hurried over to the office. His secretary told me to go right on in.

"Well, Bill," the boss said, "I've got good news for you—that overdue promotion I promised you."

"Gee, thanks, Skipper," I said. "I—"

"Forget it." He waved it aside. "You've had it coming. I'm assigning you to the second unit of the Walsh Company."

In the studios you always refer to the name of the director, not the title of the picture, and a lot of times, particularly on big productions, you have two units. The first one shoots the stuff with the principals, while the second unit does the chase and background action.

"You're going on location," the boss went on. "Yuma. You're leaving day after tomorrow. But I want you to try out the new portable mixer you're going to use, so I'm putting you with Ellis tomorrow. He's making some more tests."

"Gee, Skipper—thanks again. . . ."

He indicated the interview was over. He got up and held out his hand. "Turn in a good job," he said. "I know you can. Your new salary rating begins as of tomorrow. Good luck."

I punched my time card and went down to stage 9, where we were making the tests. The usual well-ordered confusion was taking place, and the camera crew were lining up a dolly shot. The boom man hung a "mike" unit on the end of the long extension "gin" pole and a couple of juicers plugged cables

into a "hot box" near by. I turned on the mixer console, listened to see if the channel was clear, then buzzed Roy, my assistant, in the truck outside that everything was okay. Roy called me back on the phone, congratulated me on my promotion, and said he was using my old truck.

"Maybe it will bring me luck," he said.

I told him I hoped it did.

ELLIS shook hands with me, when he came on the set, and said he was glad to hear about my break. I thanked him. "Guess you and Linda will be getting married soon," he kidded. "Both of you up in the bucks, so to speak."

I shook my head. "We're all washed up, George," I said.

"How come?"

I told him.

"You know," George said, "I was going to ask you what happened that day. When she came back from lunch, she went through the scenes without a bobble. She'd lost her nervousness completely. I was amazed. You ought to be directing, Bill," he finished, grinning.

"Yeah," I said. "I was too good, I

"Oh, Bill—I've been such a dope." She got real close and put her hands on my arm. "I should have known all along. . . . Please forgive me. . . . I love you. . . ."

I wanted to yell from sheer joy! "But how? Where? I mean. . . ."

"On the set today—on stage 9, where you were making the tests. I went by the sound truck to pick up my bag. Remember I forgot it that day? And when you and Mr. Ellis were talking, Roy, your assistant, slipped the headset over my ears and I heard everything! You must have been standing under a mike. . . . Oh, Bill, I'm so happy I could cry."

I put my arms around her and kissed her. Then I suddenly thought of something: "You say you heard everything Ellis and I talked about?"

"Everything—even to the Academy Oscar part."

"Gee, I'm sorry, darling. I. . . ."

"Don't be," she said. "I'm not—at all. He only verified what I thought about my acting ability. I knew all those things you said were true. But you were so savage about it. I didn't understand what you were trying to do—and



guess. I directed myself right out of the picture."

"Didn't you explain it to her later?"

"She didn't give me a chance. Maybe she wouldn't have believed me, anyway. When she makes up her mind about something. . . ."

"I'll square it for you, when I see her," George said.

"I'm afraid it's too late for that."

"To be perfectly candid with you, Bill, she'll never win an Academy Oscar, for acting. Oh, she'll improve, if she works hard. But she lacks that inner spark. Some have it—some haven't. She's one that hasn't. She photographs well, but today that isn't enough."

"Well, anyway, I wish her all the luck in the world," I said.

The cameraman yelled out that he was ready, and the assistant was placing the two principals, so George left the mixer panel and went to the set.

IT WAS dark that night, when we finally finished the tests. I still had a lot of things to do. We were leaving for Yuma at the crack of dawn. I walked to my car and opened the door and slid behind the wheel before discovering that someone was sitting all huddled up in the opposite corner. I switched on the dash light.

"Linda. . . ."

it hurt. Now, it's out of my system, and when my contract runs out, I can go back to work in the script department, and. . . ."

"What about that Barth guy?"

"Now—don't you be a dope!"

A nice, warm feeling of well-being came over me. Everything was swell once more. We were together—nothing else mattered. "Look, darling. I'm leaving for Yuma in the morning. I'm going out as first man on the picture."

"Really, Bill? Oh, that's grand." Suddenly she sat up straight. "Bill, isn't Yuma the place where people go to get married?"

I looked at her. "Say—do you mean. . . .?"

She nodded.

"How long will it take you to get ready?"

"Thirty minutes—if you'll drive me by the apartment. I won't need many things. . . ."

"Honey, we're practically on our way."

I switched on the ignition and stepped on the starter. We wheeled out of the Pico gate and Slim waved at us. "How is it?" he yelled.

I held up my hand and made a circle of my thumb and forefinger.

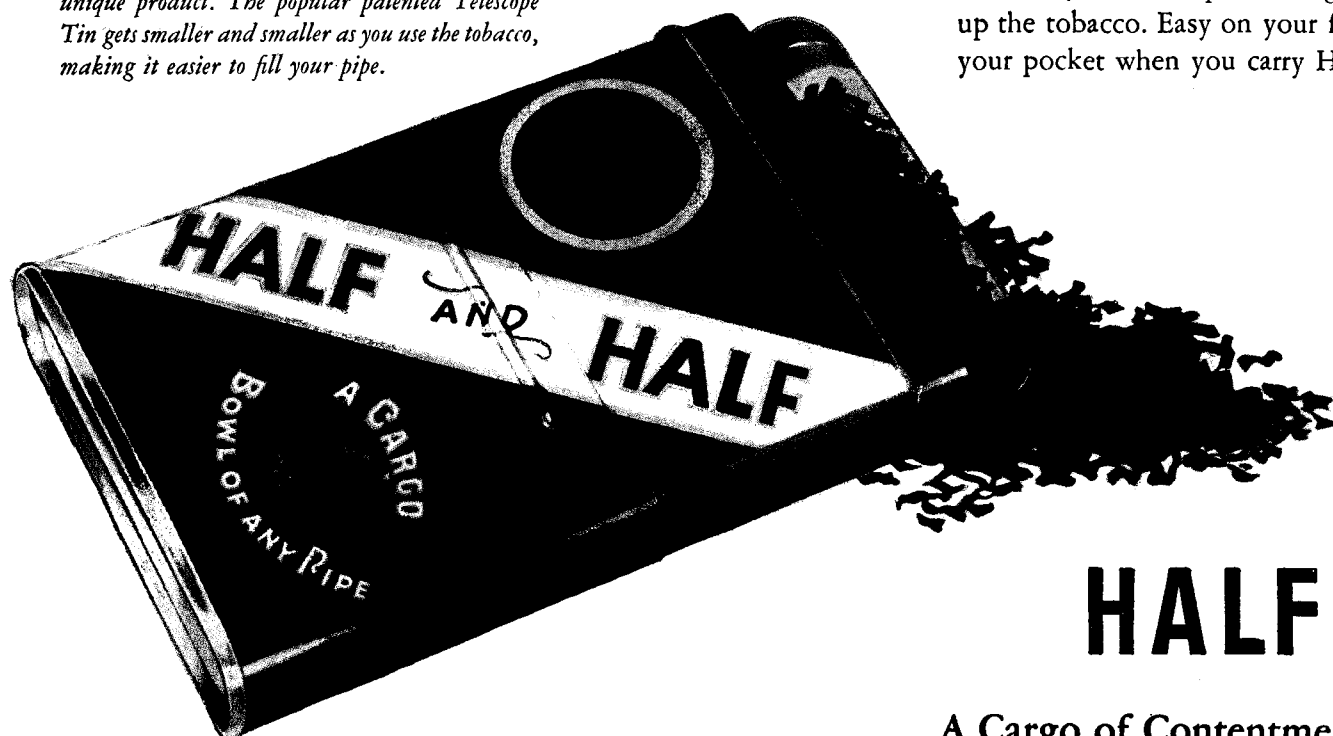
"Okay—for sound," Linda yelled back, and Slim grinned.

"No muzzle for me, brother!"

chortled the silver spaniel



The sterling silver dog's head above is one of the much admired features in Half and Half's \$25,000 collection of unique pipes. In flavor, in aroma, and in its patented package, Half and Half is itself a unique product. The popular patented Telescope Tin gets smaller and smaller as you use the tobacco, making it easier to fill your pipe.



"Why not?" asked the briar in surprise. "Supposing you start to bite?"

"You're barking up the wrong tree," grinned the silver spaniel. "It can't happen here with Half and Half tobacco in my bowl. For ten years now that cheerful, hearty aroma has helped me put a silver lining in every cloud of smoke. And there's never a bite in a bowlful to send me to the doghouse."

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- 2. Smoothness:** Half and Half is such a friendly smoke that it wouldn't bite the meanest man on earth—or even nip the tip of your tongue.
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Some Ford Advantages for 1941:

NEW ROOMINESS. Bodies are longer and wider this year, adding as much as seven inches to seating width.

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POWER WITH ECONOMY. This year, more than ever, Ford owners are enthusiastic about the economy and fine all-round performance of Ford cars.

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Lady in Armor

By
Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

A BRIDGE, collapsing suddenly near the little Southern city of Karnak, causes the death of thirty-nine persons. Apparently guilty of incompetence or graft, Tom Garrison, the structure's supervising engineer, disappears.

Incensed by the filthy political conditions in the county, the voters elect a new sheriff: a girl—Dale Meredith. . . . For a long time, the gossips of Karnak have wondered why Jerry Hamilton, owner of Chinquapin plantation, and Dale (once obviously in love) had seemingly lost interest in each other. Now, as Dale is preparing to clean up Karnak County, Jerry's wife—a night-club singer whom he had married in New York City—arrives in Karnak and, despite Jerry's strenuous objections, his demands for a divorce, brazenly ensconces herself in his home. And because Rita Hamilton is Jerry's wife, she is accepted by the community. . . .

Searching for his wife, who had deserted him in New York City, a man named Paul Campbell comes to Karnak. Making cautious inquiries, he learns that his wife is Mrs. Gerald Hamilton! Infuriated, he calls on Dale, accuses Rita of bigamy and insists that she be prosecuted.

Meanwhile, Neil Berkeley—the county's political czar, who is making careful plans for getting rid of the new sheriff—has become infatuated with Rita. Learning who the newcomer is, and what he is up to, he succeeds in luring him to a lonely spot, where he shoots him to death.

The murder—a very real mystery—occupies much of Dale's time. She suspects Berkeley; she can prove nothing. She feels sure, however, that she can have him indicted on another charge. In a letter, mailed in Minnesota, Tom Garrison has accused Berkeley and the county engineer of forcing him to use subspecification material in the building of the bridge. Garrison will soon be in Karnak, to testify.

Through his spies, Berkeley learns of his peril. And he decides to murder Dale Meredith. His plan is simple: At the county fair, soon to open, Angel Verner (the former sheriff, who is a grafting scoundrel) will create a riot. When Dale appears on the scene, Berkeley—hidden in a patch of woods—will shoot her. . . . The fair starts. The riot breaks out. Accompanied by her house guest—Peter Aylesworth, an Englishman—Dale drives to the fairgrounds. Arrived, she stops the car. "Did you hear that?" she says to Aylesworth. Aylesworth nods grimly. "Yes, I heard," he says quietly. "Shots."

VII

MR. SAMMY SMITH, proprietor of the carnival company that operated the midway, regarded the preliminary stages of the riot with expert eye. It was an old story to him, and a none-too-pleasant one.

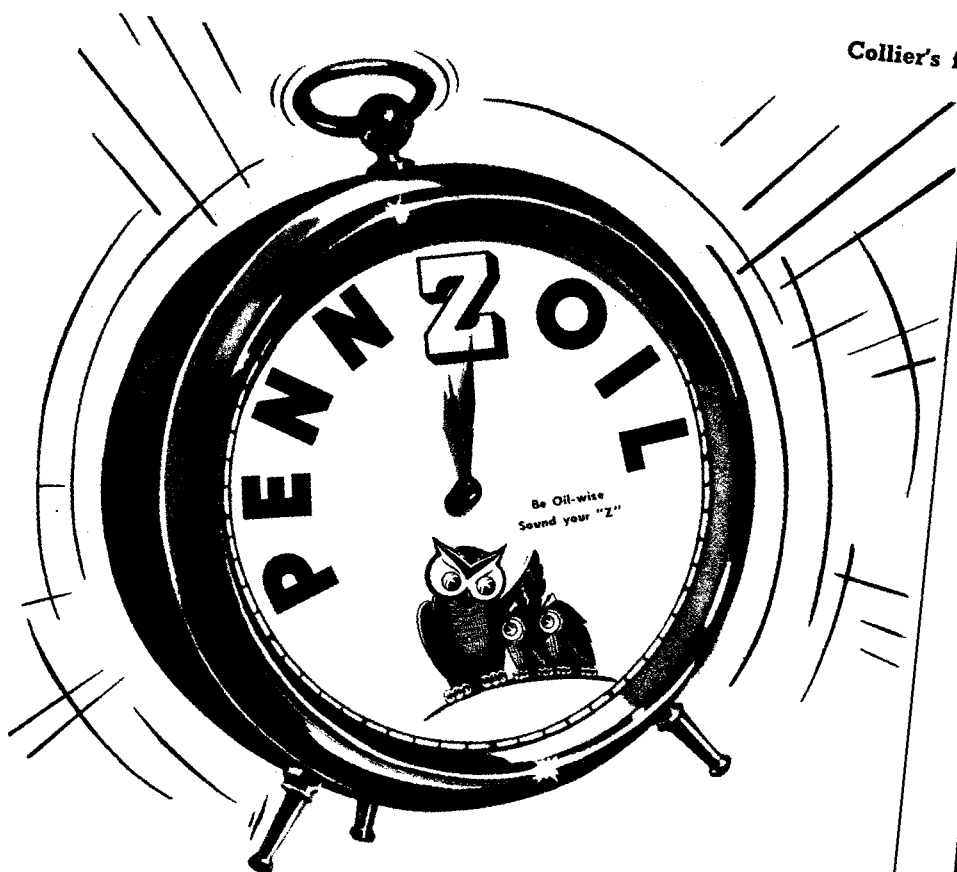
He had recognized trouble before it ever started; recognized the symptoms when a group of broad-shouldered and vociferous young men, all slightly under the influence of corn liquor, swaggered down the midway yelling insults at the concessionaires. He realized, when one of the lads from Lefty's slugged the little fellow who was operating a spot-the-spot concession, that the action was not spontaneous.

That fight did not spread, nor were hostilities general even after three of the town boys invaded a kewpie-doll stall and smashed a score of the plaster prizes and knocked out the man in charge.

Mr. Smith sought out Chet Wilson, deputy sheriff in charge at the fair, and
(Continued on page 80)

Then Jerry was on his knees beside her, trying not to say the things he felt, yet not caring who might see and understand his emotions





Wakes up Lazy Engines!

Auto engines, like people, get tagged out when poisons spread through their systems.

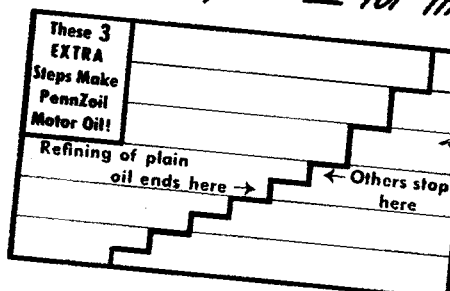
To fight engine poisons—sludge, varnish, grit and water—oil, the lifeblood of an engine, has to be replaced regularly.

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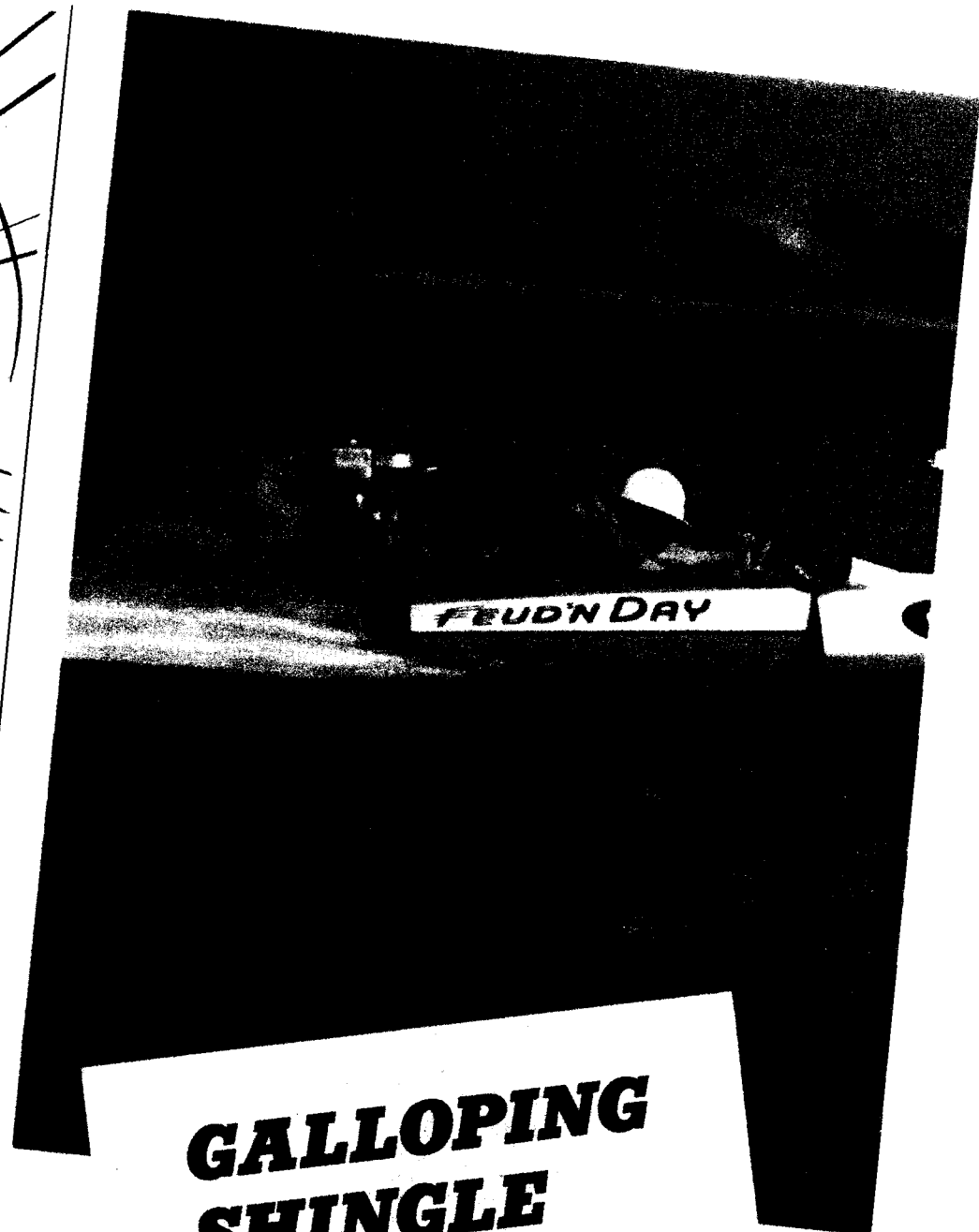
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GALLOPING SHINGLE

By Edward Lawrence

With the teapot motor built in his breakfast nook, Fred Mulkey drove his cockleshell to two new world's records. Just in time, too, before the whole contraption blew apart

IT WAS Labor Day, 1939, when a quiet little guy walked into the crying room following the running of the Pacific Coast Outboard Champion-racing was his hobby. During nine years of persistent failure, he had burned with a large ambition: to establish an amateur world record for Class A hydroplanes, the fastest racing craft for its size afloat.

The boys knew how Fred L. Mulkey felt. He was quitting racing. The Pacific Coast Championships were to have been his final fling at a record. He had finished a heartbreaking third.

Mulkey is an electrician in Inglewood, California. After he had supported the nine members of his family, there never was much left for a hobby. Until his boss died, putting him on part-time work, things had been better for Mulkey. He had scraped enough together to buy his own outfit. He lived to finger the throttle of an outboard racer. After

Lakeport, he could no longer afford to race on his own.

But Mulkey didn't quit at Lakeport, because he found understanding company in the crying room. With Mulkey that day were four outboard enthusiasts who shared with him the hope of some day having a part in the cracking of a Class A hydroplane record.

These were George Knepp, employed by a Pasadena chrome-plating company, with a side line of setting up outboard racing motors; Fred Wickens, a house shingler, with hull-designing as a hobby; Wally Francisco, a radio repairman, specializing in mixing outboard fuel; and Dean Dorn, a movie publicist, who had taken up outboarding for his health.

They admired Mulkey and decided to pool their experience and slender resources to back him for a try at the records. And all they were to get out of it was seeing Mulkey break a record, if he ever did.

Mulkey was to keep his outfit. He

Fred Mulkey and his champion Feud'n Day. They add up to 260 pounds of man and boat, 48.161 miles per hour

The wail of a dive bomber at full throttle is a whisper compared to an A motor when it is turning over 7,500-8,000 r.p.m. Heat and friction are diabolical. The fuel it uses, with a base of pure methanol, has nine ingredients, and is liquid dynamite. At top speed, anything can happen.

Mulkey was out to trim Gar Wood, Junior, but Wood, Junior, famous racing son of a famous racing father, is in the upper bracket of the outboard hierarchy. His equipment is the finest. He has the hulls, the motors and ace mechanics to keep them in tune. Racing all over the country, in every class, he has the highest reputation as a competitor and sportsman. Wood, Jr.'s hold on the Class A mile and five-mile records rarely has been challenged in recent years. Before Mulkey bobbed up from nowhere, his chief rival was the veteran Clinton Ferguson.

A Year of Planning

Young Wood's mile record of 47.680 m.p.h. and his five-mile mark of 44.709 m.p.h. were expected to stay on the books for a while; they did, until Mulkey came along with his one-hoss shay. It had taken him more than a year to catch up with Wood, Jr.

Lakeport closed the 1939 season on the Pacific Coast. During the winter months, Mulkey and his team talked record. Mostly, they met in the eight-by-ten-foot breakfast room at the back of Knepp's house, where the mechanic has his lathe and tools. There the motor was set up and tuned.

The 1940 southern California outboard program opened in February with races on the Salton Sea. Mulkey was there and several famous drivers, including Worth Boggeman, a Wood, Jr., mechanic and professional racer.

Boggeman brought with him a Wood three-point hull. This is a comparatively new type of hydroplane hull, with two pontoons in front instead of the conventional step. The idea, like all hydros, is to raise the hull off the water, cutting down resistance. The more daylight under the hull, the faster it goes. The three-point is literally that, resting lightly on the pontoons and about a foot of its tail when moving.

Mulkey and Wickens got a look at that hull. It was the first time they had seen one, and it crystallized some ideas of their own. They hurried home. In two weeks, working day and night, they had built a three-point from odds and ends of three-ply in Wickens' back yard. The hull cost them \$24.93. Now Mulkey had two hulls, the Neal and the untried three-point. The Neal was his stand-by, the latter purely experimental.

A couple of minor races were won with the Neal in nowhere near record time. Then, from early summer until the Nationals, Mulkey never finished a race. In five races, always in the lead, the motor blew up. Three flywheels were thrown. Seven crankshafts were broken. The cylinders stuck twice. Mulkey and his team were getting flat of pocketbook.

Because of the hazards of racing the three-point, it was used only for testing the motor on the straightaway. By now, Mulkey was mastering the knack of riding his galloping shingle. He got to know her every whim.

One bright Sunday afternoon in July, the water was a flawless mirror. The three-point's bottom had been polished to the slickness of a ballroom floor. The motor, tuned to perfection, had a steady, deep-throated roar. When Mulkey

was the driver, with Knepp contributing his mechanical skill, Wickens working on hull design and Francisco experimenting with fuel mixtures. Dorn's job was to go around kicking the boys in the trousers when their chins fell below knee level, and furnish the inspiration and frequent pep talks.

Until he showed up at Lake Quinsigamond, a rank outsider, Mulkey, who is aptly "Monk" to his racing pals, never had been east of Las Vegas, Nevada. He barely shades 130 pounds, a good weight for a water jockey, and is all wire, topped off with a shock of dark brown hair and gray eyes. He and the Feud'n Day together tip the beam at 260 pounds. Slipping and skidding over the water at close to fifty miles per hour, a Class A hydroplane is greased lightning and twice as tricky.

The assets of the Mulkey combine consisted of a Neal hull, Neal being one of the foremost builders of racing hulls, a KR 55 motor originally purchased in 1931 when it was introduced by Johnson, fifty dollars in ready cash and a love of racing.

Mulkey's capricious plaything is the most cantankerous powerhouse known. All outboard racers agree with this, the A motor being the smallest of the several classes, with the exception of the midget. A 13-cubic-inch motor, it comes stock from the factory rating 12 h.p. The two cylinders sit, one atop the other, and the firing is alternate. An A cylinder fits nicely into the palm of your hand.

After tinkering with the motor for endless hours, tearing it down and putting it together a hundred times, balancing and changing cylinders, crankshafts and flywheels, and patient experimenting bent over a lathe, you can make the motor develop 16 to 18 h.p. But it must conform strictly to factory specifications.

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JERRY: Always ahead of me! I only just heard that YEAST IS ONE OF THE RICHEST NATURAL SOURCES OF THE AMAZING VITAMIN B COMPLEX. Know that?

AGNES: I sure do. That's why I drink it. I like my vitamins the natural way. More than that, yeast and raw liver are about the only really abundant, natural sources of the Vitamin B Complex... a group of the very vitamins that lots of us don't get enough of.



JERRY: Maybe I'm not getting enough of them. Who knows? One thing sure, when I was eating yeast I felt wonderful. But I never learned to like the taste.

AGNES: Well, you'll like it now. In tomato juice, Fleischmann's Yeast tastes like oven-fresh bread. Lay in a week's supply; it keeps perfectly in the refrigerator. Twice a day, and don't stop, is my way. Once you start, it's easy to keep going. Give it a whirl. Maybe you'll get a real break!



MASH... Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.



STIR... Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and...



DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too... whole business takes less than a minute!



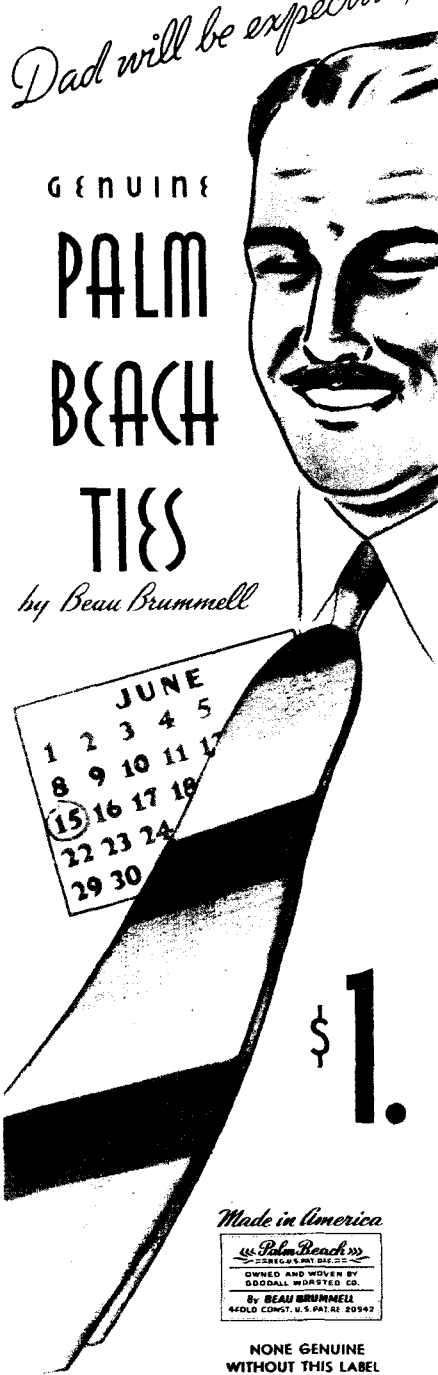
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yanked back the throttle, it wasn't necessary to be an expert to know that the Feud'n Day was picking 'em up and laying 'em down. Sometimes, she bounced clean out of the water, only her propeller biting in. At the end of the run, Mulkey paddled back to the float with a queer look on his face. "Fifty plus," he said, indicating the water gauge, and sounded as if he didn't believe it.

The following Sunday, Mulkey was back for another test, to confirm the result. He was buzzing along, minding his own business. A big motorboat cut close by, tossing a boiling wake. It was a brick wall when Mulkey hit it wide open. Such things come off in a hurry. One split second, the Feud'n Day was winging sweetly along. The next—Mulkey's head bobbed up a dozen feet away. The Feud'n Day rode bottoms up.

Within a week, the motor had been rebuilt from old parts. It ran rhythmically, but lacked its former zip. Once more, Mulkey was starting from scratch.

The Pacific Coast Championships on Labor Day, 1940, at the Marine Stadium, Long Beach, California, were the grand finale. Mulkey had pointed for them all year. The three-point was the unanimous choice. It was all or nothing. In the first heat Mulkey lapped the field. He finished half-throttle, going away, and looking back.

Mulkey was hustling along in the second heat, well in the lead. After being around outboards for a while, it is possible to sense an accident before it occurs. Mulkey was seen to grab at the motor. With one hand, he yanked the throttle wide open. Then he used that hand to steer, letting the throttle take care of itself. With the other, he held the water line. The terrific pounding had torn it loose from the motor.

A Winner That Couldn't Win

For three laps, Mulkey held the water line against the hot motor, badly burning his hand. Several times, the Feud'n Day almost got out of control and crashed. There were a few hundred yards to go. The boat hit a wake. She jumped clear of the water, and seemed headed for the next county. For one spectacular second, the propeller spun clear of the water. It whined, then stopped. The strain had cut through the shear pin holding the prop as if it were putty. Sixty yards from the finish line and the Pacific Coast Championship, the Feud'n Day drifted; one by one, the others zipped by her.

A year had gone by, and Mulkey was no nearer a world record than he had been at Lakeport. But despite the Feud'n Day's not finishing the second heat, her first heat time was so fast she was placed fourth. With a boat as "hot" as any to be found in the country, Mulkey couldn't get to first base.

The Nationals were less than two weeks away, but Mulkey hadn't given the big-time championships a thought. He was broke and he had his family to consider first.

Then along came Paul Barry, a Pasadena sportsman and friend of Mulkey, who was taking his midget racer back to Lake Quinsigamond. He had room in his station wagon and offered Mulkey transportation, along with his mechanic, Knepp. Mulkey found that the first three Class A drivers to finish in the Pacific Coast were passing up the Nationals. This meant that if the Feud'n Day could be got to Lake Quinsigamond, it would be the Pacific Coast A representative, and could legitimately claim transportation money, allowed under the amateur rules.

Knepp had eighty dollars. Barry contributed to the financing. Mulkey and Knepp left with Barry on Friday at four o'clock in the afternoon, with the boats strapped on top of the station wagon.

The three pulled into Worcester the following Wednesday night. Commodore Stanley W. Ferguson, in charge of the Nationals, heard Mulkey's story and awarded him one hundred dollars gettin'-home money.

There were twenty-seven amateur A's at the Nationals, the nation's fastest. In the elimination race on Saturday, Mulkey finished second. The winner was ruled out for having an illegal boat. That made Mulkey the winner.

The championship competition, two five-mile heats, was run off Sunday. Thirteen started. In the first heat, Mulkey was second to Wood. The second heat was a repetition of the first. Again he trailed only Wood, this time by a bare three feet. Both times, Mulkey had hit the starting line thirteenth, dead last, passing all but the flying Wood. The three-point was a whiz on the straightaway. It was headstrong on the turns.

The Same Old Jinx

But Monday, the day of the mile trials, was the big day for Mulkey. This was what he had set his heart on, a mile record. By regulation, mile trials can be run only between sunrise and sunset. Each qualifying boat is allowed three tries at the record. A boat actually travels two miles to break a record. To compensate for wind aid, or resistance, two runs are made through the measured mile in different directions, and the average time determines the official speed.

Mulkey was up at six. Until Monday, the weather had been perfect. This day there was a breeze stiff enough to spoil any record try.

Not until 3:30 that afternoon did Mulkey venture out. His first run through the mile, down and back, was a warm-up. His second meant business. When his time came in, it seemed that the jinx was to hold. He had broken Wood, Jr.'s world record, but by 1/100th of a mile. To be a record, the old mark has to be topped by at least 1/10th of a mile.

Mulkey hit the starting line wide open. The Feud'n Day squatted down on her tail, pawing the air with the two pontoons affixed to her bow, and snorted down the measured mile. The Feud'n Day and the motor and Mulkey only had to hold together for another grueling mile. The boat and the motor held up. Only Mulkey collapsed when he heard the word—a new amateur world Class A record of 48.161 m.p.h.

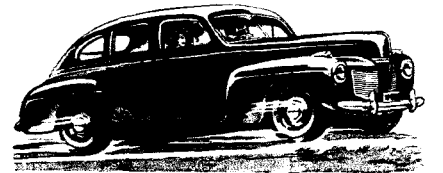
After Mulkey had returned home, the motor was taken down. The aluminum underneath the flywheel had melted, and the crankshaft was cracked clean through. Mulkey thinks it must have cracked just as he crossed the finish line with the record in his hip pocket.

The mile record was the tough one. But the five-mile record was almost as tough. In fact, it nearly didn't come off. With the motor rebuilt for the eleventh time, Mulkey took the Feud'n Day to the Salton Sea for a regatta on Sunday, October 27th. In the first five-mile heat, he set the record of 45.317 m.p.h. It was a flawless performance, with man and machine functioning as one. Mulkey was out to repeat in the second heat, burning up the straightaway, when the world record A motor let go with a deafening roar, splattering Mulkey, the Feud'n Day and the water with bits of aluminum and steel. It now is nothing but junk.

Mulkey is in an odd and amusing position. He has certificates as the holder of two world outboard records. But the other drivers kiddingly call him "One Heat" Mulkey.

That doesn't bother Mulkey. He's started all over, with his team at work again. With luck, he is sure he can do fifty.

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FORD MOTOR COMPANY



Take It, Jigger!

Continued from page 19

two years with Brooklyn back in 1927-28 even when he wasn't hitting a lick. The amount of ground he covered in those seasons can only be measured in light-years because he had the fabulous Babe Herman by his side in right field. Mr. Herman had an unfortunate habit of coming in fast for a ball that was going over his head. Jigger chased all those and actually caught a few of them.

If this was a tribute to Statz, his career was even more noted in the early days when he came out to Los Angeles and played alongside of old Sam Crawford, who was finishing his great baseball life that year. Wahoo Sam could still powder the ball but he could barely move in the outfield. When a ball was hit in his direction, he started yelling for Statz.

"Take it, Jigger!" he howled.

After Statz had run about a mile and taken the ball spectacularly over his shoulder, old Sam would compliment him: "You got it, Arnold."

Statz did all right in 1919 when he broke in with the Giants, playing the last sixteen games of the season in right field when Young was hurt. He started the 1920 season in center field, much to the disgust of Benny Kauff, because McGraw wanted a right-hand hitter in that spot. The big-leaguers were getting accustomed to collegians by that time but the going was not too easy.

"If we tried to hit when the regulars were up there," says Jigger, "George Burns would run us off with a bat."

McGraw traded Jigger to the Boston Red Sox in the middle of the year in some mysterious deal Statz still doesn't understand. All he knows is that when he reported to Ed Barrow, then manager of the Sox, Barrow greeted him with: "Where do you want to be sent—Indianapolis or Los Angeles?"

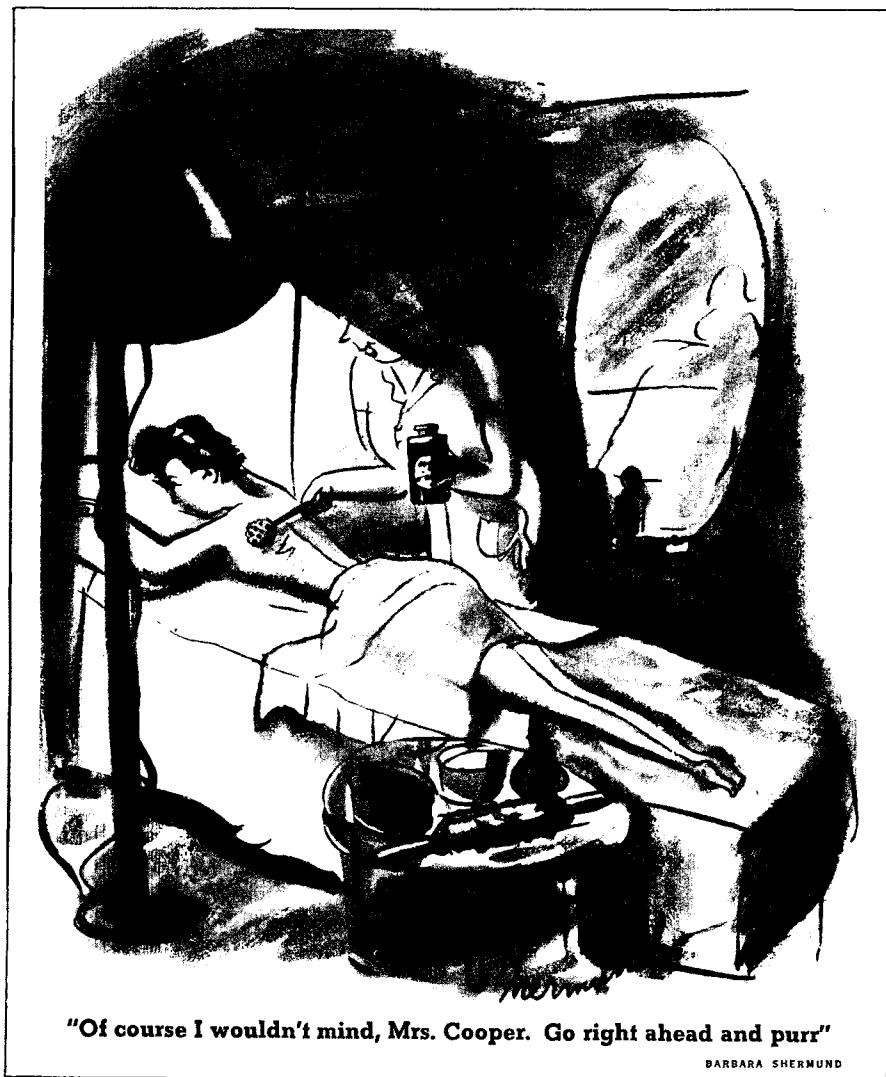
That was a crusher but Jigger picked Los Angeles, had two good years out there and was traded to the Chicago Cubs for Babe Twombly and other players. The Cubs of that period had Friberg, Hollocher, Heathcote, Alexander, Vic Keen and Hartnett—all of them baseball memories except the remarkable Hartnett, who is still playing. He stayed with the Cubs four years, fielding like a wizard but not hitting hard enough, and then Los Angeles got him again. He had his best year in 1926 when he hit .354 and had only two errors while handling 602 outfield chances.

That was when Brooklyn bought him. Robby was managing a team that had Dazzy Vance, Max Carey, Babe Herman, Del Bissonette and Rube Bressler. Jigger's hitting fell off but his fielding was so spectacular that the rabid Brooklyn fans would have strung Robby from the first tier of the grandstand if he had hinted at taking Statz out.

Through the publicity genius of Larry MacPhail the present Dodgers are credited with personality they do not have. They are a group of dull little boys in contrast with players of Wilbert Robinson's day. Vance would pitch every fourth day and not a day sooner, even if the fate of the world depended upon it. Mr. Herman ran bases in a manner that will never be forgotten. Batters hit whatever they liked; pitchers refused to come out of the box unless it pleased them; anybody getting to bed before three o'clock in the morning was suspected of Epworth League leanings.

"In a close game," says Jigger, "Chick Fewster would get excited and want to pinch-hit. He'd spring up and wave his bat in front of Robby until Robby said, 'All right, go on up there.'"

But Statz's hitting finally ruined him and back again he went to Los Angeles,



"Of course I wouldn't mind, Mrs. Cooper. Go right ahead and purr"

BARBARA SHERMUND



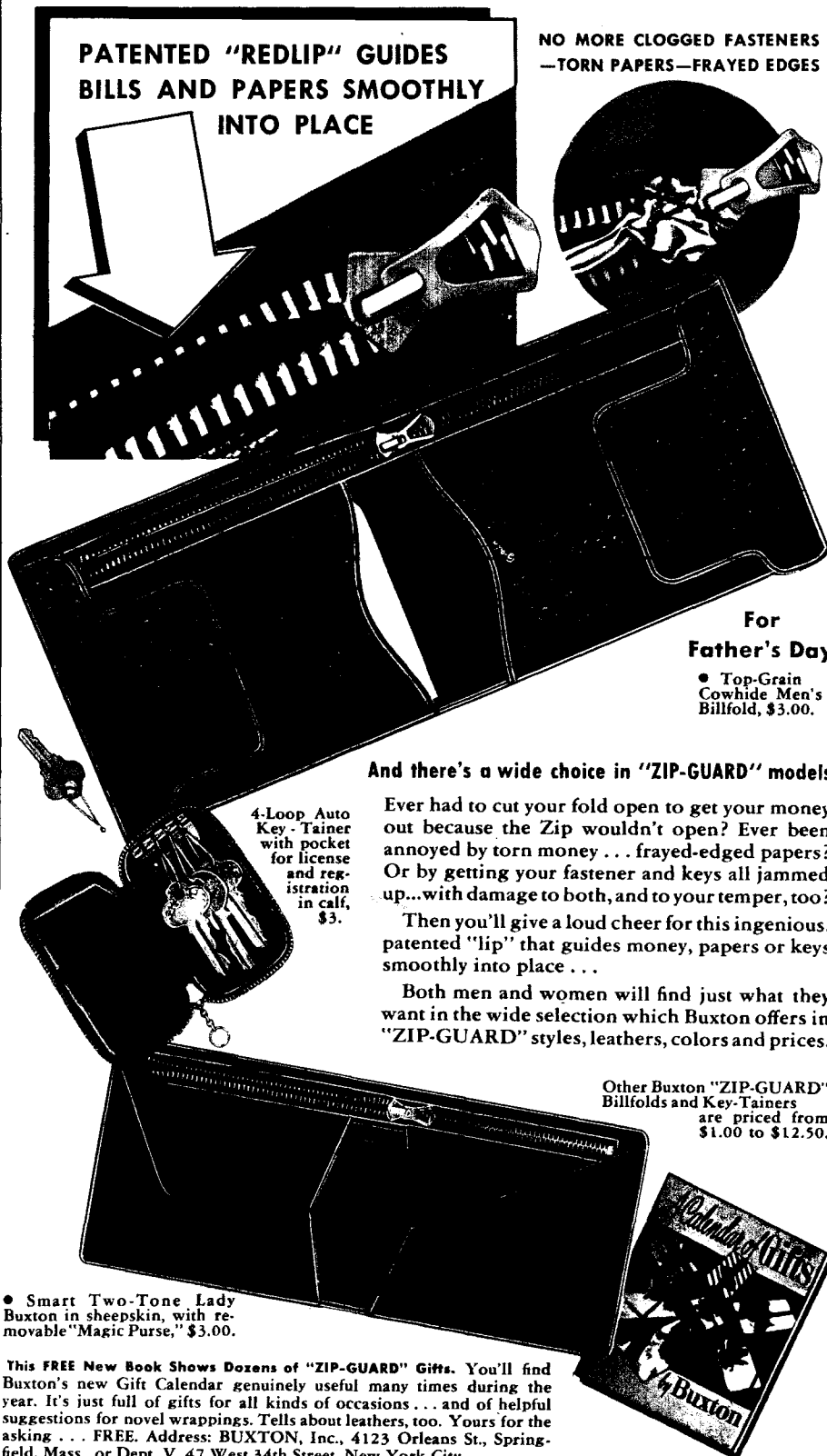
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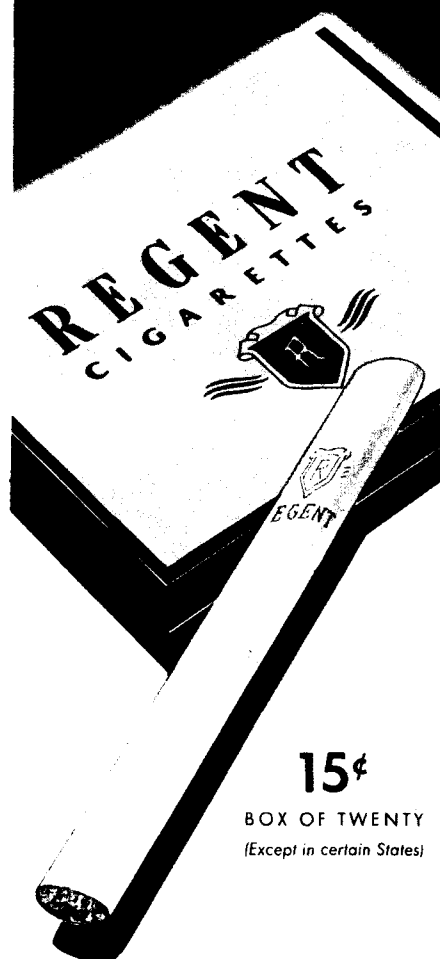
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this time to stay. His feats out there are so legendary that no two fans can agree on his greatest catches. For himself he likes best the one he made against Chin-Chin Kelly in San Francisco. After a desperate run he saw that if he caught the ball up against the fence he would crash into the barrier, lose the ball and maybe his life. So Jigger slid into the wall, just as if he were sliding into a base. As he slid he looked over his shoulder and took the ball while lying on the ground.

When it gets around to the question of lasting so long even Jigger is at a loss. He thinks it's maybe because he had some track experience at Holy Cross and learned how to run. When you ask him just what he learned or what the trick consists of, he becomes a bit vague.

"Oh, I don't know," he says. "Just run, that's all."

For fifteen years he had breakfast at nine o'clock and took no lunch. Also he never ate desserts. He thinks perhaps that accounts for something. It can't account for everything, however, for there are hundreds of players who eat no lunch during the regular season and yet fold up after ten years of active playing.

"I keep my playing weight at a hundred and fifty and never allow myself to gain more than two or three pounds during the winter," he says uneasily, hoping that this explanation will cover the subject.

That's where California comes in because Jigger is perhaps the best golfer baseball has produced and he can play three or four times a week during the winter. His best tournament round is a 66, shot at the San Gabriel course in a best-ball amateur-professional match with Eric Seavall.

Statz has been fortunate about injuries. He developed a Charley horse in his first year at Los Angeles, 1920, and wasn't bothered again until three years ago. He stopped playing the minute he got it on the theory that if he ever tightened up he'd be done for good. Last year he injured a tendon while stealing a base at San Diego and was out the last ten games of the season, but this year he was back in spring practice as spry as ever.

Jigger thinks the greatest pitcher he ever saw was Grover Cleveland Alexander; the greatest hitter, Rogers Hornsby; and the greatest outfielder, Tris Speaker. "I saw Speaker even after the lively ball was coming in," says Jigger, "and he was still camping almost on second base and going back a mile

for those long ones. For my money, there was never anybody even close to him."

This is praise, indeed, because Statz belongs right up among the greats of all time when it comes to fielding, and he has definite ideas on the subject.

"Never start running till the ball is hit," he says, "and never take your eye off it unless it's so far over your head that the chase is hopeless. Even when you're running back, break your neck to keep your eye on the ball. Young players unconsciously start too soon—and often in the wrong direction."

Jigger has accepted eleven chances in a game, which is not a record, and has had five seasons with four or less errors, something fabulous in fast baseball. In his early days he was a switch hitter but, for the past twelve years he has stuck to right-hand smacking. As a fielder he has helped develop such men as Wally Berger, Demaree, Stainback, Schulmerich and Lou Novikoff. He thinks Novikoff will hit any kind of pitching and does not agree with the wags who want to compare Lou with the early Babe Herman.

As a manager his favorite player is Joe Berry, the string bean from Arkansas who pitches relief for Los Angeles. Jittery Joe stands five feet ten inches and weighs 135 pounds. In a crucial series with San Diego last year Joe won five games in a nine-game series. Joe is very good as a pitcher and he has one peculiarity that endears him to the spectators: When he whirls around to trap a runner off base, he doesn't throw the ball to the baseman but keeps the ball in his hand and tries to run the enemy down. This makes for excitement.

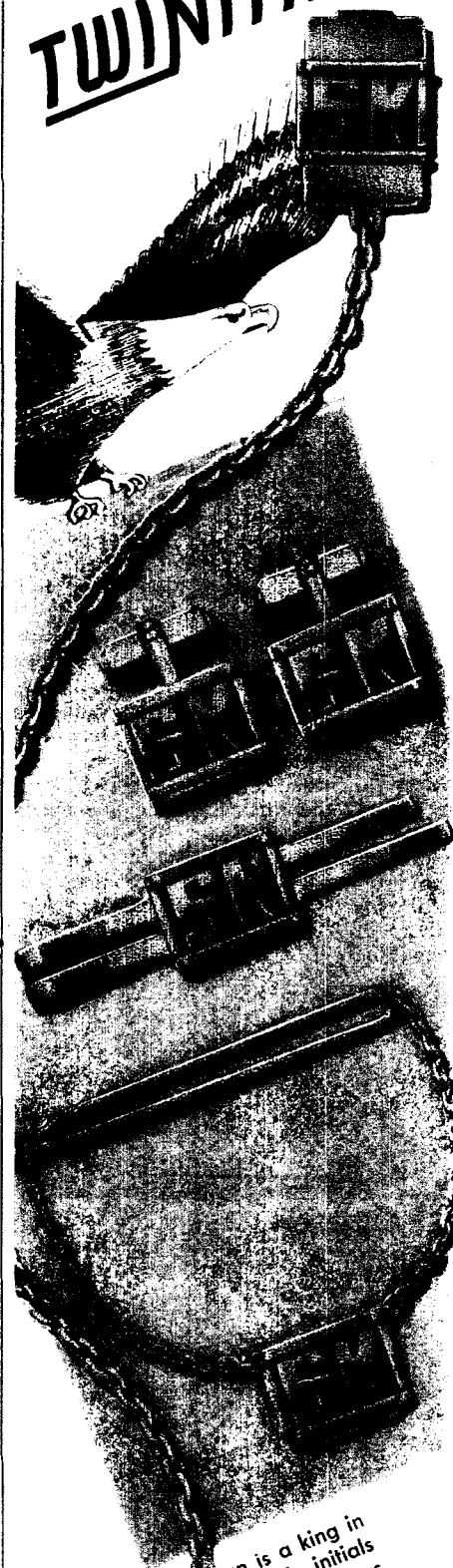
Jigger proved himself as a manager last year by keeping his poise and maintaining the morale of the club when it went into a nose dive early in the year and coasted down to seventh place. Jigger worked quietly with the younger players and refused to lose confidence in the others. They worked out of it in time to finish in second place, losing in the play-offs to Seattle, which spread-eagled the competition.

Mr. Statz is not a talker but he has one story he likes to tell. It has to do with the first game in a double-header for three consecutive Sundays. In the first game he got six hits in six times at bat. Next week he stole six bases in that first game of the double-header.

"In the third game I struck out four times, got a walk and was trapped off first base," says Jigger solemnly.

That's his story. Told with a dead pan, it's pretty funny.

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by SWANK

Wonderful Gamin

Continued from page 16

astonishing altitude, she can climb two notes higher than a piccolo. More important, she sings with an excitement that is uncommonly effective. Some of her notes sound like the pipings of the pagan god Pan.

About topping a piccolo Suzy is strangely unimpressed.

"A mere stunt, a bagatelle," she says. "Quality is what counts. No one ever got into the Metropolitan Opera by humiliating a poor piccolo."

"The Metropolitan Opera!" the interviewer gasps.

"Certainly. And why not? It won't be for a few years yet. But one might as well have a goal. When I achieve that one, I'll get another. I hate aimlessness."

The scourge of aimlessness is a tallish, bouncing and willowy maiden whose blond hair, parted at the side and combed down straight, seems to be an off length.

She thinks she looks like the wrath of God and is explicit about it: "My mouth is too large. My eyes are too small. My face is too round. I have dimples which insist on making me seem coy when I smile. And I don't have enough femininity."

Urgent as an ultimatum and as animated as a Disney cartoon, she wastes no time making up her mind. She forms an opinion of a stranger on the spot. She must have hated dillydallying from the moment she first opened her eyes in the Lying-in Hospital, in Chicago. The attending obstetrician, Dr. DeLee, hasn't been paid for his services to this day, according to Suzy, although she has him on her list—way up at the top. One of her two middle names is DeLee (after the great medico) so how could she ever forget this wonderful doctor, who, let it be said, has never sent around a single dun.

Her real name is Larson, not Foster. Paramount people hint she's related to the great Stephen Foster. But it's a bet she's no kinswoman, unless it's spiritually.

Lester Lamont Larson, a likable Swede and Suzy's good pappy, played football under Amos Alonzo Stagg at Chicago University. He married Adele Viola Flanders of Aurora, Illinois, and

sired three daughters, Suzy, Kathleen, fourteen, who wants to be known as Kathy but answers to Sister, and Adelaide, eleven, called Teddy when she isn't called Baby.

Shortly after Suzy's arrival the Larsons moved to Minneapolis where Larson got himself a connection with a securities house, not important but comfortable. Following the market collapse of 1929, father and his brood hit upon hard times. But the brood—Well, that's another story.

Suzy was a singer at six. At seven she was a connoisseur of music: she caught Jeanette MacDonald's performance in The Love Parade no less than thirteen times. At eight she was studying voice after a fashion and singing practically every note on the piano.

Little Breadwinner

Mamma Larson deserves a good share of the credit for whatever Suzy manages to become. "A nervy woman from the word go," to quote her offspring, she was always shoving Suzy into auditions. At ten, thanks to her mamma, Suzy aired her voice before Mary McCormic, who was virtually dragooned into the thing but admitted afterward that she was "vastly thrilled."

A year later Suzy's mamma, impressed by the music of a violin-playing maestro of a theater-pit orchestra, a gentleman named Carl Johnson, pursued him backstage, her child trailing after her, found him gone, picked up his trail and finally cornered him in a near-by restaurant.

Would he hear her daughter sing? He'd be glad to.

Kiss Me Again is what Suzy sang. "It's a grand voice but it needs training," he said.

"But we've no money." "I'll coach her myself—for nothing," he volunteered.

He did. He never took a dime for his labors.

More, he helped her get a spot on the week-end stage show at the same house where he performed. She got \$5 for two performances, money the Larsons needed badly.

In less than a year she was singing on



"No, it makes me look just like a Mexican dancer"

PVT. DAVE BREGER

EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE



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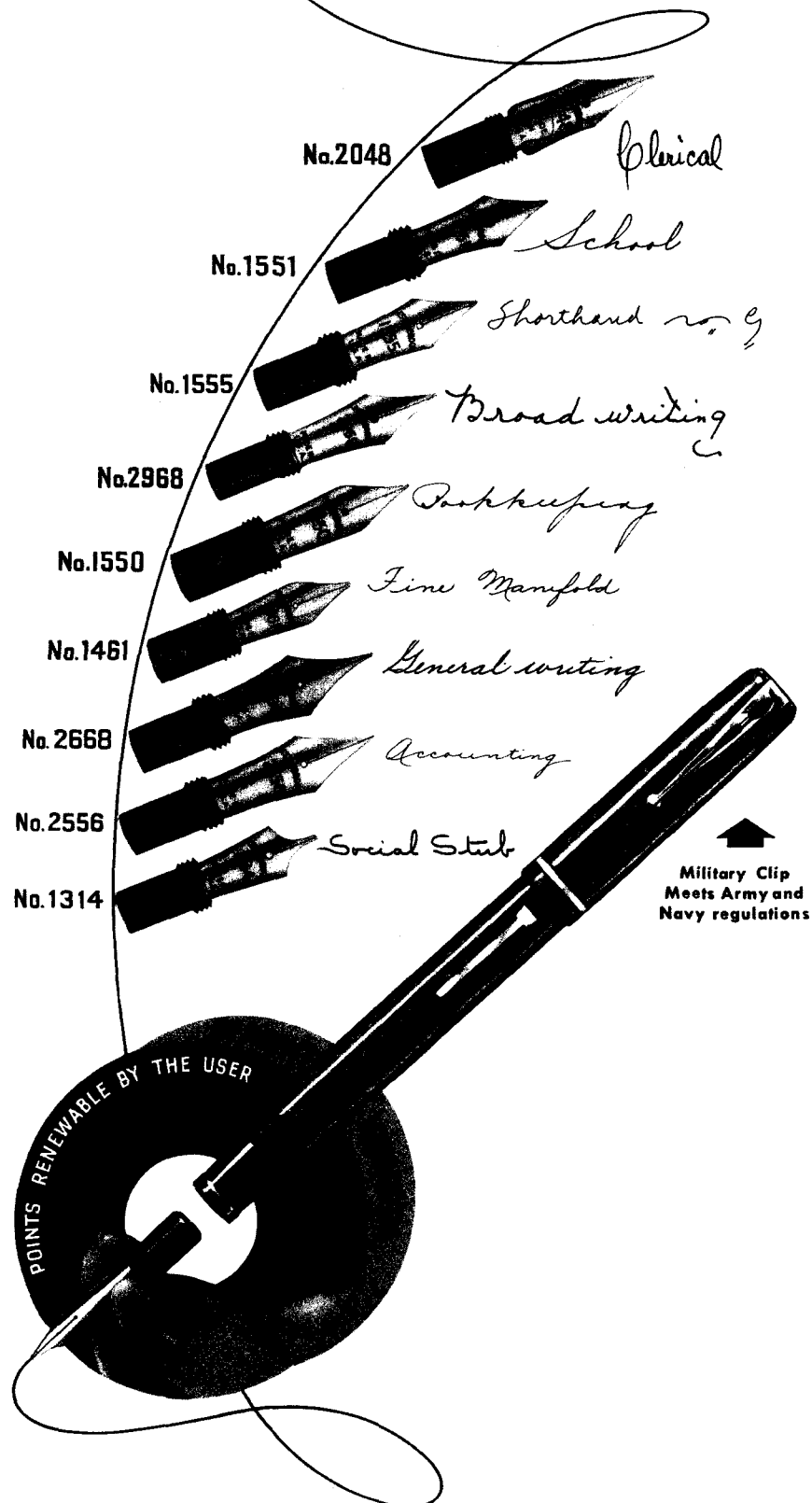
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the air, performing before symphony orchestras and appearing in leading theaters. At times her weekly income hit \$100, times when she was the only breadwinner at home. The work was spasmodic. And in-betweentimes the wolf howled.

Things were low with the Larsons when Merle Potter, a Minneapolis music critic, sent a recording he had made of Suzy's voice to Hollywood. Soon talent scouts swooped down waving contracts. Papa Larson liked Metro's offer the best. Susanna Foster never did a single picture for Metro, which at that time had Deanna Durbin and Judy Garland under contract. They were beginning to be names. The studio didn't care about exploiting new singing talent. After a year it dropped the option so suddenly that the Larsons were caught flat-footed.

With Suzy out of work, the Foster home in Beverly Hills collapsed. Creditors toted away the installment-plan furniture, repossessed the car. Dolefully the Larsons moved to a two-room apartment at Venice.

The next half year was grim. By odd jobs the head of the house managed to keep going until the sun shone.

Not-Too-Sweet Sixteen

That it did was due to the unshakable confidence and tireless drive of Susanna herself. Burning to show the maharajas at Metro how wrong they were, she got herself a new agent. He believed in her, arranged for an audition before Director LeRoy Prinz over at Paramount, the same Prinz who was looking for a teen-age singer.

She didn't get the part. Linda Ware had already been signed. After the audition, Prinz patted her on the head and promised her she would hear from him "one day soon." Used to brush-offs, she grinned, shrugged her shoulders and tripped off the sound stage whistling bravely.

Prinz kept his word. Three months later when Paramount needed a singing juvenile for The Great Victor Herbert, he wired for her. He got her an audition before the Paramount pooh-bahs, who thought she was supercolossal. She got the part and, in time, a term contract.

It is this telescoping of a miniature lifetime into sixteen scant years that has made a philosopher out of Suzy. "I think I know a thing or two about life," she boasts.

She prefers candor to courtesy from a man.

"Any fool can be polite. It takes spunk to speak out," she believes.

An admirer of intelligence, she despises men who are shallow and who substitute arrogance for wit.

Folkways of the teen-age crowd she finds amusing. And by spurts dull. Drinking by her set irks her. She avoids even beer. Dancing she abominates.

"Until you've seen Foster dance you've not lived," she kids. "I'm a combination of Joan Davis and Charlotte Greenwood."

Practical as a New England housewife, she hunts down bargains, doesn't own a dress that costs \$25 and looks wonderful in a street getup that costs \$40 tops for the whole shebang.

The \$200 a week she draws currently doesn't go very far. There's an agent. There's a singing teacher who gets another ten per cent. As this is written, Mr. and Mrs. Larson are living apart, Mrs. Larson receiving one third of Suzy's net income for separate maintenance, plus another third for the two children. Suzy and her father get what's left.

But there's a light on the horizon. For one thing, she is being made a star, and her salary will be raised.

Secondly, she has just wheedled a screen test for her sister Kathy, who may be described as a blond Jane Withers. Suzy swears that Kathy is better both as an actress and singer than Suzy will ever be. She has plans to wangle a test for Baby, the Foster youngest.

She chums around with Betty Brewer, another little Paramount singer who bucked the odds. They go to premieres together and love to stand outside and watch the stuffed shirts and sequined ladies swish inside.

Romance?

"It would be all right if you could find it in Hollywood," she sputters. "But these conceited pups who call you up as though they were rescuing you from eternal boredom, buy you a hamburger and want to neck you to death aren't romancers. They're heels. That's how come I'm a hermit these days."

A pause.

"Oh, don't get the idea I'm going to become a spinster. Hallelujah no! I'll find the man I'm looking for. And when I'm nineteen I'll get married. There will be a house full of kids swinging from the chandeliers, wrecking the furniture and catching fish from our goldfish bowl. I don't think that children ought to be brought up in a world where everything is 'Don't!' Do you?"

We told her we didn't.



"Henry has the other end—so he can find his way back with the hot dogs"

HERB WILLIAMS

Impregnable Pearl Harbor

Continued from page 12



**For Father's Day (June 15th)
surprise Dad with this
sweet-smoking Imperial Pipe**

You'll see a gleam in Dad's eye when he lights up this handsome pipe. Imperial Yello-Bole has something he can't get in any other pipe. It smokes sweet from the very first puff—because it's sprayed and brushed with honey—Real Sage Honey that's good enough to eat. The Imperial needs no "breaking in" because the honey mellows and tones the tobacco—makes every pipeful taste sweet and mild and good. Of all the things you can give Dad on Father's Day, an Imperial will give him the deepest satisfaction. Such a grand pipe to look at—and even better to smoke—because it's made from fine imported Briar. Your Dad will bless you for thousands of hours of deep smoke pleasure. *Imperial is the best smoking pipe you can buy for \$1.50.*



YELLO-BOLE \$1

Look for The Honey-Seal in the Bowl

of murderous fire. And back from this only possible invading beach, rank upon rank, are the field guns, the 240-mm. guns, the howitzers and big rifles. Maybe an enemy might make it, but the chances are vast that he'd be slaughtered on the beach as the British were at Gallipoli in that first war to make the world safe for democracy.

No enemy came by ship nor plane that Saturday night. None was expected. The whole thing was but a demonstration of how quickly the billion-dollar fist that America has built in the Pacific could deliver a smash. The Army's Hawaiian division, about 40,000 men—Regulars, California National Guardsmen, Hawaiian draftees—can be at their posts within thirty minutes, if they aren't there already. The Pacific Fleet of battleships, destroyers, cruisers, submarines and carriers are always within a few minutes of clearing for action.

The Navy Isn't Worrying

Day and night, Navy and Army planes are droning down the warm skies in circles two hundred, five hundred, a thousand miles wide. They're dropping bombs from altitudes of twenty and thirty thousand feet and smashing tiny targets towed by swift destroyers. They can't see the targets, half the size of a life raft, but they're sinking them from aloft. And they're blasting them in dives. By radio they're hooked up with infantry, artillery, the Fleet, their brother fliers. The defense of Hawaii may not be impregnable. Ships can be sunk. Planes can be downed. Forts—even Diamond Head—may be razed. And serried ranks of big guns can be silenced. But neither the Army nor the Navy believes that there is any power or combination of powers existing

today that can prove it in the islands.

If it happens, that's the way it will go. For the present, ships loaded with munitions for Britain in the Middle East, for China, for Singapore are plowing across the Pacific. They're out of California ports twenty-five hundred miles to the east. They're coming from the Panama Canal, forty-six hundred miles away from Honolulu. They're carrying men and guns to Guam, thirty-four hundred miles from Pearl Harbor. They're heavy with defense stuff and men—freighters, tankers, transports—for Manila, forty-seven hundred miles from Waikiki.

The secrecy maintained at Pearl Harbor, at San Francisco and Seattle, at Guam and Manila, is so heavy that it almost betrays itself. All one has to do is to ask in all innocence whether the United States was convoying these widely scattered merchant ships and he'd be silenced with silence.

But there was no convoying in the Atlantic sense. Food and munitions ships were not steaming in huddles westward toward Asia, surrounded by armed speedsters and yearned over by planes. That sort of convoy isn't necessary and won't be in the Pacific. Compared to the Pacific, the Atlantic's a millpond. Moreover, the Japs, if they obey the wish of Hitler and send their cruisers and submarines after commerce, will have fewer naval bases than Germany in the Atlantic to operate from. Therefore, it will be much easier to check up on Jap movements.

The Pacific version of the convoy follows this pattern: American warships and American planes scout the ocean. They steam slowly, they fly low. There are rumors in great number that German raiders stalk the South Seas, although when we left the islands none had been sighted. And there are always the fears that a few individual Jap



"I coulda had him last winter, but I thought he was all padding!"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

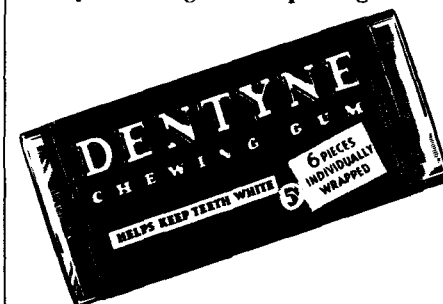


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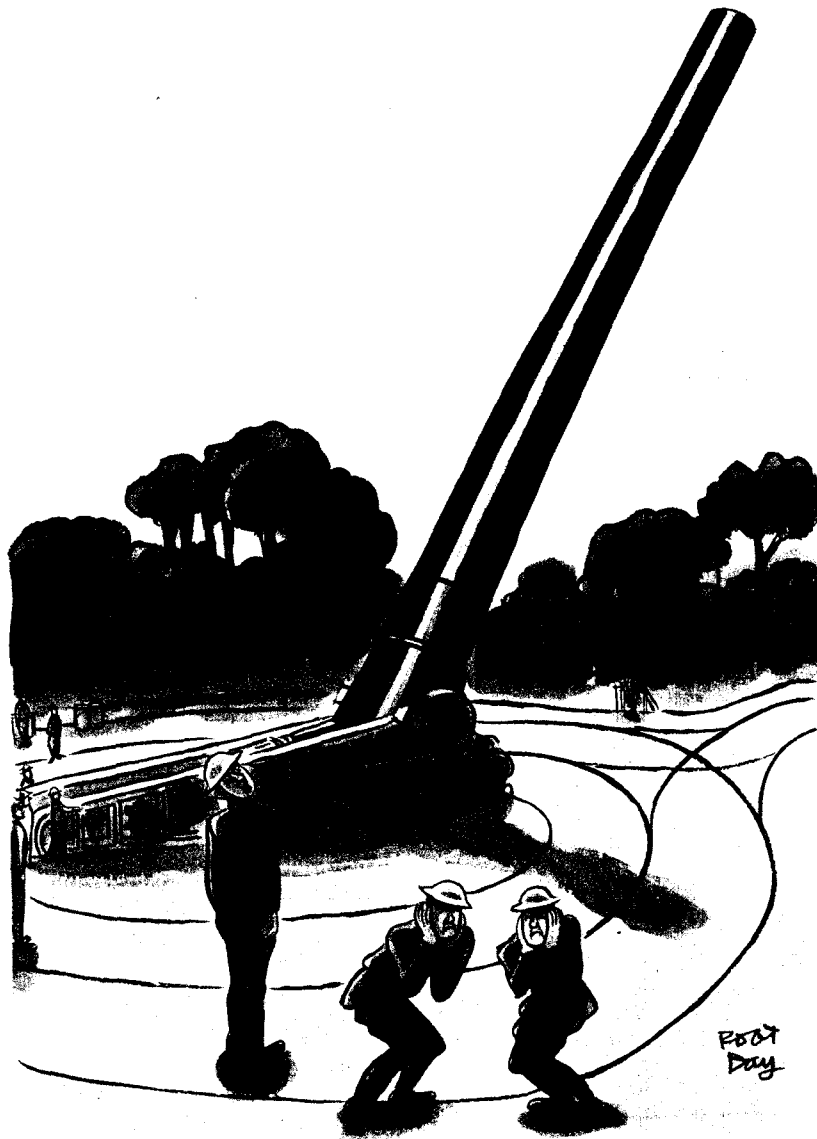
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"It costs \$10,000 every time we fire this gun. The least you could do is watch!"

ROBERT DAY

commanders would go to war without their government's blessing and sink a few American freighters for luck. Or at any moment Japan's war lords might quit stalling and start by sea for the prized East Indies, firing as they went.

All these possibilities make the way clear for the American Pacific Fleet, plus the Asiatic Fleet, plus England's men-o'-war in the Singapore area. Combined, these three made quite a respectable navy. In itself the Pacific Fleet is nothing to regard lightly—which is telling Japan nothing that it doesn't know. As far as what it should do in an emergency is concerned, our Pacific Fleet is pretty much on its own; in that emergency (an exceedingly flexible term) it is not required by the Navy Department that initial instructions be sought in Washington.

The Navy Keeps Posted

For example, Pearl Harbor, Manila and Singapore know from hour to hour where every American and British ship is, between the Americas and Asia, between the Panama Canal and the Red Sea. No cargo carrier is ever more than two or three hours' distant from a warship and less than that away from airplanes. Too, to the extent that we know how many fighting ships and planes Japan has, we're kept pretty well informed where they are and what they're up to. Totalitarian Japan's intelligence lines are neater, tighter and more numerous than ours, but our Pacific battle forces are not exactly groping around in the dark.

We were westbound on an American battleship, two days out of Pearl Harbor. This battlewagon presented a spectacle warranted to arrest attention. We were all but stripped for action. It wouldn't have taken more than thirty minutes to clear decks and go to it. That's the way our Navy plows around these days. We were loaded within an ounce of our floating capacity with food and munitions. And, while it didn't add much to our weight, we carried five million dollars in cash, the latter guarded day and night by Marines Tzrez, Krzyszwiczky, Del Napoli, Goldenberg and Holloway among others. We were careful about those names. Anyway, we were so heavily laden that we wallowed.

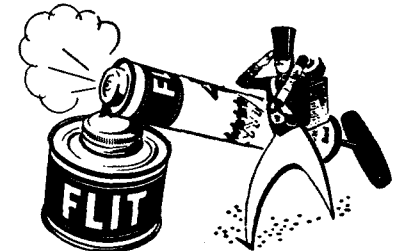
A Jap—a tanker of perhaps six-thousand tons—was present to see us, probably trying to guess what the answer was. If she was armed, it wasn't noticeable. She appeared eastbound on the horizon, about fifteen miles dead ahead, directly on our course. And there she stopped, or slowed down to a crawl. Our radio told her she was on our course, adding that we were open to suggestions. She ignored that completely but did come back with a demand to know who we were, where we'd come from and whither we were bound. So we ignored that although we asked her again how about moving over a little. But the Jap didn't move over and we were getting a trifle jittery like the elephant confronted by an over-confident mouse.

We'd have done the moving over and our dignity would have done a nose dive had the pig boat not arrived at that



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ALKALINE DENTAL PLATE POWDER

immense moment. The submarine was sighted by our forward top, merely the eye of her periscope above the serene sea, about two hundred yards off our starboard bow. You could almost feel the battleship's nerves go taut. And for the few moments it took the submarine to come to the surface they grew tighter. She was a Yankee—one of the new pig boats, a big black murderer. We could have kissed her—and all her 21-inch torpedoes. That's how thump-thump we were.

Thanks to a Pig Boat

Being no sailor, we don't know what that Jap oilcan did in technical terms. But in our landsman eyes it literally spun on its narrow tail and got going—probably blown about by the combined sigh of relief from the battleship's bridge. It doesn't matter. She got out of our way, passed us eastbound, a little more than egg-throwing distance away. From her bridge, her bow and stern she shot pictures of us—still and movie. We don't blame her; we probably looked like a rummage sale carrying twelve fourteen inch guns for luck. We said thanks to the pig boat and she grinned back. Then she submerged again, going east with the Jap.

On our new cruisers—the heavies carrying nine 8-inch guns and the lights swinging fifteen sixes—the stern, below decks, is an airplane hangar. With a punch of your finger the deck slides forward. And there, wings folded, lie three scout-observation planes. Within five minutes all three can be snaked out of the hold and flipped into the air. We saw them do it and caught ourselves whistling Columbia the Gem of the Ocean. It's a magnificent sight.

How many of the Navy's secrets are preservable in a group of eight inti-

mately related islands in the territory of Hawaii is something that even the Navy doesn't know. Not all the islands—a chain of more than a thousand miles—are included in the territory. But of a population of 423,000 on the eight islands of which Oahu is the core as well as the site of Pearl Harbor, about 156,000 are Japanese. Nearly 40,000 of them are aliens, the rest first- or second-generation American citizens. The pure Hawaiian is a vanishing race—about 21,000 of them in the territory. There are 28,600 Chinese, all but 4,000 of whom are American born. The rest of the population are Koreans, Filipinos, Portuguese, Puerto Ricans and what we have come popularly to know as Nordics—English, Scots, Germans and Yankees. Neither the Army nor the Navy personnel is included in these figures.

Naturally the Japanese population is regarded with more suspicion than the others—particularly by the Navy. No other element of the population, however, conducts itself with greater outward circumspection, the Navy preferring to call it guile. To state the Japanese case fairly, with authority, would require much more study than we have given the situation. Therefore we'll tell you briefly what the Navy is doing to protect itself against a people it does not trust and let it go at that. The Japanese sampan fleet, for example.

The sampan fleet uses Kewalo Basin as its base. Kewalo Basin is a sheltered cove just around from the entrance to Honolulu Harbor, twelve miles from Pearl Harbor. The sampans are husky fishing ships, some of them eighty feet long, Diesel-engined, capable of ranging as far as five hundred miles to sea in pursuit of tuna. They're manned by tough Jap fishermen, are combined into a hard-boiled federation which until recently has defied all outside authority



"I thought I heard all the gags but being out of air is a new one for me!"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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**FOR BETTER SIGHT
USE BETTER LIGHT**



from the Navy up and down. Repeatedly they barged into restricted waters while the Navy was on maneuvers, always with a smile, forever ready with apology. Right or wrong, the Navy accuses them of being eyes for the Japanese admiralty, that they have kept Germany informed of developments at Pearl Harbor, and that they have—in the past at least—been in regular communication with passing Japanese freighters and tankers, and perhaps warships. They're accused, too, of taking Japanese army, navy and intelligence officers off passing ships and fetching them, disguised as fishermen, to Honolulu. This operation requires only that a fisherman be left on the ship that the sampan might not return to the islands with more crew than she left. Who's Who in the Jap colony in Honolulu can be all but a complete mystery. But naturally no Jap, citizen or not, is permitted within the limits of Pearl Harbor in any circumstance. With the Army it's somewhat different; the Hawaiian militia and its draftee soldiers are overwhelmingly Japanese. They're out at Schofield Barracks marching, saluting, eating, thinking, playing and sleeping at attention. They even have a few Japanese officers—neat, dignified, efficient brass hats like Second Lieutenant Bert Nobru of the 299th Infantry. He's a military product of the Officers Reserve Corps of McKinley High School, locally known as Tokyo University, and of the University of Hawaii. The 299th's band, better than most but strictly aloha, has exactly one white man in it—a pink-cheeked, blue-eyed Scot who talks Hawaiian with a burr. This has to be heard to be appreciated. He also plays a tuba. The others are practically everything east of Suez—Polynesians, Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos, Sumatrans, a couple of Hindus and Hawaiians in pure and mixed combinations. There is a French horn who has virtually everything—Japanese, Chinese, Javanese and Jewish. We asked him how he felt. He said Jewish.

The Navy Takes No Chances

But the Navy, contending correctly that it had much more to hide than the Army, makes no pretense to a liberal attitude toward the Japs. It is taking no chances that the stingy mouth of Pearl Harbor (width: one ship at a time) be stoppered even temporarily by an intentional sinking. So American destroyers patrol the southern and eastern coasts of Oahu twenty-four hours a day, and

patrol bombers soar around and over as much on the alert as though war were actual instead of pending. All ships trespassing within three miles of Pearl Harbor are stopped, questioned and sometimes boarded just to make sure. Today, if a sampan barges into the forbidden zone or butts into maneuver waters, she's escorted to Honolulu. Her crew is taken to court. They're fined heavily or even jailed. The Japs don't like it much, but neither does the Navy.

Out of this Navy vigilance the Army manages to extract a certain amount of amusement. While no Jap may work within the Naval reservations and no Jap is left in any doubt of the Navy's suspicion, many of the Navy wives have Japanese maids—cooks, waitresses, chambermaids. At Navy dinner tables discussion of the day at Pearl Island and departmental gossip is very likely to be free and in detail. In the cafés and restaurants we were able to detect no particular reticence even when Japanese waiters were standing, stony-faced, near by. None of these public and private servants were deaf and dumb, either. Moreover, Chinese and Polynesians who spend most of their leisure hours in Japanese society are working inside the Navy Yard, on the Navy airfields and even the secret munitions and fuel dumps.

In the meantime, Honolulu and other towns on the adjacent islands of Maui, Molokai and Hawaii, are preparing against attack. Their medical, sanitary, first-aid and other emergency agencies are drilling daily. Food is being stored in the hills. Each family, each individual, has been instructed what to do and where to go when the war arrives and if Japanese bombers come roaring down the Hawaiian skies.

The Territorial Legislature, all but controlled by the Japanese, has voted gentle Governor Joe Poindexter powers to confiscate property—from radios to public utilities—to suspend laws, ration food and clothing, requisition personal services, erect and equip air-raid shelters, imprison persons regarded as dangerous, promulgate emergency rules and regulations by fiat, declare quarantine areas, close whole sections to traffic, and so on indefinitely. For violation of any such orders from the governor's office during a declared emergency, persons may be fined as much as \$5,000 and sent to jail for a year. For launching false rumors the monger may be fined up to \$10,000 and imprisoned for twenty years. Even today you've got to be careful what you start. For example,

if you were to start the rumor that an emergency has been proclaimed when it hasn't, they can cast you into jail for a year or two. The Navy declares all this to be as it should be but is otherwise not concerned. The Navy will be at sea. But the Army, which will still be on the islands defending them against invasion, will see to it that the governor's pronouncements are respected. In fact it was Lieutenant General Walter Short, commanding the Hawaiian division, who did most of the thinking preceding the drawing of these emergency measures.

Candidates for Oblivion

That the shutdown may be complete, the Army and Navy Intelligence sections and the F.B.I. have their hands outstretched ready at a signal to grab individuals whom they contend would be anything but pro-American from M-day on. They say that these ladies and gentlemen are not noticeably pro-American now, but that it serves a better purpose to let them roam free—under surveillance. If the war comes, individuals and whole cliques and groups will be hustled off into concentration camps. Secret Jap societies will be forbidden to meet publicly or privately. Foreign-language newspapers will be closed down if so much as an ambiguous phrase appears. Pre-emergency censorship in the islands is tough, but it will be Hitlerian should M-day come.

In the continental United States there may be some doubt about our readiness to fight. But none exists in Hawaii. Battleships, steam up and all but stripped, ride in the harbor or plow the ocean practicing gunnery, wary as lions on the prowl. Aircraft carriers, each toting seventy-five planes on its back, are momentarily ready to go. Around them, between them and beyond are squadrons of swift destroyers, cruisers, submarines, mine layers. They're the battle force, the scouting force, the base force.

Their battle orders are written. All they wait for is the word from Washington or an incident in the Pacific. If the latter comes first, the Pacific Fleet will notify Washington that the war is on. And if what one hears at Pearl Island is dependable the only displeasure arising from Washington will come from the throats of the isolationist group in Congress. Otherwise one hears little in the islands about Congress. What the battle orders are we don't know. Nor would we write them down here if we did.



"It's just a movie, Officer"

REAMER KELLER



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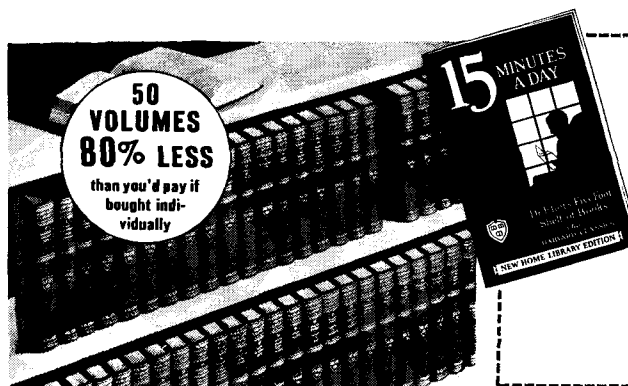
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Lady in Armor

Continued from page 67

begged his assistance. He said, "There's a gang of roughnecks rollin' around the midway lookin' fo' trouble. Maybe you'd better get help."

But before Chet had a chance to make more than a preliminary survey, a real fight broke out in the tent that was to have housed the hootch show and which—during this entirely proper week—had merely accepted sucker money under false pretenses. The boys invaded that tent and demanded action. A couple of the paid helpers resented the intrusion and within ten minutes a dozen men were battling. Chet broke that one up, and immediately thereafter he telephoned Dale Meredith, because he, too, knew the symptoms—and what was more, Chet knew a great deal about internal conditions in Karnak that Mr. Sammy Smith happily did not know. Chet had recognized the rioters and figured the source of their inspiration.

Sammy Smith meanwhile passed the word among his tougher associates. The atmosphere along the midway was tense and ugly. At any second, Mr. Smith knew—the ultimate spark might be touched off and then there'd be a first-class shambles. The carnival boys were ready. Some of them were even eager, because they regarded as a personal affront the fact that they had been held to fairly legitimate showmanship during this customarily wide-open week.

After the first two clashes, a few of the more conservative Karnak citizens had gone home. Several more left after the melee in the hootch show. But the average visitor to the crowded midway was unaware that serious trouble was brewing. There were gaiety and laughter and good-natured banter. The refreshment stands and rides were doing land-office business, and if the concessionaires were just a trifle grim, the pleasure seekers did not notice.

THE colored citizens of Karnak, too, were out in full force and elegance, swarming over the special section of the midway that had been set up for them. Utopia Martin was there, beaming happily upon her escort, who was the very elegant and triumphant Spurious Williams.

Mr. Williams felt like strutting, and he was doing it in great shape.

He plied himself and his girl with hamburgers, hot dogs, candy made of spun sugar, buttered popcorn and all the pink lemonade and soda pop she could drink, which was considerable. He squandered his money recklessly and was rewarded occasionally by a smile, a squeeze and a compliment from the radiant object of his affections. "Tell you what, Spurious—you are the elegantest, spendin'est man I ever met up with."

"Shuah, Sugarfoots—on you squanderin' is a pleasure."

Spurious knew nothing of the first fist-clash along the midway. He heard the second. He was close enough to see some of the third. His countenance became solemn and he shook his head. He said, "Uh-uh. White folks fightin'. That ginrally means it's time fo' cullud folks to exodust."

He walked up the midway in the general direction of the grandstand and the exit. Just outside a booth featuring a raffle wheel, a battle burst right in his face. He recognized some of the tougher town boys; he heard the thud of punches, the curses of fighting men and he saw blood. Whereupon, he grabbed Utopia's hand and departed immediately. By the time he passed the grandstand, wormed through the packed parking space and hit the main road, the

fighting behind him seemed to have become general and the visitors were on the verge of panic. Spurious said, "'Tain't safe walkin' up that road . . . not the way cars is comin'. Us better duck into them woods yonder an' lay low till occurrences cease fum happenin'."

They scurried around the wire fence which separated fairgrounds and woodland and vanished into the shadows. They stared with wide, horrified eyes at the midway—so lately a mecca of pleasure, now a mass of cursing, shoving, fighting figures. "Disaster done struck," murmured Spurious. "Somebody gwine git hurt bad—but it ain't gwine be us, Utopia—it ain't never gwine be us."

BY THE time Dale reached the fairgrounds, the battle had assumed dangerous proportions. A young lady was accidentally knocked down and the young lady's escort promptly hung one on the jaw of the offender. That brought him and his friends into the fight, and incited more carnival men to join in. The Lefty Bragan mob was howling and punching. Innocent bystanders were becoming terrified and the women were hysterical. A burly roustabout was clubbed and another carnival worker badly injured, and then the rallying cry of the canvas-topped show world split the night: a sharp, commanding cry which spread from booth to booth and wagon to wagon:

"Hey, Rube!"

The call fanned to all parts of the fairgrounds. It carried a summons and a warning. It conscripted every carnival man to the battle and diagramed the trouble as a major difficulty between townfolk and show people. Now there was no holding back, no further effort to keep the trouble from getting out of hand. From this minute on, the carnival people were fighting desperately, dangerously and efficiently.

Dale Meredith went into her cubby-hole office at the rear of the grandstand. One of her regular deputies was there, his face unpleasantly crimson. He said, "I'll go back, Miss Meredith—soon's I stop this blood." She helped Peter bandage him, and watched him shoulder his way back through the fleeing crowd of average citizens.

Peter spoke to her over the din of battle. "I'd jolly well like to do something," he said.

"There's nothing you can do."

"Just standing around here . . ." He saw that she was looking at his empty left sleeve, and he looked down, too, and then shrugged. "I suppose there isn't," he said.

Dale flushed. She hadn't meant it that way, and so she said quickly: "There is something you can do. See whether you can locate Jerry. Tell him I'm here in the office, and that I'll stay here. Find out what's really happening, and let me know."

He smiled gratefully, and she knew what the smile meant. She saw him move off against the current, and it occurred to her that for all he was slender he moved with a courage and confidence that was superb.

She heard the sounds of combat—shouts and screams and occasionally groans. Twice she heard shots, and that frightened her—not for herself but because she figured it meant that this was becoming more than a minor riot. She was rigid, frightened, steady and courageous—all at the same time. Things were getting bad. But she didn't really know how bad they were getting.

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beyond the end of the ancient pinewood grandstand, three battling men overturned a peanut roaster. A gasoline torch ignited the canvas of an adjacent concession tent. The flames licked skyward, the south wind caught them and blew them toward the grandstand.

The dry, tinderlike pine wood of the gaunt structure caught the flames. The end of the grandstand became suddenly crimson. The sight of the fire licking into the late November sky further heightened the panic of the citizens and seemed to arouse the battlers to greater fury.

In the woods across the way, Spurious Williams clutched the cold hand of his girl friend.

"Lay low," he whispered. "Somebody's comin' this-a-way."

She said, "I is layin' low."

"Then lay lower." As an afterthought he said, "An' cease fum breathin'."

Neil Berkeley was shifting his position so as to command an even clearer view of the doorway to Dale Meredith's little office. He had been standing in one place for some time, and now he was moving . . . moving closer to the fringe of the woods. He did not see the two Negroes who cowered in the underbrush, some distance away.

Spurious said, "I ain't crazy, is I, Utopia?"

"I don't reckon so, Spurious."

"That feller standin' way over yonder . . . he looks feemiliar."

"Sho nuff?"

"Uh-huh. If I didn't know I'd sound foolish, I'd swear it was Mistuh Neil Berkeley. An' what's mo', Utopia—I'd also swear he was holding a rifle."

Utopia said, "Shuah—that's ain't possible. You is just imaginin' things."

But Spurious wasn't imagining things. The man who had moved now to the shelter of the trunk of a huge pine tree was Neil Berkeley and he was holding

a gun. A modern hunting rifle, equipped with a telescope sight, was cradled in the crook of his left arm. Concealed from the fairgrounds, and not knowing that he was observed by anyone else, he waited with what patience he could muster for the opportunity that would solve his major problem, remove his paramount fear.

Thus far, things had worked according to plan. By any standards, it was a good riot; no matter what occurred afterward, there'd be a howl from John Q. Public against a sheriff who could do nothing to control this sort of thing. Provided there was any sheriff to protest against.

NEIL had left Les Carson's home in the country immediately after the telephone call from Angel Verner. He had circled through the swamp and approached the fairgrounds from the east rather than from Karnak direction. He had left a narrow little corduroy road, nosed his car into the woods and then picked his way through the blackness to his present point of vantage.

He had seen Dale arrive with Peter Aylesworth. Then they had both disappeared into the tiny office. Later Aylesworth had walked off down the midway. But Neil had not again seen Dale.

That was not at all to his liking. He had come there for the purpose of killing Dale Meredith, and that was an obvious impossibility unless she came to the door where he could see her.

Neil was becoming angry and just a trifle discouraged. Apparently Dale wasn't planning to leave that office. She was probably making frantic telephone calls into town.

Then he heard sharp screams and saw red tongues of flame shooting up from the grandstand . . . from the end of the grandstand where the sheriff's office was located. It was then that he moved



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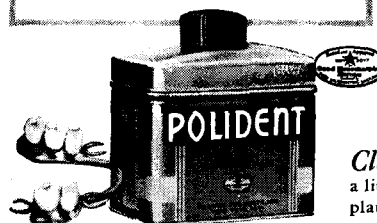
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closer to the edge of the woods; it was then that his fingers tightened around the trigger guard of his rifle. With the grandstand on fire, Dale would be routed out. The fire itself furnished additional light. She'd come to the doorway and stand there . . . no matter how briefly. And that would be all the time he needed.

The burning grandstand cast a radiance that spread terrifyingly to the patch of woods across the road. Spurious Williams, staring with horrified eyes, uttered an exclamation of fear.

"I ain't crazy," he said, "that is Mistuh Berkeley."

Spurious knew a lot of things. The colored folks of Karnak had their own grapevine and did their own gossiping. And now Mr. Williams' instinct was in the ascendancy. He motioned to Utopia and started to creep away. Not until they had put considerable space between themselves and the lone, menacing figure, did he speak. His voice had lost all of its soft drawl; it was the voice of a man at whom fear has struck, but who is yet not so afraid as to be rendered incapable of action.

"You git on home, Utopia," he ordered, and his voice was firm and authoritative. "Git to town any way you can. I got things to do."

EVEN before Utopia could protest or ask questions, the feet of Spurious Williams took on wings. He dashed across the road and circled into the fairgrounds. He dashed past the burning grandstand and down the midway.

Spurious didn't think things out clearly, but he sensed that something was dreadfully wrong. He knew that there was serious trouble that had arrayed Neil Berkeley against his beloved Miss Dale and Mistuh Jerry. And there was Mistuh Berkeley standin' over yonder with a rifle in his hand.

Spurious had no faintest idea what Neil might be planning. But that didn't matter. It all spelled trouble to him, and his one thought at the moment was to find Jerry Hamilton. He'd seen Jerry when he reached the fairgrounds, had seen him step into the thick of the rioting.

There was no reason for Spurious to think that Neil Berkeley was watching for Dale Meredith. He didn't know what Neil was waiting for . . . he only knew that his presence over yonder portended trouble, and he wanted to tell Mistuh Jerry. It never occurred to him to tell Dale, because he did not connect Dale directly with the thing at all. But Mistuh Jerry, now . . .

Down the midway, Peter Aylesworth found Jerry in the midst of a mob of fighting men. Peter said, "Dale told me to tell you she's in her office," and Jerry answered, "I'll be there as soon as I can," and returned his attention to the job in hand.

Peter heard a new sound, a new quality in the cries of fear from the pleasure seekers who had been caught in the rioting. He looked back up the midway and saw a thin, red tongue lick into the heavens.

The grandstand! On fire! It was just the beginning, but Peter knew that it would burn fast—and he remembered that Dale was there.

He ran swiftly, darting and dodging through the crowd. The crowd became more dense, more panicky—so that he was slowed down. He felt a hand on his arm and turned to look into the wide, frightened eyes of Spurious Williams.

Spurious asked, with agonized eagerness, "Mistuh Peter—where at is Mistuh Jerry?"

"Down there . . ." Then Peter saw the terror reflected in the dark face before him. He asked sharply, "What's the matter?"

"I don't know fo' shuah, suh . . ." and then the words poured out. There was a man in the woods across the way, a man with a rifle, and he looked like Neil Berkeley. Spurious was scared. He wanted to tell Mistuh Jerry.

Peter's brain was clear as crystal. He never questioned Spurious' story. That would be Neil Berkeley, all right, and his presence there with a rifle could mean only one thing . . . that he was planning to kill Dale Meredith. It all fitted in with horrible neatness.

Peter did not hesitate. He knew that split seconds were precious. No time now to tell Jerry . . . no time to warn Dale. In the few moments that it would take to find her and to explain, Neil Berkeley might get his chance.

He started running toward the exit, pulling Spurious after him. Spurious said wildly, "Where to is you gwine, Mistuh Peter?"

"To find Neil Berkeley."

Spurious, running but reluctant, protested: "I ain't gwine yonder, suh."

"You've got to show me where he is." Then Peter explained, "He's planning to shoot Miss Dale."

A howl burst from the lips of Spurious. Shoot Miss Dale! A fierce anger welled up in his black bosom. He was no less scared than he had been, but his fury made him forget his personal fear. It was he who led the wild race now, he who ran so fast that Peter had difficulty keeping up with him. . . .

Meanwhile, Neil Berkeley was waiting; not patiently, perhaps, but steadily. The fire mounted and crackled. Neil knew that Dale could not remain where she was much longer, and that there was no exit save the little doorway which was directly opposite where he was now standing.

A new sound came to the ears of the tense, desperate man with the rifle: The sound of someone crashing toward him through the woods; the sound of a man in terrible haste.

Neil swore bitterly. He didn't know who it was that was coming, but he realized that he was no longer secure. He knew that it was now a matter of seconds, that something had to happen and happen soon.

Then he saw Dale—saw her briefly. She did not walk to the door and stand there. The fire was all about her and she came out of her office running.

Neil jerked the rifle to his shoulder. He did not hear Peter's sharp command to Spurious, "Wait there!" But he did hear a hoarse, grim shout from Peter.

Neil Berkeley took quick aim at the swiftly moving figure of Dale Meredith. His finger pressed the trigger. The lithe figure of Peter Aylesworth left the ground and hurled itself against Neil Berkeley.

There was the sound of a shot. A single shot.

The figures of the two men went crashing to the ground. Across the way, Dale had stopped running. Her body swayed, then crumpled.

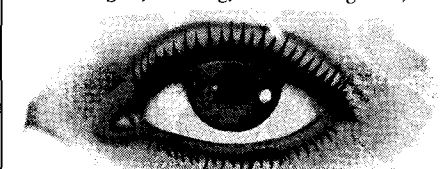
Dale Meredith lay sprawled on the ground when the first of the horrified spectators reached her.

PETER AYLESWORTH had attacked the larger man with the courage and ferocity of a terrier. His slender, wiry body crashed full-tilt against Neil's just as Neil fired at Dale. The impact sent them both to earth, and Neil was striking and kicking even before he hit the ground. A few rods away Spurious Williams stood in openmouthed horror. He saw the two men go down, saw the larger man tear loose, leap to his feet and grab for his rifle. He saw Neil swing that rifle and crash it against the prone, helpless figure of Peter Aylesworth.

Spurious knew then that Neil Berkeley intended to kill Peter Aylesworth.

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And Spurious was no longer afraid. Things were happening too swiftly for that. He howled and leaped forward.

Neil heard him. He heard the howl and the sound of a new opponent crashing toward him. One man on the ground, another leaping to attack. Neil did not know whether or not others might be coming. His position was desperate. No time now to finish the job he'd started, no time for anything except flight to avoid recognition.

Carrying his rifle, Neil fled through the woods toward the lonely spot where he had left his car. He ran swiftly, and the darkness swallowed him up. Behind him the sounds of rioting grew fainter, the red glow from the blazing grandstand less distinct.

NEIL still did not know with whom he had been fighting. If he had not been recognized, then things were probably all right. True, Dale had not been motionless, but the flames which roared over the grandstand had furnished additional illumination, and Neil was a crack shot. Dale had fallen. There was every likelihood that she had been killed.

Neil knew that he had planned well, and he had good reason to believe that he had succeeded. He found his car, eased it onto the narrow corduroy road without turning on his headlights, and then drove to the deepest part of the Catbill River. He tossed the rifle into the water, heaved a sigh of relief, and went back to his car.

Twenty minutes later he strolled nonchalantly back into the front yard at Les Carson's place. Angel was waiting outside for him and Angel asked, "Ev'rything all right, Neil?"

"I think so."

"What you mean you 'think'?"

"Grandstand caught fire, and Dale was running. But I got her."

"Good." Verner nodded with satisfaction. "Anybody see you?"

"Yes. . . ." He smiled at the light of consternation which flashed in Angel Verner's eyes. Then he went on to explain the attack which had been launched against him at the most inopportune moment.

Angel said, "Not so good, Neil."

"Why not?"

"Might've seen who you was."

"I don't believe it. Those woods were pretty dark."

"You never got a look at him?"

"No." Neil jerked his head toward the Carson house: "Did anybody in yonder miss me?"

"Naaaaah. They're still playin' ten-cent poker an' havin' a hell of a time. I drifted inside once or twice an' they ast where you was. I told 'em you an' me was talkin' private out heah. We'll walk in together, git back in the game, an' the best of 'em will be ready to swear you never been away."

"Good." Neil linked his arm in Verner's and they started into the Carson home. "We can breathe easier now, Angel."

Fortunately for his own peace of mind at that moment, Neil Berkeley did not know what was happening back in that patch of woods.

Spurious Williams had dropped to his knees beside the motionless figure of the slender, courageous young Englishman. He spoke to Peter, but the other man did not answer. There was blood on the side of Peter's head. "He's daid," moaned Spurious. "Mistuh Berkeley done kilt him."

SPURIOUS hoisted the limp, sagging figure to his shoulder. He staggered out of the woods toward the road. He stepped into the path of an oncoming automobile and forced it to stop. He said in a choked voice, "Fo' Gawd's sake, Mistuh—please he'p me git this gemmun to the hawspital. He's been kilt bad."

They helped him get Peter into the



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car, and then sped off toward the town. Spurious cradled the helpless form of Peter Aylesworth in his arms and sobbed over him as a mother might do with an injured child....

Meanwhile, things were happening back at the fairgrounds. Word swept down the midway: "Dale Meredith has been shot...." "The sheriff has been killed...." The report spread through the groups of fighting men. It came to the ears of good citizens who, up to now, had been doing what they could to avoid the fight. The faces of these men became grim. This was more than anyone had bargained for. The effect was immediate and sobering. Things had got out of hand, and there was a general feeling that they had better not be allowed to go further. The deputies were not fooling any longer. They produced guns and were barking orders in voices that compelled obedience. The reaction was miraculous.

THE rioting stopped even more abruptly than it had begun. The lads from Lefty Bragan's, who had started all the trouble, slunk away nursing bruises and black eyes. Carnival workers dropped their bludgeons and disappeared. Those who had been in the forefront of the battling seemed to have no desire save to shield themselves from whatever serious charges might arise out of the shooting of the sheriff of Karnak.

No one knew precisely when the fighting stopped, or why it stopped everywhere at the same instant. It was one of those astonishing, inexplicable quirks of mob psychology. One minute it was happening; the next instant it had ended. Definitely and finally, so that you knew that it would not flare up again this night. Men were sullen, but they were no longer belligerent.

Someone told Jerry about Dale. He said, "Dale Meredith has been killed." That was the way the report had come to him and that was the way it reached Jerry. Jerry turned to Greg St. Julien and told him to take charge. Then he started toward the blazing grandstand.

Jerry wasn't placid any more, nor unemotional. The quiet, easygoing Jerry Hamilton who barged through the crowd like a tank gone wild was dangerous and hard.

He saw a knot of people standing near the pyre that had been the grandstand. Clangor of fire engines added to the confusion. Jerry smashed through the crowd. The entire wooded area to the north of the grandstand had caught fire and spread rapidly. Dale Meredith was lying on the ground. She opened her eyes as Jerry shoved through the ring of onlookers, and a smile appeared briefly on her lips.

Jerry thought, "Thank God... oh, thank God she's not dead," and then he was on his knees beside her, trying not to say the things he felt, yet not caring who might see and understand his emotions. He asked, as steadily as possible, "Hurt bad, Dale?"

She reached out for his hand and pressed it. "I don't think so."

"Where did it get you?"

"Here." She touched her left arm just below the shoulder. He inspected the wound and sighed with relief. "It doesn't look bad," he said. "I'll get you into the hospital."

The Karnak hospital was a modern, two-story structure of red brick and limestone. It had cost a great deal of money and boasted excellent equipment.

The driveway was jammed with cars, inextricably entangled. A good many citizens had been injured in the rioting and they'd come for examination and first aid. News had swept through the town itself, and a steady stream of frightened relatives and friends converged on the building.

Jerry picked Dale up in his arms and carried her through the crowd. Anxious, white-faced persons stared at them curiously. One or two of them asked questions and he said, "I don't think she's hurt bad. Where is Dr. Revelle?"

His nostrils were assailed by the clean, biting odor of antiseptics. He carried Dale upstairs and encountered Dr. Revelle in the hall. Revelle gave a quick, expert glance.

"Is this the only wound?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Doesn't look like much." He turned toward one of the operating rooms. "Bring her in here...."

A competent nurse prepared Dale for examination and the doctor stepped into the next room with Jerry. He asked soberly, "Have you heard about Peter Aylesworth?"

"No. What...?"

"He's been hurt. I don't know yet how badly. He's in Room 43."

"How did it happen?"

"He hasn't told me. Maybe you'd better see him while I'm looking Dale over. He's perfectly conscious." Revelle propelled Jerry toward the door. "You can't stay in here," he said crisply, and then as an afterthought, "Peggy is in there with Peter."

"Peggy?"

"The whole town heard about it, of course," Revelle explained. "She was one of the first here. I think it hit her pretty hard."

Jerry reluctantly left the operating room after smiling reassuringly down at Dale. In the hall, he encountered a thoroughly frightened Peggy. She said tensely, "How's Dale?"

"Okay," Jerry talked with an assurance he did not feel. "Dr. Revelle is examining her in yonder, but it's nothing to worry about."

"I heard...."

"So did I. But she wasn't killed or anything like it."

Otis Meredith came out of Peter's room. He looked years older, but his courage was high. He asked—and received—reassurance about Dale, and then he said, "Peter has been asking for you, Jerry."

"How is he?"

"Pretty badly battered. He wouldn't tell either of us what happened."

Dr. Revelle emerged from the operating room. He said, "Dale was born lucky."

Peggy put her hand on his arm, "You mean...?"

"She's right as rain. If you want it in technical form I'll explain that the bullet hit her about three inches below the shoulder joint. Went straight through the deltoid muscle—clean as a whistle. The wound is healthy, but I sterilized it anyway. Then I put on a dressing. It'll ache for a while, but otherwise it's okay. She could go home, but I advised her to stay here tonight. No matter how slight the physical wound may be, her nerves have had quite a shock."

THEY wheeled Dale out of the operating room. Her cheeks were white and her eyes troubled, but she waved and smiled. They followed her into the room and waited until she had been tucked comfortably into the high white bed. She asked for news from the fairgrounds, and Jerry told her that the rioting had ended. He wished to conceal his own fright by making light of things, and so he said, "You're a bit of a heroine, Miss Meredith."

"How come?"

"Shot down in line of duty." Then a thought occurred to him and he turned anxiously to Dr. Revelle. "If the wound is so slight," he asked logically, "how does it happen that she fell?"

"She says she was running. If she'd been standing still the impact of the bullet probably wouldn't have knocked her

down. But moving . . . well, the least thing could spin her off balance. And quit worrying: she's a million per cent okay."

Otis Meredith whispered to Jerry, "You'd better see Peter now. He's got something on his mind, and he won't tell anybody but you."

Jerry walked into Room 43. He stepped over the threshold and a wave of pity engulfed him. Peter was bandaged and obviously suffering. He made a brave gesture with his one arm and motioned to a chair at his bedside. He said with magnificent lightness, "The time has come, old chap—to talk of many things."

"Yes . . ." Jerry was impatient. "But tell me first what happened to you."

PETER told him. He talked slowly, and his account of his own heroism was a classic of understatement. He avoided that part of the recital as though he were ashamed of it, telling only so much as was necessary for Jerry really to understand what had happened.

"You're positive," asked Jerry in a low, flat voice, "that it was Neil Berkeley?"

"Positive."

"He would have killed Dale except for you . . ."

"Rot! You can thank that colored chap, Spurious, for saving Dale. Jolly good chap, Spurious. Deserves the Karnak equivalent of the Victoria Cross."

"He'll get it." Thoughts were crowding fast. "How badly are you hurt—really?"

"I got bashed up a trifle. A bit of pain here and there, but nothing to worry about."

Jerry shook his head. "It isn't easy to grasp this. Even knowing what I do about Neil, it's incredible that he'd try to murder a girl in cold blood. I know he's afraid of what Tom Garrison's return might mean to him, but that still doesn't add up into a total of murder." He caught an odd intentness in Peter's gray eyes, and he said shrewdly, "Look here, Aylesworth . . . do you know something I don't know?"

Peter did not evade. He said simply, "Yes."

"What?"

"I know a great many things, Jerry. Things you ought to know but which I can't tell you, because Dale has talked to me confidentially."

"She'll tell me."

"I'm afraid not, old man."

"Why?"

"I can't tell you that, either. It's strictly up to Dale. But there's one thing I might suggest."

"What is it?"

"Do you remember that New York chap—Paul Campbell—who was found dead in the swamp?"

"Yes. Certainly. But what . . . ?"

"Dale believes that Neil Berkeley killed him. Furthermore, Neil knows that Dale suspects him."

Jerry shook his head. "It still doesn't come out even," he said. "Why in the world should Berkeley kill Paul Campbell? Why should Dale suspect him? Why should she refuse to tell me? You'd think I was a child . . . or that I was involved in it . . ." He stopped suddenly.

"So that's it," he said.

"That's what?"

"Rita."

"Perhaps." Peter said nothing else, but his eyes told a story.

Jerry rose. There was a certain powerful dignity about him. He said, "There's a lot I don't understand, Peter. But I have a hunch what it is you'd like to tell me—and can't. Rita is mixed up with Neil. Neil apparently killed a man he didn't even know. Things piled up on one another so that Neil tonight attempted to murder Dale . . . maybe because Tom Garrison was coming back, maybe because of something connected with the Paul Campbell killing."

He turned away and Peter asked, "Where are you going?"

"Out to Chinquapin. There are a lot of things I'm going to do, but that comes first. I'm going to find out what Rita knows."

Peter said, "I think that might be a good idea, Jerry. A very good idea."

(To be continued next week)



"There, there, don't say a word, dear—I know how glad you are to be home again!"

FRITZ WILKINSON



This chap, no matter where he's paged,

Receives a welcome hearty;

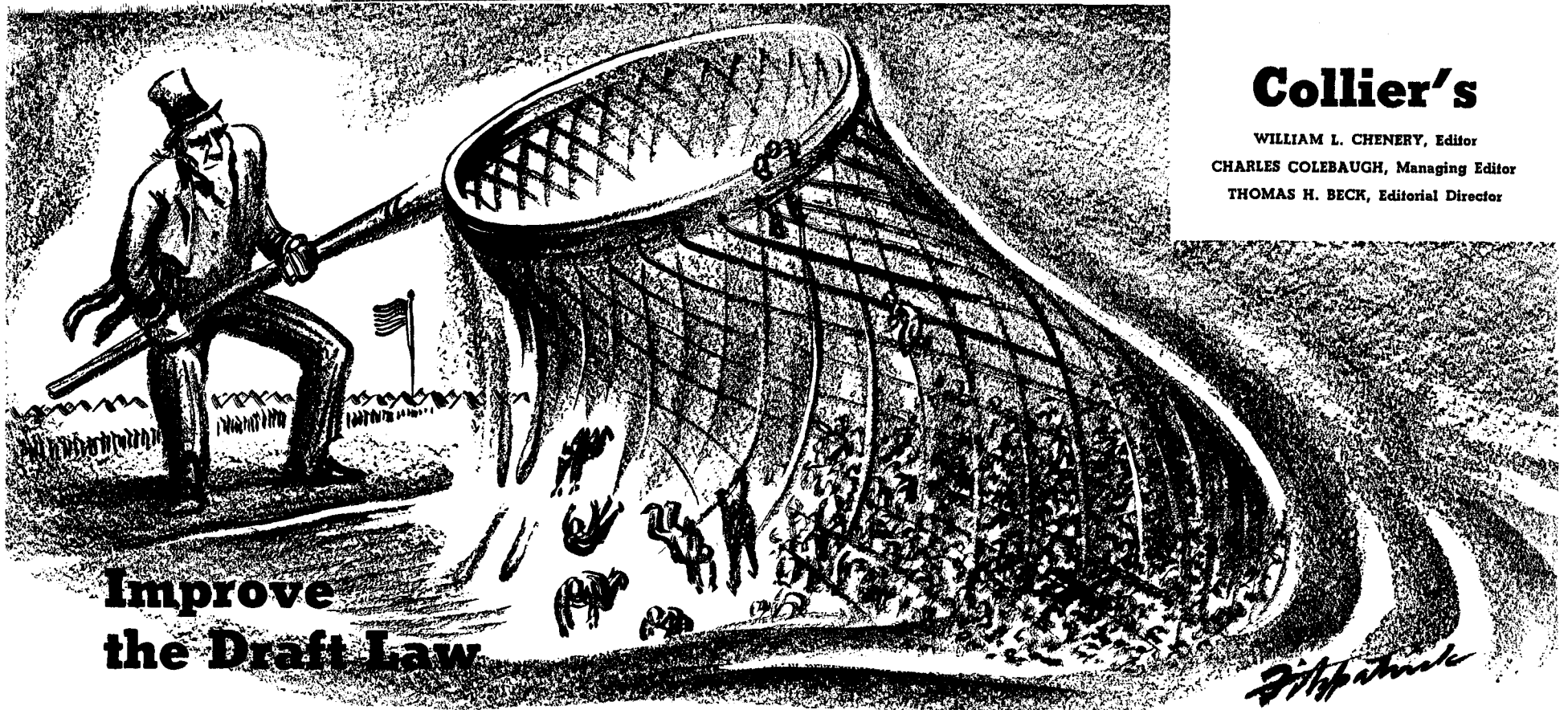
His ginger ale (it's flavor-aged)

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In full, 32-ounce quarts and smaller sizes



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Improve the Draft Law

EXPERIENCE with the original draft law has now shown that several specific amendments are needed. Lacking such amendments by Congress, the law is being unofficially modified and watered-down here and there, meaning that serious draft-law abuses must be already in the making—abuses that must be prevented at any cost.

How about short-circuiting all this trouble by means of definite congressional action soon?

Cut the age limit to 18-23 or so, we mean; rule out all exemptions except for physical and mental disabilities and dependents; require that draftees who are rejected for minor, curable defects be cured either at government or their own expense and then serve their time, and give the draftee his choice of any year within the age limits that he is to serve in the Army. Draft boards should be instructed not to rob essential industries of

trained men whose places would be hard to fill.

Round out these reforms by making the draft law permanent, and we should have a draft system which will be truly democratic and will produce the best available human material both for the Army and for the reserves. Half-way measures and makeshifts can only weaken our national-defense effort . . . and an inferior Army in these times is almost as bad as no Army at all.

Food for France

EVERY time an American food ship unloads flour, vitamin concentrates, etc., at Marseille, and pathetic school children troop out to welcome it, the question boils up again whether we're doing as much for France as we might.

What makes the matter especially heart-rending is the fact that the Vichy government is doing nothing to strengthen the case for large-scale American food shipments.

The truth about France appears to be as re-

ported by various observers who have visited both the occupied and unoccupied areas since France checked out of the war; namely, that 95% of the French people are pro-Ally, but are being run by the remaining 5%, who hope to live rather handsomely on crumbs from Germany's table in event of a German victory.

We're for helping the French people as extensively as may be, as well as the people of other occupied countries.

But the setup at Vichy is so frail throughout and so phony in spots that it looks as if we'd be suckers to trust it in the handling of any substantial amounts of the food. What is evidently needed is a relief organization such as the one Herbert Hoover operated during the other war. Mr. Hoover is still in active circulation. He could round up a staff of hardheaded humanitarians in short order. What's preventing a fair trial of the plans he has already set forth?

A Grab at America's Throat?

SOME time ago we called the Federal Communications Commission Public Enemy No. 1. We think that epithet is reinforced by the FCC's order that the National Broadcasting Co. give up one of its two networks.

The FCC professes to be anxious to break up an alleged monopoly whereby NBC sells programs to small stations on a five-year contract basis. This sounds righteous; and heaven knows some radio programs put out by even this big radio concern are terrible. We think especially of the endless serials, of inferior quiz programs riding the coattails of the few excellent ones and of various musical programs festooned with tripe.

But what if the smaller stations are deprived of the chance to get even this stuff on a businesslike basis, along with the many excellent programs NBC sells? What etherized horrors can we expect then, from radio bootleggers, hijackers and fly-by-nights? And with its revenue arrangements thus blasted, how long can NBC

retain its present percentage of worth-while programs? Worst of all, from the point of view of the very peanut politicians who are trying to hamstring it, how can it go on giving free time to politicians and still pay its own freight?

We're glad to see the broadcasters get together and plan to take this affair to the courts if necessary, and we think they'd better stand by their resolve to fight. They have been far too timid in such matters up to now. If they had fought for their freedom from the radio industry's beginning the politicians would be more wary of them today.

We think, too, that the magazine and newspaper press and the general public had better join the broadcasters in this fight. The FCC's latest looks like a grab at America's throat, meaning at the freedom of speech and press that is one of this country's cornerstones.

Congress, too, should do something drastic about this bunch of bureaucrats' life-and-death licensing powers over radio.

To quote from the minority report on the subject by T. A. M. Craven and Norman S. Case (Mr. Craven being the only member of the seven-man FCC who is a radio technical expert):

There is no evidence to justify an attempt at unnecessary controls of the broadcasting industry under even normal circumstances. In this atmosphere of world tension our own national unity would be diserved by a new experiment of "reform" of an established system of mass communication upon which so many of our people rely for information and diversion.

Let's clip the claws of bureaucrats determined to bring about a social revolution by minor regulations, furtive administrative orders and decrees, and kindred undemocratic dodges. Let's begin by clipping the claws of the FCC.

You can do your part, if you agree that such claw-clipping is overdue, by writing your protest to your congressman or senator.

RUN-IN with a RHINO

1. "I saw a sizzling African adventure story right out of a generator salesman!" writes a correspondent. "Having a bit of slack time in Nairobi, I decided to see a zoo in the rough—to get a close-up peek at how some of these weird Tanganyikan animals look and act in their own back yard. So I lined up a white hunter who mapped out a trip.

2. "About the only luxuries we took along were my razor and some Canadian Club. That whisky soon proved a godsend. It was like this. One day we ran across a sleeping rhinoceros. Fooled by his peaceful look, I went too close. All at once, he was up and after me!

3. "I confess, I was scared—too scared even to run. But I managed, somehow, to uproot my feet and dive behind a tree just as the beast thundered by. Then one of the natives side-tracked him with a spear. I'll never forget how almighty good Canadian Club tasted after that escape. I'm through with zoos in the rough, but this fine old whisky and I have been faster friends than ever, ever since!"



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● Actual color photograph—Andrew Wright shows a fine, light tobacco leaf, before aging.

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who pays what—*

**"—and I know Luckies pay higher prices to get the
lighter, milder tobaccos!" says Andrew Wright,
independent leaf buyer of Kernersville, N. C.**

"I'm right in the front row at the tobacco auctions—and I can tell you it's Luckies that go after the lighter, milder leaf and pay the price to get it. That's why I smoke Luckies myself, like most other buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen!"

Everybody knows you get what you pay for... and Luckies consistently pay higher prices to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder tobaccos. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke. Ask for Lucky Strike!

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WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1